



ISSUE #11 JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996 \$1.20

{ the
NO
band
photos }
issue }



First Row: Christie Front Drive, Texas is the Reason
Second Row: John Cougar Concentration Camp, Naked Aggression
Third Row: Community-based money, How to buy guitar equipment
Fourth Row: Fiction, Columns, Reviews, Comics, and more!

too many addresses

All the answers as to where you should mail what you've got lie below. Just pay attention & read all the way down the list and you should know where things go. If yer still confused even after reading all this, then give the PPIinfo a call & we can walk you through it.

The Solar System

Dan Sinker

Day to day maintenance, planeteer recruiter, distribution boy, layout maker, dumb as toast.

Julia Cole

Day to day maintenance, money maker, mailroom clerk.

Jim Connell

UPS guru, box hauler,

Will Dandy

Zine & Record collector

Josh Hooten

Layout maker

Planeteers

- | | |
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| Dave Hake | Scott Macdonald |
| Darren Cahr | Jim Testa |
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| Kim Bae | James Burnham |
| Bob Conrad | Marie Davenport |
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P.O. Box 1711 Hoboken, NJ
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make any and all checks & money orders out to **JULIA COLE**, not Punk Planet

Please send all submissions, ART and letters, and random acts of kindness to to:

Punk Planet North
PO box 1559 Chicago, IL 60690

to all people mailing in submissions: please, if you can send along a 3 1/2" floppy disk with your piece on it in a word processor file (it can be Mac or IBM so long as you tell us which one it is).

Also, to those of you that TYPE IN ALL CAPS, don't, it's annoying. If you're not sending a disk, try to send the best possible copy of your stuff, and if possible, use a 12-14pt serified type. Thanks.

Fanzines & Records for review go to: **Punk Planet South**
c/o Will Dandy
Route 2 Box 438 Leeds, AL
35094

For all you electronic whizzes (and really, who isn't) letters, submissions, and general correspondence can be sent to:

PunkPlanet@aol.com

And finally, the direct line to a good time: the PPIinfo, reserve your ad space, find out submission information, and talk about distro

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Front Cover by Dan Sinker
Back Cover by Josh Hooten

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Ads not reserved will get in, but you have no say as to what issue. Any ads received after deadline may run in the following issue. Those are the risks... Are you the gambling type?

all ads are due February 10th

no major label ads. Fuck you!

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The no band photos issue? Dude, what's up with that! We want our waif-like white boys, strapped to their guitars! We want our angst-riddled singers, mouths open wide! We want our streak-filled action shots, with the bass player upside down in the air! Dude, that's what punk rock is all about. Tough luck, wiseguy. Not this issue. Sit back, relax, enjoy!

...

People, we need you to write for Punk Planet. We depend on your writing for good, quality issues. If you don't like an issue 'cause it's boring or whatever, that's YOUR FAULT!! You should have sent us that exciting interview you just did with that community organizer down your block, or that incredible band you love... You get the picture, right? We ALWAYS need stuff. Send it in. Join our club.

I wanna take a second to talk about our review policy. We'll review anything! We like a whole bunch of music, and don't try to decide what's punk and what isn't because... well... who the fuck cares?? If you think it should be reviewed in a magazine that has the word punk in its title, then that's good enough for us. Oh, unless you're a major label (a label owned by one of those nasty multi-national media corporations that are taking over our world & filling it with shit) we won't review your crap. Otherwise, just send it into us and we'll be happy to review it. However, that doesn't at all mean that it will get a good review. If the person reviewing it thinks it blows, they have every right in the world to say that it does, and don't write some letter in complaining about a bad review, because it probably won't get printed.

Take that, Batman!

That's about it for now, remember we hope you enjoy PP, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway.

-your friends at PP

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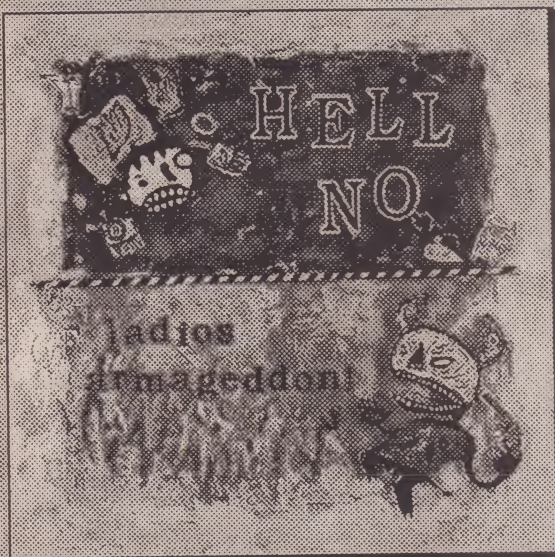
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in defense of Ott part 1

Dear Punk Planet and
Bob Conrad,

The other night I saw the band Fifteen play in a small basement here in Seattle. I haven't been going to many shows lately, but this one reminded me why I still consider myself a Punk. It was fun, people were friendly, I was inspired, even educated by some of the things Fifteen, more specifically singer Jeff Ott had to say. The next morning I nearly choked on my Cheerios as I read Bob Conrad's column in Punk Planet #10. The first half of Bob's column was a vicious personal attack on Jeff Ott, that went far beyond a critique of Ott's ideas and opinions, and even into insults on his physical appearance.

The two main themes I came away with were: Jeff is a hypocrite who speaks of nonviolence, but really believes in "violent retribution" for "those who 'deserve' it." And also, more subtly, that Jeff is one of those peace-loving, ugly, dirty, Jesus freak, new age, spare-changin', hippy freaks, and everyone knows how stupid those people are.

Well Bob, everyone is hypocritical to some degree. I believe in non-violence, but every now and then you might hear me say something like, "someone should shoot that bastard." Of course I wouldn't wish a bullet to be fired on anyone, but sometimes a few violent words can help get out my anger and frustration. The other night Fifteen played the song that you quoted with the Rosebud fixation, and before the song Jeff explained that Rosebud was a woman who believed that white people were visitors on this land and that it was wrong to claim ownership of the earth. Jeff said he agreed with her. He also said that she had gotten carried away and tried to kill someone for her belief. I never got the feeling that he was

trying to celebrate her death as some sort of martyr, or that he wished she had succeeded with her plot. Another of your alleged hypocrisies is that Fifteen sings both of blowing up cars and of bikes not bombs, and sure if you take that at face value, it seems contradictory, but I take the 'bikes not bombs' phrase as an anti-war sentiment (bombs dropping on people) and 'blowing up cars' as an anti-pollution sentiment, rather than a pro-explosives statement in contradiction to an anti-explosives statement (duh yourself).

It would be easy to rip anyone apart with a personal attack, even you, Bob, but I would like to think that we're capable of rising above that, of trying to see other points of view, and to be able to disagree and make your point without being insulting. I'd say it's a safe bet that you never actually spoke with Jeff, pointed out your problems with what he has written, and let him explain himself and clarify his beliefs before you decided to assume that he believes "violence is a appropriate tool for getting a point across" (from something in a thank-you list?) and condemning him in front of the punk rock world.

Thanks,
Ben Torrence

in defense of Ott part 2

Dear Punk Planet,

I don't care about Jeff Ott or Bob Conrad [PP10]. But I do care about people talking shit about each other. I do care about a zine I like a lot letting its contributors take cheap shots at people. I don't let the 7 year olds I coach call each other names, when did you all forget that rule??

Thanks,
Jessica O'Beirne
Seattle

Ott defends himself

Bob Conrad,

I felt I needed to clarify a few things for you. You obviously aren't very good at dredging up shit on me, so here it is. I'm an alcoholic, drug addict, sex and "love" addict, and incest survivor. I've been an absentee father for the last three years. I ripped off Aaron Cometbus for a few hundred bucks when we were playing music together. I've lead a pretty sexually promiscuous live, and have hurt quite a few people that way. I was involved in an abortion that I didn't cover my financial end of. I've done some pretty bad acts of vandalism. During the most advanced stages of my using, I was doing the band without really caring about what was going on. I put my signature on a piece of paper that bound me into an agreement with business people with very uncommon interests to my own (Grass Records).

Now that you know all the really good stuff, I thought I might correct some of your more glaring misconceptions.

1. The words "Oriental", "bum", "Tard", "deformed Veteran" are no different than nigger and spic. They have no place in a scene that calls itself anti-racist.
2. To put a blanket judgment statements on the kids who hang out on Telegraph Ave is to totally ignore why they are there in the first place. Obviously you don't care or you wouldn't call humans "bums." Just for the sake of your ignorance, I'll explain it for you. Kids run away from perfect families for no reason at all. Right? It obviously has nothing to do with their families being polluted with incest, violence, alcoholism, drug addiction etc. You're probably the kind of person who thinks that it's a drag to walk by the older homeless and be hit up for change without ever having the slightest

idea that they are 1/3 veterans and 1/3 women and their kids. But fuck 'em, right?

3 I gotta give you some more credit, for someone like myself who wrote a lot about peace, etc. I wrote some pretty bitter things for a while. I think it had something to do with the fact that the police killed one of the activists here in Berkeley. I had a pretty hard time thinking the same way as I used to. I guess that's how people get when struggles become fatal. By the way, you obviously took your information about Rosebud from the initial reports from the mainstream media. If you would have paid attention to anything besides the first 30 second sound byte, like the coroners report for example, you would have found out that the coroner said that Rosebud was shot three times through the back while handcuffed while lying on the ground face down. Hardly attacking the police officer as you claimed. That's pretty bold of you to slag the dead. Furthermore, it's great to claim peace while you live in America and you're white. Part of the struggle around the world goes on in places where the conflicts are already taking place between armed parties. Pacifism is then undoable. I am neither pro-peace nor pro-violence. I am for the taking back of the land and the technology from the 2% who have stolen it from everyone. Sometimes pacifism is a better tactic, sometimes violence is a better tactic.

4. As far as Mr. Weasel goes, I wasn't aware that he was maced at the incident. I thought it went the other way around, although I might be wrong. Nonetheless, what I was referring to was a pie in the face. I totally think Ben deserves a pie in the face. Secondly, I have heard Ben talk about assaulting people at his own shows.

5. You seem to like to portray me as a

violent person. I have not struck another human being since I was four years old. I have never been in a fight in my life.

6. You also seem to like to portray me as someone who doesn't live up to what he writes about. A brief history of my involvement with stuff.

I've been involved in the struggle to keep People's Park ours for about ten years.

In recent years I've cooked, served, and cleaned up after about 20,000-30,000 meals for Food Not Bombs.

Myself and Aaron Cometbus have continually given away all the money made from Crimpshrine to East Bay Food Not Bombs and the Berkeley Free Clinic (I'd have to say that it was his idea though).

I have played literally hundreds of benefit shows for every group and cause under the sun.

I have recently managed to direct 150,000 dollars to East Bay Food Not Bombs, San Francisco Food Not Bombs, The Berkeley Free Clinic, The Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, and the San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness.

I've participated in and gone to jail for being part of the Critical Mass Bike rides here.

I have played a core role in the formation and maintenance of six different squats in Berkeley and Oakland over the last five years. Housing literally hundreds of homeless kids for various amounts of time.

I've played probably 20-30 benefits for and worked countless hours for 924 Gilman.

I'm sorry that you think all of these things are 60s retro, but there were poor/homeless people in the sixties and there still are today. They don't go away just because you think they are a hassle. Calling people in that situation bums and saying that they choose to be there is just about the same thing as saying that a

woman deserves rape.

7. War may have once been started by people trying to get across a point, I highly doubt it though. Wars are created by people who attempt to steal other people's land, resources, etc.

8. I don't think violence is an appropriate tool for getting a point across, I think it is a perfectly appropriate tool for self-defense. Which is, by the way, the case with Rosebud Denevo. Of course you will say that no one was threatening her, but the facts are that they (UC) was threatening the existence of People's Park, which is what her survival was based on. Therefore she was, in fact, defending herself. Try out class consciousness sometime, it might make your view of the human condition a little less narrow.


9. As far as bombs go, you seem to lack the ability to distinguish the difference between violence done to a person and violence being done to an object. Furthermore, you don't seem to know what sarcasm is in the first place.

10. I'm sorry the production of our latest CD/LP offended the consumer in you. Go back to K-mart and buy something with that look you need so bad.

So please, write me a letter, and tell me about yourself. I don't know anything about you. You must do something with your life besides WORKING FOR A LIVING and talking shit about people/bands you don't know. Your writing makes it seem like there's no one inside of you and you have to point at, write, and talk about external things. Really, write me a letter and show me I'm wrong. I already have enough conflicts with people from when I was getting loaded, I don't need anymore. My address is 1235 Cortez Dr. #1 Sunnyvale CA 94086.

Take Care,

Jeff Ott


Crawford v. Davenport

PP,

Thought I oughta take a minute to clean up the mess Tim Davenport/ T.Chandler/ Pinnochio, or whatever he's calling himself this week, left on my doorstep [in his letter about John Crawford in PP10]. P-U!

a) I don't work for Sony. I used to work for a Sony-owned subsidiary, the sort-of-independent record distributor RED. When I joined the company in the late 80s, it was known as Important and was a completely independent company. We carried all the punk rock labels. It was a gas. 5 or so years into my Important career, the owner of the company foolishly sold 49% interest to Sony. I was not excited about it. 2 years later he was out on his big dumb ass and the company was 100% Sony controlled. Sony got rid of all the cool labels. I left in April of '95.

b) I do not live in Beverly Hills. I have a post office box there. It was close to where I used to work. I liked the convenience. I live in Burbank. Ask Dan. He sends my issues of Punk Planet to my apartment.... Sooner or later!

c) I never knew Tim Yohannon as a kid. It's just some bullshit I made up in a fanzine about 13 years ago. Tim did have a hippy paper in my native NJ back in the day, it was called All You Can Eat. I found copies in the Rutgers University library when I was a student there. It reviewed major label records (BROOOCE!) and told you smoking pot in your high school made you a bad-ass revolutionary and personally offensive to Richard Nixon. I lampooned Tim in some of my cartoons because I find him to be an absurd and comical figure. I do not think of him as a serious or true radical. In my opinion, counter-cultures are inherently reactionary in spite of the good intentions

of some of the earnest citizens who populate them. Example: while the phony left personified by my pals Tim D and Tim Y fight the supposedly radical war against major label incursion into indie rock, the right wing in America takes over the government and undoes fifty years of progressive legislation. Priorities anyone? Old ladies will be thrown into the streets this winter, but at least punk rockers can rest assured their colored vinyl Mutant Pop singles are major label free. Yeah, radical.

d) The reason I lampooned Tim Davenport/ T. Chandler/ Pinnochio in a PP cartoon called "Tim Davenport-Anarchist Show Clerk" [PP9] is because I was getting sort of irked by his loony tunes speculations about moi in his fanzine, Zine (aka Mutant Pop). What was it, five issues in a row? Only poor Jello got more negative ink.

I gotta go find a shovel.
Yours,

John Crawford



ya gotta love bonheads!

Dear People,

Reading through Punk Planet makes me glad I'm not a punk rocker (or whatever you call yourselves). Way too many rules. Gotta be pro-choice, gotta hate Nazis, gotta hate Gingrich (as if Clinton and Gingrich were not members of the same gang), gotta hate racism (which, I assume, means "White Racism"), gotta wanta fight AIDS, can't be a homophobe, can't be anti-Semitic, etc.. etc... Ed Meese got nothing on you guys.

The silliest thing about punk rockers is their never-ending diatribe against "corporate America" which is supposed to be ruining the punk music scene.

Yeah, well, let me say this. First, any stinking punk band mentioned in Punk

Planet would sign with a major label with the speed of a scalded laser. And why not? The major labels have nothing to fear from them. Any one of these groups would be more than happy to bounce around on Saturday Night Live like a bunch of clowns, just like Rancid did.

Second, if any of you whiners want to see what real rebellion is about (and real rock n roll for that matter), then check out GG Allin. For more than fifteen years, GG rampaged through the land. He did hard prison time, and wrote his best music while locked pup. Who else—I ask you—you have the guts (and the integrity!) to write songs like "Kill the Police," and "Violence Now: Assassinate the President of the United States," while caged up in a state prison, and then get released and break parolee almost instantly? GG never quit, never slowed down, and any one of his bands (including the Texas Nazis) would blow the doors off the bubble gum Ramose, off of Fugal, or Bikini Kill or anybody else.

If you really want revolution, then get with it. There is only GG Allin. The rest is silence.

Sincerely,

John Abraytis



we definitely fucked up

Dear Punk Planet,

The review of J Cruelty in Punk Planet #9 said that there was a "big problem" with my interview with the activist Peter Bergman, whose organization, The Black Hand, was (supposedly) "a Serbian nationalist group" who were responsible for the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and the start of World War I. "Scary" were your exact words. Underneath it you printed my home address. This overshadowed everything else you said in your review.

There may well have been a Black Hand organization such as this in Serbia, but The Black Hand, and the Social Cultural Center that I referred to are run by Czech pacifists. News from the Center has appeared in other fanzines, such as Profane Existence. They have no ties to Serbia or Serbian culture. To say that The Black Hand is a nationalist organization is preposterous. One of the first events I attended at the Social Cultural Center was a discussion set up by human rights advocates who offer assistance to Bosnian refugees fleeing a senseless and genocidal conflict. Your assumptions about the nature of the Black Hand have damaged their reputation, and the reputation of J Cruelty in the eyes of hundreds, if not thousands, of people who read Punk Planet. I demand an apology.

Contrary to what you described in your review, the Black Hand began promoting punk concerts and releasing cassette tapes before the fall of communism. Peter Bergman founded the Social Cultural Center to provide space for a vegan kitchen, artist's studio space, daycare, the minority theater project, a sexual assault network, the Drop In Foundation, as well as a variety of human rights and environmental organizations. The Black Hand does not advocate violence. They are a punk cultural organization. Peter Bergman is an anti-racists/anti-fascist activist, as well as the founder of Animal SOS, which has protested the activities of McDonalds and the fur trade. Peter has written articles for Maximum Rock & Roll, which criticized his own government for exploiting the Gypsies. All of this was mentioned in my article, but Punk Planet has chosen to ignore that in favor of an obscure historical reference to a group called The Black Hand that existed in Serbia in 1914. Because of this, Peter Bergman, and J Cruelty are now associated with genocidal

fascists in the former Yugoslavia.

For the past ten years I've been an anti-war activist. I find the concept of nationalism very disturbing. It was very painful for me to read your zine review.

Peace,

Erick Farseth
The J Cruelty Catalog
Box 494 Northfield MN 55057



take this job, please!

Dear Punk Planet,

I just wanted to alert you that the Barnes & Nobles chain in Orlando, Florida is selling your zine. I hope you find the distributor who is selling it to them and tell them to stop.

Thanks,

Lloyd Kee

Lloyd,

Thanks for the concern, but we know that PP is being sold at Barnes & Noble. PP also gets sold at Borders & at Tower, as well as other places that some people think are terrible. To me, it's our obligation to be in those sorts of places, otherwise the people that frequent them will never have access to alternative media outlet.

Dan



in defense of England

Dear Punk Planet,

I would like to respond to the column written by Darren Cahr in issue #9. I don't want to criticize the column or columnist, but maybe this letter can be a springboard for further discussion.

First, the writer James Joyce wasn't born in England. He was born in Dublin Ireland on Feb. 2, 1882. When

he immigrated to Europe as a young man, he was breaking with the tradition set by Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw. They were born in Ireland and later moved to London.

And several American writers found solace in the British isles, like Henry James, T.S. Eliot, and the young Robert Frost. England, and other parts of Europe, was the place to get away from the Civil War, for people like Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Henry Adams, whose Father was the U.S. Ambassador in London.

Yes, on the subject of slavery- the British created the modern slave industry in the late sixteen - hundreds because of sugar cane. They wanted sugar to sweeten their tea with. At the time, the "Pub" was beginning to replace the Coffee House as the main meeting place.

But if you read about the history of civilization, another picture emerges. Slavery could be as old civilization itself. The ancient Greeks and Egyptians engaged in slavery.

Also, the columnist mentioned the interesting subject of -Empire. It's difficult to imagine that countries like Spain, France and Italy were the Empire nations of the world at one point. But what Empire was the most evil? The Founding Fathers of the U.S. were Empire builders. Later on, when the U.S. interfered in the Philippine Civil War, we were responsible for the deaths of at least 60,000 people. The Philippine were a Spanish colony which came under our control as a result of the Spanish/American war.

As the Republicans race their budget through Congress, with it's cuts in Medicare, we should be reminded that we live in the beginnings of a crumbled Empire/ Nation-State ourselves. And thus, we've had our share of evil.

When the British lost their Empire, as a result of the Second World War, they did enact what led to the Welfare State. In other words, they began to tax those who had the greatest wealth. As a result, they created stability.

What's the U.S. doing as we crumble? Social Spending is being scaled back, and those who have the greatest share of wealth are being given the promise of a tax cut. Do we have stability?

I would also like to add a final note on slavery. President Lincoln only freed the slaves in the South, with the Emancipation Proclamation. After the war had come to an end, he wanted to have the slaves expatriated to an island in the Caribbean. Lincoln also kept his oldest son out the Army until the very end of the war, when he hung out in a tent behind the lines, trying to keep General Grant sober. Lincoln sent his son to Harvard.

On to Government: Maybe the Left in England does have people who shout Marxist slogans, but at least they have an organized Left and a Labor Party. What does the American Left have? How about comparing the American Right wing with the British Right? They don't have a militia movement, and their Right isn't trying to destroy government.

The British are lucky enough to have a Parliament and a Prime Minister. The U.S. is the only nation in the West with a Congress and a President. They solve their problems faster than we do. They have the vote of "no confidence," and the Prime Minister can call for a "Run Off" election to shut up his opponents, as John Major recently did in England.

On the other hand, the House of Representatives can override a

Presidents veto and control the country, unless the President signs an Executive Order, whereby he becomes a virtual Dictator. The British economy, for example, is well out of the black.

Maybe the British Isles haven't produced someone with the stature of James Joyce. But the British Empire has produced people like V.S.Nashua, Tommy Mo, Salmon Rushdie, and even Doris Lessing. Ironically, the winner for this years Nobel Prize for literature was awarded to Chamus Heeney, who was born, raised, and still lives in Ireland.

Hopefully, I've shed some new light on the subject.

B.K. Moore.

P.S. We have a class system in the U.S., so apparent in our everyday conversation, in which the main subject is "my job," and "money."



more boobs!

Howdy,

A bit of criticism—you've yet to include ska music in your zine. It's my opinion that ska falls under the umbrella of punk rock, so it should be included. Also, the topless pix in The Smears interview [PP9] are lame. If I wanted to see that garbage, I'd buy Playboy (actually, I'm not old enough to). Unless there was some message in it that I missed, I'd say she needs to wear more than tape. Maybe I'm just being anal about the female body, since they really aren't "sexual" pictures. But, I don't think the path to male/female equality starts by getting naked. Maybe it was a bit of sarcasm about, as Kathleen from Bikini Kill put it, "it's a girl band, we'll go and watch their butts and their tits or something like that." Well, now I'm confused. It's just my gut feeling that people should keep

their clothes on, or the only people that will read PP are sexist, horny, homophobic jackasses that get off on it.

Jason Vest



can you follow this?

Hey Punk Planet,

I'm a skate-punk from a small city in Wisconsin, who occasionally strolls down to the record store to pick up my favorite fanzines. That's when I read something in your issue number ten.

I myself was a little amazed that if a company such as Epitaph when using larger corporations such as Epic/Sony to distribute music so more people who want to hear the music can, that they are considered a major, "the enemy." But apparently people do.

That's fine with me. It's an opinion, and opinions are good to share. But I don't think it's OK when behind an opinion, you have to harm Punk Planet by threatening to end distribution. If you don't like the articles, don't fucking read them, it's that fucking simple! It's not my zine to say "hey, if you don't put more Epitaph shit in here, I'm gonna rip up your mag and tell everybody I know not to buy it. I mean, get real!"

It's my opinion, and that is all I have to say. You make your own choice.

Jacob Williamson

Menomonie, Wisconsin

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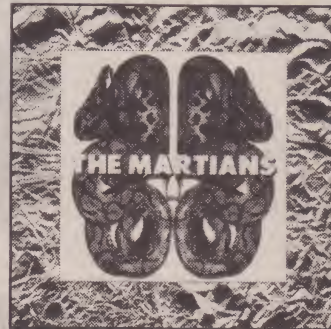
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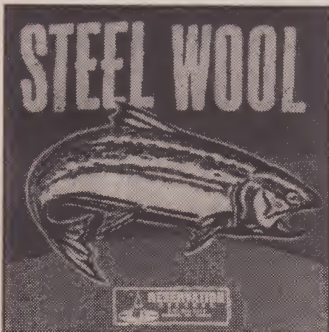
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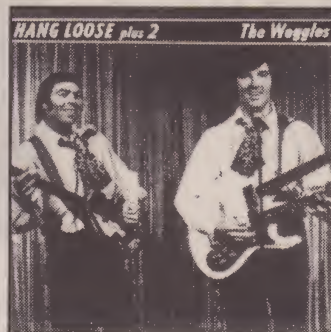
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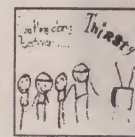
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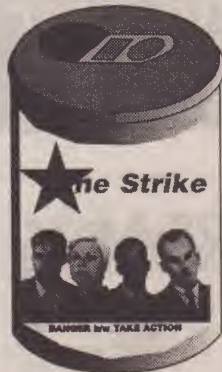
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Fame fame, fatal fame

Can play hideous tricks on the brain...

Not that I'd know, of course. Some impressionable young people seem to have gotten the idea that my occasional accomplishments as musician, writer, and record label executive have turned my life into a wild vortex of glittering parties, popping flashbulbs, breathless admirers, and more attention than even my mother ever gave me.

On a foggy night in Fresno, however, one sees a different story: a nearly deserted bar in a completely (and scarily) deserted downtown, where your allegedly legendary correspondent pummels his guitar and scarifies his vocal cords to no visible effect other than a broken string and a quick exodus of the bar's five patrons to the rear, where they can more easily carry on their conversation.

But oh no, I can already hear you exclaiming, not another columnist preparing to use his position as a means of hyping his otherwise unremarkable and understandably unappreciated band! Well, yes, I confess, I was about to do just that, but I promise that I'll get it over with quickly and move on to the more burning issues of the day, at least if I can think of any.

Writers are best advised to write about what they know, and before you make the obvious retort that according to that theory I shouldn't be writing at all, let me explain that for the past month, up till a couple days ago, I've been on tour with my band (do I get to mention the name? please, Dan?) and therefore if I know anything at all, at the moment it will probably be something to do with the Potatomen (OK, just the once, I swear!).

If I wanted to, I could use our group's adventures on the road to draw larger insights about the places we traveled and the people we met there, and go from there to make vast, sweeping statements about the state of the nation as the millennium draws near, blah blah blah, but as Tre Cool once put it when I urged him to use the first Green Day video to make some sort of social or political point: "Nah, we wanna drive a car into a swimming pool."

To his credit, he at least gave some thought to my suggestion, and to his even greater credit, still hasn't driven any cars into swimming pools, at least not on national TV. Which is more than I can say for the Potatomen... oops, there's that name again, sorry, Dan. In reality, we too managed to evade the swimming pools strewn perilously across the land, though there was quite a close call at the Motel 6 in Corona, California.

There was a close call of another sort in Corona, when one of the charming little thugs who attended the show that night decided to show his disapproval for our music by launching an exceedingly large and slimy gob of spit in my direction. It was almost like a cartoon in slow motion: out of the corner of my eye I spotted the oncoming loogie, and with a deft motion that belied my fast-advancing years, I twisted my midsection in pretzel-like fashion in just enough time to evade the unwelcome missile. The "crowd" gave as big a cheer for my agility as they did for any of our songs that night. Still, I barely stopped smiling all through the evening, except, that is, when I went to put my guitar back in its case and discovered where the errant spit had finally landed. I somehow managed to get past the stage of asking "What am I doing here?" and instead ruminated on the absolute folly of the human condition. Well, maybe not, but it does prompt one to think or reflect or something when your mere appearance on the stage, without even playing a single note, elicits a chorus of "Fags!" and "Go back to Frisco!" from the peanut-brained gallery of "punks" at the back of the room.

It seems we've come full circle. Back then the punks were the victims of ignorant, macho bullies; now the punks are the ignorant, macho bullies. Life is a merry-go-round that's not always so merry. To be fair, even as much as some punks get on my nerves these days, I wouldn't want to lump these guys in with the "real" punks. Sure, some of them had mohawks and the other accoutrements of scenesterism, but they far more closely resembled the jocks and thugs who used to yell "Fags!" and "Go back to Frisco!" at me and my friends in 1977 when we first started dyeing and spiking our hair. If it weren't for the passage of time, I would have sworn they were the same guys.

Let's back up: not all punks have sunk to that level. In fact, the great majority of punks are still nicer and more interesting than the great majority of "ordinary" people. But things are changing,

and changing fast. When Jello Biafra was attacked and beaten at Gilman Street last year, people said it was an aberration. When loudmouths proclaim that they'd like to "kill" Billie Joe, it's written off as just one more sexually repressed wacko trying to get attention. When Lars from Rancid is assaulted by a bunch of self-righteous goons because he supposedly "sold out," the internet is crammed with self-proclaimed punks trying to take credit for it.

For some time I've made no secret of my contempt for those who use the concept of "punk" as a justification for narrow-mindedness or, worse, for hurting others who don't conform to the prevailing stereotype. Some people get confused and think that means I hate all punks. More than a few have asked, "If you think punk sucks so bad, why do you write for a magazine called *Punk Planet*?"

It's a good question, one I don't have an easy answer for. Ironically, I was one of those who argued most ardently for calling this magazine by the name it now bears. The main reason I favored doing so was to make the point that while other nationally oriented zines like *Maximum Rockroll* and *HeartattaCk* were limiting their coverage to certain subgenres of the punk scene, this one was meant to cover the whole broad spectrum of ideas and musical values that punk had come to include.

Now I almost wish we had just called it *Planet* or something similar; after all, if you've got a good magazine, why limit its appeal to the relatively tiny fragment of the population sporting nose rings, bondage trousers, and a terminally bad attitude? Yet the deed is done, and in spite of itself, *Punk Planet* grows by leaps and bounds in both circulation and influence.

Unfortunately, at the same time, the word "punk" falls into greater and greater disrepute. People who don't have a direct involvement in the scene probably get one of two impressions if you announce to them that you're a punk: either they assume you're a mindless trend-follower, or a brainless thug.

Should you care? Probably not, unless, perhaps, you hope to accomplish anything in life whose effects extend outside of a tiny subculture. If, for instance, you want to get involved in serious politics (I mean something beyond the level of shouting "Down With Society!"), being or having been a punk is probably not going to be a helpful item on your resumé. Even though many of today's political leaders at least dabbled in the 60s counterculture, you'll notice that they don't exactly

brag about it. Will some of you one day take a cue from Bill Clinton and admit that while you once bought a Minor Threat record, you never really listened to it?

Meanwhile, back in Corona, I had another, less pleasant insight. I could excuse the behavior of the mohawk jocks because they were essentially idiots. There always have been and unfortunately probably always will be people like that, regardless of what sort of costumes they wear. But for the first time, I began to see a clearcut and unsettling connection between the bottom of the barrel, lowest common denominator punk thugs and the ruling elite, the intellectual (if I may be allowed to use that word so loosely) leaders of the punk scene, the ones who write the zines and sing in the bands and set the patterns and styles for the masses to (ever more) blindly follow.

Take some of the columnists at some of your favorite punk zines, please... um, I mean, for example... Most if not all of them are nice people, pleasant to talk to, even charming in some instances. Though they might disagree with you on one or many issues, it's still possible to hang out with them and have intelligent conversations about all sorts of things.

But when they write, they often take on a whole different personality. They toss around words like "wimpy" and "wuss" and "weak" and some others that don't even begin with "w" as a way of disparaging music that isn't up to their standards of manliness and bombast. Some even use "fag" or "gay" as an all-purpose insult, though we've been told many times, of course, that it's just a manner of speaking, it has nothing to do with homosexuality, just like "cunt" and "bitch" and "pussy" have nothing to do with women.

Although most of these writers would never physically attack anyone, and in many cases are mild-mannered, soft-spoken, and even desperately shy in person, how different are they, are they, really, from the hulking cro-magnon types hollering "fag" at anyone whose looks or music don't meet their own standards of manliness?

Before I harsh any further on a non-specific group of writers, I should be perfectly fair and single myself out for some criticism as well. Heaven knows I'm in no position to tear others to pieces for displaying inadequate testosterone levels, but at the same time - and people have remarked on this - in print I can take on a personality that's quite unlike the way I am in real life. It's much

easier to hurl insults, to attack individuals as well as ideas, to diminish others' humanity for the simple crime of disagreeing with you, when it's only words on a page.

But words have power, great power. Those of us gifted with the ability to turn thoughts into coherent sentences have far more influence than we might realize over the millions who don't. The people who attacked Jello Biafra or Lars might never have read any of the articles calling those two "rock stars" or "sellouts." Some of them might not even know how to read, but they don't have to. One semi-articulate voice can set an idea in motion, and it can reverberate through the masses with unforeseen and not always desirable consequences.

I know both Biafra and Lars, not well, but well enough to be aware that they are ordinary human beings, with strengths and weaknesses, faults and virtues. Neither could nor should be summed up with an almost meaningless epithet like "rock star" or "sellout." To do so is really no different than stripping someone else of his or her humanness with words like "fag" or "nigger."

You could retort that "fag" or "nigger" describe unalterable aspects of a person's identity, while "rock star" or "sellout" refer to choices that a person has made. There's some merit to that point, but not enough. Simply put, unless you are intimately involved in the life and business affairs of a Biafra or a Lars, you don't know enough. You have no idea what if any compromises they've made, what their needs or motives are, what kinds of experiences have led them to make the decisions they've made.

If you want to argue that they shouldn't appear on MTV or should give all their money to charity or make a public announcement that they are no longer "punk," knock yourself out. You have a right to your opinions, even if they are, in my opinion, screwy. But back them up with thought, not slogans or name-calling.

One of the most common complaints against those guys, and myself as well, is that we are turning punk into a commodity. Well, that's not quite true. Only one person can do that, and it's you, the consumer.

If someone makes a record or a video or a zine or even a hairstyle that you don't like, don't buy it. It seems so simple that I feel like an idiot for even having to say it, but if people didn't like Rancid and Green Day, they wouldn't be popular. The last I heard, it was still completely legal to

not watch MTV. It is rumored that there are some social deviants who don't even have cable TV, in fact don't have televisions at all!

All important cultural developments, punk included, were created by people who were capable of action as well as reaction. Sometimes it's necessary to protest and criticize, but if that's all you can do, well, be a modern punk rocker, I guess. But put it this way: I'll bet not a single one of your favorite bands (or writers or filmmakers or artists) got that way by sitting around crying over what other bands or writers or filmmakers or artists were doing.

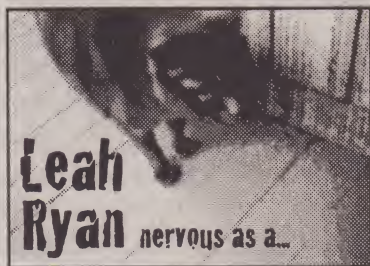
I happen to think Rancid and Green Day are the best bands going right now, as important to the 90s as the Rolling Stones and Beatles were to the 60s. You might think they are the worst thing since the Spanish Inquisition. Guess what? Ten years - or ten minutes - from now about 99.99% of the human race will be going about its business completely oblivious to either of those opinions.

But a handful of people will always rise above subcultures, above genres, above carping and backbiting, to create something of lasting significance, something that will be remembered, that in some however small way will shape and guide the thoughts and feelings of generations to come. It might be a song or a poem, a book or a movie, a catchy phrase, the germ of an idea, a fleeting gesture of kindness or the faintest wisp of a smile that will somehow transform or even save the life of an otherwise lost soul.

My own existence has been a labyrinthine odyssey of false starts and dead ends, replete with disappointment and despair as well as inexplicable and unalloyed joy. I suspect, in fact know with near certainty, that the same is true for any of you who've read this far. When all the "punks" and "hippies" and "skinheads" and "jocks" and "posers" and "sellouts" have receded into the indistinct mists of history, there will be words and ideas that live on, that increase rather than diminish in value with the years.

Will the experiences and insights and memories and disasters that mark your life add up to nothing more than a feeble, tinpan echo of all you've heard and seen, or will they resonate through the ages and grow ever richer in meaning and depth? It's a choice you make every moment that you walk this earth, and it's a choice that can be constantly made and unmade. Where we as a people or we as individuals were

yesterday is of far less moment than where we go from this moment on. Punk is dead, long live punk, whatever, what I want to know is: what are you going to do about your life?



These days I spend a lot of my time in transit. All kinds of transit. From my house in Northampton, Massachusetts, by bus or by car, to the train station in Springfield Massachusetts. From Springfield, on the train, to Penn Station in NYC. On the subway from Penn Station to 46th Street, where I stay in New York. From 46th street, on the bus or on foot, to 66th street where I go to school. That's how some of my days begin.

Since this insanity started in September, I have lived in three distinct neighborhoods in New York. Every neighborhood has a lot of dogs. It seems that a neighborhood's character, to some degree, can be judged by the nature of its canine inhabitants. On the Upper West Side, where I stayed in September, I saw lots of short hairy dogs with pop-eyes and severe underbites. In Hell's Kitchen, where I am now, I see lots of Akitas and Rotweillers. You get the picture. The corner store has newspapers in 10 different languages and is open 25 hours a day. There is no Gap. There is no Barnes and Noble. There are a lot of locksmiths and dry cleaners, and lots of cheap ethnic food. Best of all, drumroll please, a Salvation Army store one block away.

My favorite thing about being in New York is that just when it starts to bug me, it's time to come home. People give me incredulous looks and say, "You're what? You're commuting to Massachusetts?" In Manhattanspeak, "Massachusetts" is synonymous with "Uncharted wilderness" and "Commuting" is something you do every single day at rush hour. I have to work really hard to make people understand what I do. I travel about four hours about twice a week. It isn't that bad, really. People work in Manhattan every day and go home to Connecticut every night. That would fuck me up. But this has its merits. Wherever I am, I'm leaving soon.

Okay, now it's time for the book report. I read all the time, but rarely get my hands on anything that really does anything for me. The last book I read that really knocked me out was *Geek Love* by Katherine Dunn. What a great book. Then, there was Rotten.

The full title: *Rotten: No Irish, No Blacks, No Dogs* by John Lydon (c.1994, St. Martin's Press.) My first question was, why didn't I know about this? Maybe you all knew about it and you're snickering at me right now. I'll take that chance. Basically, if you are interested in punk on any level, you should read this book, even if you think Johnny's an arrogant fuck and disagree with everything he says. Not that I feel that way; I'm just anticipating the probability that some of you will. I won't try to sum the book up, because I really doubt it's possible. I'll tell you what interested me about it.

Lydon grew up poor and Irish in London. He doesn't whine about this, but he makes himself clear. We're talking no indoor plumbing, rats, horrible catholic schools. His father would frequently leave the household to find work elsewhere. Lydon took on a lot of adult responsibility as a child. He talks about the English Protestant (adults!) who called him Dirty Bastard Irish and heaved bricks at him when he was on his way to school.

He ended up catching spinal meningitis (very likely the slum he lived in was responsible for this) and spent a year on a children's hospital ward. He came pretty close to dying there. When he returned to school he was even more of a social outcast. It wasn't until adolescence that he really found his niche, with other poor fucked-up self-destructive teenagers. God, I love this kind of story. Warms the heart, doesn't it?

"The one thing that used to piss me most about the Sex Pistols," he says, "was our audience all turning up in identically cloned punk outfits. That really defeated the point...we weren't about uniformity." He talks a time when there was no "punk-cliché uniform...it wasn't wall-to-wall studded leather jackets and mohawks."

Lydon and his friends hung out in gay clubs (gee, how come nobody ever talks about that?) because "...you could be yourself, nobody bothered you, nobody hit on you, unless that's what you wanted. There were always loads of girls in those places. Always. They were there for the same reason we were, to avoid the boot boy harassment." He goes on to say that the gay clubs had the best records.

Lydon also spent a lot of time in reggae clubs, with his DJ friend Don Letts. Letts brought Lydon to bars that white people generally did not frequent. Says Letts: "It was amazing that Johnny Rotten was so acceptable to the Rastas in London. They might not have liked his music, but it was like outlaws banding together. We all felt like society's outlaws."

Letts went on to make the Super 8 "The Punk Rock Movie", the only movie involving the Pistols that has Lydon's blessing. It's fairly common knowledge that Lydon wasn't consulted on the making of Sid And Nancy, and that he hated the movie, though he admired Gary Oldman's acting. He has no kind words for The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle, either.

In the end, much of what the Pistols stood for got away from Lydon. Even the name "Rotten" came under ownership dispute. By the time he felt safe using it again, the public was already accustomed to the name "Lydon", and he had already formed Public Image Limited.

The book is full of interesting trivia. Sid Vicious got his name from Lydon's pet hamster. Chrissie Hynde gave Lydon guitar lessons (oh no! But she's not a real punk...not to mention she's a girl, for cryin' out loud) Lydon used to spit onstage (though not at the audience) because of his bad sinuses - thereafter, copycat fans "gobbed" punk bands relentlessly.

The trivia is great, but what really grabbed me was the idea that Lydon is finally telling his story, and using the name Rotten as his title. Whether or not I think he's a great guy, whether or not I agree with everything he says, I'm glad to know what his original intentions were. And as it turns out, he's pretty damn smart and a lot of his ideas are good ones.

"We were teenagers making teenage music," he says. What a concept. How true, and how obvious. And finally, "Chaos was my philosophy...if people start to build fences around you, break out and do something else. You should never, ever, be understood completely. That's like the kiss of death, isn't it? It's a full stop. I don't ever think you should put a full stop on thoughts. They change."

I can't argue with that. There's one more piece of trivia that I forgot before. Lydon had a cat (named Satan) who had the peculiar talent of fetching things, a talent which is shared by some other cats I know...

I can't wrap this up without mentioning that I've seen two of my longtime idols in recent

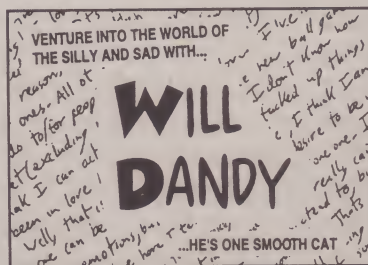
months. The first was Bowie. Of course Nine Inch Nails was opening, and of course the place was teeming with kids in face make-up saying "Bowie Sucks". Okay, yeah, I felt old and wanted to lecture them. I managed to control myself. NiN was fun to watch, especially at the top of their set when the guitar player got mad because he couldn't hear himself and threw a fit. My friend Laura had seen them just a few weeks before. At first she said, "Oh, he always does that." Then he threw his mic stand. Bowie did a couple songs with NiN, then did a long set of his own, which was mostly new stuff and some choice vintage material (i.e., not China Girl). At one point, during the song Andy Worhol, I looked up on the wall and saw Bowie's shadow, which looked to be about a mile high, and completely ageless. It was an enjoyable time warp.

The second was Patti Smith. This was in Lowell Massachusetts at the Jack Kerouac Festival that's held there every year. And you thought Massachusetts was so uncool. Think again. Anyway, in contrast to the huge Bowie/NiN extravaganza, this was held in an old church. I was quite close to the stage. At first she just read poetry, including Piss Factory which was amazing. Then Lenny Kaye (Patti Smith Group member from way back) appeared and played guitar and they did some old songs. Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth showed up and played some stuff with them too. Although it was obviously somewhat rehearsed, they didn't have too much of a grip on what they were doing. They fucked things up and they improvised. Patti dropped her poetry (a pile of loose pieces of paper) on the floor and it went all over the place. She put on her little granny glasses and squinted at her own book, trying to find something she'd planned to read, and it took her a long time. It was such a relief to me that Patti wasn't a pompous jerk. I've just missed seeing her a bunch of times over the years; strange last-minute circumstances prevented me. It was definitely worth the wait.

By the same token, shortly after the Bowie show, I talked to a guy who had actually waited on him recently at some swanky benefit party in New York. He said that Bowie was very pleasant to wait on. This is a big test of character in my book. If I find out that someone I admire is an asshole to wait on, it really changes my opinion of them. I don't care how famous they are. Bowie has been very famous for a very long time. If he

can still manage to be gracious to some waiter who he'll probably never see again, he's got my vote.

Violation Fez #4 is now available: \$1, 5 Warfield Place, Northampton, MA 01060. You can also reach me at LEAHzz@aol. Thanks to everyone who's written.



Ever get the feeling that you just don't care about what happens in your life anymore? I don't mean punk rock stuff like "fuck society man" but more like "that car may hit me if it doesn't swerve soon. Maybe I should honk. Nah, I wouldn't mind dying too much." That's how I've been feeling a lot: very apathetic towards myself and I'm not really sure why. I see a couple possible reasons.

The first being that things seem to be tying me down a lot recently. I feel like I have a lot of responsibilities in life now a days and they are ones that I don't really seem to tickle my fancy anymore. For example, do you really think I enjoy listening to 250 records in one or two days for this zine and then boxing them up for people to review? The answer used to be yes, but now it's a sorta headed towards a no (this is not saying that I will no longer continue to do this chore, because I will...). I just came home from a road trip up the east coast and I was very excited before coming home because I would see all my friends again and I had missed them a lot, but then I started thinking about all the things I would have to do once I got home and I wanted to keep on driving and never return. It almost seems like I'm not living my life for myself anymore. All the time I have these things I must do for other people or that other people are depending on me doing. Of course it's all my fault, I know, I know. I never said it wasn't. In fact, because it is my fault it makes it much worse. It's a lot easier to point your finger at someone else instead of yourself. So I've started to be indifferent towards a lot of things in my life with an "I don't care" replacing an "I don't know." I'm only getting worse. I just look at myself and say "why?"

I hate it all. That seems to factor in pretty well in accounting for my apathy.

Another reason for my lax stance on so many things may be because things seem to be going way to well in my life. I am too too happy. I can't think of anything that I'm doing that is turning out wrong. That sucks, because it makes me critical of everything and afraid of everything being wrong. I'm not saying that I'm perfect because I don't think that that's anywhere close to the truth. I doubt myself a lot. Someone in New Jersey said that I was their hero! WHY? What the hell have I done that anyone should ever look up to? I look at my life and wouldn't wish the same on anyone. It blows! I'm nothing at all, yet someone says I'm their hero. How fucked up. I think that if that car didn't swerve that the world would probably be better off. Oh well. Yet, in the midst of all this self-loathing things seem to be great! I don't understand at all. When I actually sit down and look at my life and what I'm doing and what's happening to me it makes me very happy. I love my friends, I love my job, I love my music, I love my hobbies (which I consider zines and record label work to be), it's all incredible. Still I'm depressed, or seemingly. I don't know if I can ever be honestly happy for a long time.

I put on a good show for everyone so I look like a happy person, but I'm really not. I enjoy all the moments of life, I just don't enjoy what they add up to. Sigh. I don't even know what I'm trying to get at. I'm not even sure I like writing anymore, it kinda makes me feel better to do, but also looking at myself on paper only makes me easier to attack. So it goes I suppose. I don't know. I don't care. I don't know why I expect you to. I guess what I'm hoping for is that someone, somewhere, sometime will save me. We'll see.

...

A week later. How bizarre. Recently it has been brought to my attention that someone referred to me as being an emotional roller coaster. At the time I laughed, heartily even. Now I just might agree. Most of what I have described previously is a constant in my life and will always be true I believe where as some of it changes every hour. I am still consumed by the monster of self doubt. I cannot imagine any reason why any person would like me or ever want to be with me. It appears that some people do and, frankly, it kinda scares me, albeit in a good way. Maybe there's something wrong with them too. Hmm, that's a

pleasant thought actually. I do enjoy life though. In fact I think now I believe the exact opposite of what I said before. I enjoy life on the whole, but I don't enjoy all the little moments. Does that make both of those statements false because they are so blatantly contradictory? I don't think so. It only makes them human. Kinda comforting actually. The other day I was having fun rolling around, laughing and playing with some friends and then a short hour later could be found fetal on a couch with my head under a pillow and my foot shaking uncontrollably (a favorite habit of mine). Did I have a good time? Yeh, pretty much. So there was that minute of alienation, that lapse into, "these people are fine without me, I'm just a burden, I wish I'd disappear, maybe they won't notice me if I hide..." (kinda like when you're a little kid and think that if you cover up your eyes in hide-and-go-seek then no one else can see you either) but it ended as all things do and I'm over it. If you can't brush yourself off after falling down you'll just keep accumulating dirt. And after a while the dirt will cover you to the point where you can no longer just brush it off, to where it's actually easier to let it build up than to care. I suppose that's how one ends up getting depressed. Not bothering to wipe yourself off, or even thinking it matters. It's happened to me, and it's bound to have happened to you. So, last week I felt horrible. I've moved on, cleansed myself, and I'm prepared to fall again. What a lovely thought...

I have a perzine called Oh Well. I'm on issue #5. If you send me \$1 I'll send it to you and maybe some other issues too. Letters are always appreciated. I always respond (email quickly, snail mail slowly). Will Dandy; Route 2 Box 438; Leeds, AL 35094 "WillDandy1@aol.com" (that's the number one after my name so stop being confused already and just write me!)



I want the record to show that I have been threatened with physical violence by Pat West over at Change Zine. Smart. Very Smart. This is going to work BIG for the both of us. (Me and him, not me and you dummy.) I told Dan Sinker

many months ago that I needed to get Commodity into a knock-down-drag-out with another zine. Why? Controversy! It's a tried and true marketing strategy if there ever was one. Look at how well Maximum Rock N Roll and Punk Planet came out of their little scrape. Who won? They both won because you all (ya'll!?) couldn't get enough. You couldn't wait for more shit to fly, and you'd race down to the record store everyday after work, school, community service, Webelos, or what ever the fuck it is you do with your two crisp new lawn mowing money dollar bills in hand, dying to see who was going to deliver the Mike Tyson to the Peter McNeally. So I told Dan I wanted in on that action. My first thought was HeartattaCk, but from where I'm sitting it seems they must have seen it coming and buried their heads in the sand in order to avoid my petty, aimless, marketing ploy wrath gimmick because I haven't seen one of those things in months. But I don't get out much. Regardless, things are looking up. I returned home yesterday to find a message from Senor West down in Connecticut telling me if I kept talking shit I'd get my ass "broke in half boy." Yee-haw!!! Pat, we'll have both our zines out of debt in no time and be sipping cool drinks on the beach somewhere spending our readers money!!! And now my return volley: Fuck off monkeynuts, "I'm gonna stab you through the heart with a pencil. I'm gonna bury this phone in your fucking head." (Midnight Run, Robert De Niro, Charles Grodon, 1990ish)

O.K. kids, Patrick and I are doing our part, now pick up the ball and run with it, we need the money.

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And now here's a joke for you: Where do punks go to find names for their bands? The video store! Get it? No? A jokes never funny when you have to explain it, but here goes...

When I was in high school I didn't do a whole lot other than draw pictures, listen to records, and rent movies. Life was good. Except for the high school part. As a means of escape from the drudgery as well as a way to just move the days along I would rent and watch a lot of movies. During this period of my life I also asked a girl out for the very first time. (that's subplot number one, if you're keeping score at home) her name was Stella (just like the lead in "A Street Car Named Desire" with Marlon Brando, and just like some movie named "Stella" with Bette Midler)

The first time I called her to ask her out, I was trembling with fear, and she said "Can I call you back, I just started watching a movie." This of course was a mixed blessing that I spent a sleepless night trying to correctly interpret. First off, she rented and watched movies just like me, and secondly, just like me, she felt that this was more important than human interaction. The bad part, which I found out later, was that she was dissing me to watch "The Bear." The worst part was that she never called me back. Was "The Bear" so engrossing she just forgot all about me? Sure. It must have been. Undaunted, I called again a few days later and asked, first, how was "The Bear," with just a touch of resentment in my voice, and second, would she like to come over sometime and watch "Apocalypse Now" (with, that's right, making his second appearance, let's hear it for Marlon Brando). "Sorry I didn't call you back" and "Love to" she said. "Love to" rhymes with "Love You" and I felt like THE MAN. So a week later we watched the movie and we saw each other again after that, and after that, and after that, and before I knew it we were an item progressively moving towards that blessed moment of connubiality. WHOOO-HOO! I'd never done that before but I'd heard a lot about it and was just dying to give it a try. We got to that point where you know the next time you're together, and have a good hour alone IT'S going to happen. IT. Oh my god. There I was and IT was on the horizon. I went out and bought condoms for the second time in my life.

Well a bit of time passed before an opportunity could present itself, and I did some thinking about her and IT and what it would all mean. I liked Stella a lot. We got along really well. She liked the Smiths. I didn't, but I was glad she did. She was a member of Amnesty International. I wasn't, but I was glad for her. I respected her immensely and we always had fun together. She had great taste in shoes. All these things aside I realized that IT was going to mean a lot more to her than it was to me and I liked her so much I dumped her and never told her why. So the condoms, like an anchor, sunk to the bottom of a drawer in my room.

So a couple of uncomfortable months trying to dodge Stella go by and I find myself deeply enamored with a girl named Kelly. She found herself deeply enamored with me and after a month or so, there we were partially clothed and trying to decide if we should do IT. The question was posed, if we decided to do it right then and there,

was I in possession of the necessary...things? That's what we called them. Things. Um...yes I said. I have some things. Well maybe you should get one she said. O.K., so I went and got one and we stared at it for about five minutes in silence. Finally she said "Wait, now why do you have these?" I told her I had gotten them a few months earlier and she said "What for?" So I told her the story about Stella, and she, though touched by my sensitivity, got dressed and told me to throw them away. I, ever frugal, said "But they're still good." (so much for my sensitivity) She said "But they were for HER. I want some for ME." It made sense to me, so out they went, and a week later, with things for HER, we deflowered each other. Three years later she dumped me and never really told me why. Woe was me.

The first time I bought condoms was in the 7th grade. (subplot number numero dos) My brother is a couple of years older than me, and we've always been really close, so I always got to hang out with him and his friends. He took me to a party, a high school party, and I knew what went on at high school parties, so I went in on a box with my friend David. David thought he was going to get to do it the same weekend somewhere else, so we split them up and went our separate ways. I thought I was going to get to do it because this girl I knew begged me to go to this party for a week straight and told me we'd have a lot of fun if I went. Whoo-Hooo! We both got really drunk and before I knew it she disappeared into the bedroom with some upperclassman fuckhead who was no doubt a pro at scamming young drunk girls away from clunky, dorkball 7th graders like myself. Lucky me as it turns out because I started talking to this kid Warren Craighead about punk rock records, of which I owned approximately 4. He turned me on to the Misfits (Clarke Gable, Marilyn Monroe 1961) and still today they are one of my favorite bands. The movie is just weird. And I've never much liked Marilyn Monroe. The condoms I had purchased were stashed away and remained that way for a couple of years until I realized I probably would NEVER need them and threw them away via my neighbors trash can. (couldn't put them in mine, what if my mom looked through the trash or something) I don't know why I held onto them. They just reminded me of awkward, failed attempts at junior high romance and Legacy of Brutality era Misfits records. Perhaps I held onto

them because buying them was such a traumatic experience, and I figured if I was ever going to need them I certainly didn't want to have to do that again. Whatever.

Shortly after this era of my life, an era filled with high school parties, lots of really cheap, warm beer, and almost obsessive skateboarding was brought to a screeching halt by a relocation to Florida. I began my movie rental and punk rock record buying stage. This was due to the fact that I had no friends and neither did my brother. I got my first job and spent almost all of my paycheck on records and stereo equipment, all the while renting movies like there was a world record to break. The more records I bought, and the more thanks lists I read the more I started to see a strange phenomenon developing. I'd go to the video store and see titles like "The Accused" (1988 Jody Foster and Kelly McGillis) and then go home and look at my records and see the same names popping up with startling regularity. Names like "Fear" and "Down By Law" (which was directed by Jim Jarmusch and starred Tom Waits and Roberto Benigni) Around this time I was getting turned onto New York Hardcore and "Raw Deal" were one of my favorites. The movie came out a couple of years earlier and starred Arnold Schwarzenegger. I found it in the "super action" section. How appropriate. It sucked. Then "Raw Deal" the band got threatened with some lawsuit if they didn't change their name because some other band was already named that. So they changed it to "Killing Time," which was released in 1987ish and starred Emilio Estevez. I have charted this phenomenon every since, and it really is pretty fucking odd. Check this one out. "Slapshot". O.K., the band stars Choke, and the movie stars Robert Redford. But who stole the show in the movie? "The Hanson Brothers!" which of course are one of NoMeansNo's alter egos! How weird is that? O.K., how about this one: "Indian Summer." I don't know who was in it or when it came out, but it's funny because I found it under "Drama." How appropriate.

Here's a few others I found: Fountainhead, Turning Point, Los Olvidados, D.O.A., Mandingo, Project X, Serpico, Leatherface, No Escape, Conflict, The Offspring, Lincoln, and punk rock superbands Bad Company, Slaughter, and Damn Yankees.

My personal favorite is a close but no cigar movie that came out in 1994 starring Luke Perry

from 90210 called...8 Seconds. Also getting an honorable mention is "Burn" for being found in the drama section, as well as the porn section. Another close but no cigar movie is "This Boys Life" which starred Robert De Niro and Ellen Barkin.

I can't explain any of this. I don't know why this phenomenon exists, I just know that it does, and thought you might get a kick out of it. Perhaps if you're starting a band and can't think of a name you'll find some inspiration in this column and head on down to Blockbuster. I hope this column doesn't backfire on me and I start getting shitty 7"s in the mail by bands with names like "Death Duel of the Mantis," "Jungle Warriors," or "Cyber Ninja."

...

And now the Bad Reviews. I know you're on the edge of your seat.

First bad review goes to America Online. I logged on the other day to check my mail and, if you don't have AOL, the first screen that comes up has a little list of things to check out and so forth. The other day this came up: "What is the "One Day at a Time" actress Valerie Bertinelli doing now? Get the scoop tonight at 10p.m. ET in the Celebrity Circle Bowl." Dear AOL, please stop pushing the envelope of online entertainment and information so hard. You're leaving us all behind.

Next on my list is Matt Average and Engine Fanzine Distribution. I sent him 15 copies of two separate issues of Commodity, dating back to over a year ago and have not heard from him since. I've called about a dozen times and have since given up on trying to get paid. Thanks for ripping me off Matt. A long time ago in Maximum he ran an ad for Engine saying something like "I won't rip you off, what do you think, I want bad letters about me printed in Maximum?" I fell for it. Stupid me.

Next is the band Raid. Step up to the plate boys, it's your turn. It's not like anybody out there with half a brain needs me to point out the hypocrisy and sheer idiocy of all this hardline dribble. It's not like they don't make it obvious to all of us, but what can I do? Sometimes I just feel like being small. Here goes, in the song "Convenience," which is about how evil abortion and those who get them are Raid blesses us with wisdom heavy lyrics like "Banning is not prevention, but it's a step in the right direction. The coat

hanger will always be there for those who maintain the slaughter." Here's my plea to all you overly fashion conscious straight-edge vegan kids. Please think a little deeper about things than how good a bands mosh parts are, or how cool you'd look in their T-shirt. Take a little time out and read the lyrics of your "favorite" bands and think about what they mean. Now here's the real trick. Try to work a little empathy into your thinking and try applying the principles those bands are espousing into other peoples situations. Don't think the whole world has the resources, or support available to them that middle class white America does. And please try to understand how easy it is for a bunch of macho boys to scream about the evil of abortion, when they have absolutely no fucking clue what it must feel like to be in a situation like that.

Ooooo, now I'm all worked up! I'd better quit right now. This columns too damn long as it is. Thanks everybody and please keep up the bonehead tactics so I'll have something to write about. It's fun and easy having no talent, but still making your way in this world by pointing out everyone else's shortcomings, all the while ignoring your own. You can reach me at astrocomm@aol.com if you feel possessed to do so.



Warning: The following column uses the initials MRR frequently. Some of you may want to avert your gaze and turn the page.

I've avoided talking about Maximum Rock 'n' Roll for awhile because it seems like every week or so another reader is complaining that we, Punk Planet, talk too much about MRR. But then, why shouldn't we? Being in the punk community and not talking about MRR must be like living on Mars and not talking about Olympus Mons now and then. It would be kind of odd to live in the shadow of such a huge, old mountain and not mention it occasionally.

If we mention it at different times, well, Punk Planet isn't some sort of hive-mind with everybody thinking the same thing at the same moment.

Punk Planet is a bunch of individuals tucked neatly into the exciting template (love that word) that Dan devises for us every two months.

Anyway, there seems to be a generally held belief that there's this animosity between MRR and PP. There probably is among our separate contributors. But I don't feel any. Why should I?

I bought my first copy of MRR in the Fall of 1993 at the urging of darling Lawrence "Keyboard Mightier than a Sword" Livermore. I hadn't heard of it 'til then. I trotted on down to my local (now defunct) 'zine and record store and snapped up a copy.

It amazed me.

I was amazed at how utterly, completely unreadable it was: dark pages, cramped print, articles lost and drowning in ads, terrible, terrible layout. (The fact that this made any impression on me shows how bad it was. I'm a new-born in the world of style and design.)

I was amazed at what I did manage to read. WOW. People actually writing seriously about what to me were new and exciting concepts, working anarchy, community, DIY, direct communication. All sorts of neat stuff. I didn't know whether to admire the thing for its contempt of form or to despise it for being oh-so-positively only for the well and truly converted. (I've no use for insular, masturbatory communities with no interest in building bridges to the other people they have to share the planet with.)

So this brings me to my involvement with Punk Planet. I had some very personal reasons: adventure, responsibility, the chance/obligation to write regularly, love of arithmetic, and...

I have a dream. If you look at the Table of Contents page of this zine you'll see the little editorial that we always begin with. It ends with the words, "We hope you enjoy this issue, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway..." I didn't write that. No one asked me for my opinion on it. But I entirely approve the sentiment. That's the first part of my dream—that everybody make a 'zine, or make music, or design exquisite jewelry, or realize some daring mathematical equations. Everybody: Look into the gardens of your souls and let them blossom into expression.

But I worry about the resulting Babel of voices that, with our pathetically limited human brains,

we won't be able to hear what each other has to say. It's hard enough to properly listen to (or read) what one person has to say, who but God could listen to and understand all Creation?

So that's the second part of my dream, that as we express ourselves we grow and evolve until we can truly hear and understand not one person, but one thousand, one million, a planet's-worth. That's what I dream of—a world without interpreters, PR, middlemen, spokespeople, "experts," a world without the imagination-free mass media lumbering in to "explain" us to each other—frequently getting it wrong, missing the point, mashing, chewing, papifying, making Cream of Wheat out of fish vindaloo. A world where every person expresses h/im/erself

**And
Is
Heard.**

The point is, I don't think the mere existence of Punk Planet is some challenge to the legitimacy of MRR. There's enough room on the punk scene for more than one voice—no disrespect intended to MRR, but its monolithic supremacy should have been challenged years ago. There's more than enough room for three voices or ten or one hundred et cetera. (Sometimes I wonder if this is what Papa Yo intended all along. Was his decision to narrowly constrain MRR's definition of punk really an encrypted command to "go forth and multiply?") We're not all going to agree on what's punk and what isn't. That's GREAT! Diversity, individuality, is HERE. Wonderful. Let's get used to it.

The preceding column is composed of 43% recycled pre-consumer ranting.

In memoriam: Pier Platters.

Next issue: My recipe for chocolate truffles
JuliaPrime@aol.com



I'm making an effort to stray from the kind of writing that attacks the individual as opposed to institutions. Even though I believe the people who make up institutions are ultimately responsible for the actions of the group — you can't say, "This

(city, state, country, home, place of employment, etc.) sucks," without looking at the elements that make it suck — I feel it's a grander achievement to be able to focus critical thought on the IDEAS that people, and therefore groups of people, maintain. I'm caught in a polemical dichotomy: Part of me wants to go straight for the throat of The People who incessantly fuck things up for themselves, ignorantly and willfully; and my nicer, more reader-friendly side of me wants to nail the institutions that replicate poor ideas, make it difficult for the individual to think freely and rationally, and abuse their positions of power to benefit an elite few at the expense of The Fucked-up People.

For instance, I believe white trash could educate themselves, advance themselves intellectually, if they have a desire to do so. From experience though, I know that white trash lack a key ingredient, for many socio-political-economic reasons I won't get into right now, to bettering themselves in such a way: and that is motivation. Lack of motivation, which stems from reasons that may not entirely be the fault of their own, prevents them from educating themselves. Thus, a system that instills a lack of motivation in lower-class people is partly, some would say solely, to blame for the inability of trash to be anything other than trash. In any case, it's arguable, and it's a dispute I'm debating in my mind.

Such as it is, most people aren't powerless and can help from being total assholes. Get back to me in 10 years for a possibly different perspective from a hopefully wiser Bob Conrad. In the meantime, I have even more bitching to do about a group of people, who probably are an institution in and of themselves. This time we go to sunny — and stinky — Southern California to the land of big punk business where I impart upon you the

PUSSIES OF THE MONTH

Like clockwork, I receive \$10 checks from Epitaph. Ignoring my instructions, they always send the wrong-sized ad and less money than they're supposed to. Since the Second Guess publishing schedule has dwindled to one-to-two issues a year, I have \$70 from them in ad credit. I call to see if they'll just buy a full-page ad for an extra \$30. The guy on the phone, Andrew, unhappily agrees.

Less than five minutes later, Andrew calls me back. "Uh, we're gonna, uh, stop. Apparently you really tore us apart in your last issue, so we're not, uh, going to do this anymore."

"Fine. I don't care."

He hangs up. I'm slightly baffled, but I don't care enough to give it much thought. I've never really liked the majority of what amounts to grade-A shit that Epitaph puts out, but I did respect the fact that they became huge while remaining independent. This is despite my not liking how they successively treated punk as nothing more than a commodity, nor did I like how they would call me ceaselessly to shamelessly kiss my ass, begging for good reviews. In so many ways I let this be known to them. As a result, I gradually became a small thorn in the sides of key Epitaph brown-nosers. Their ad money helped, and I didn't mind running their ads despite their faults, but they weren't a necessity in my life's plan. I wasn't sore.

Then I get a call from Tony Lee. Tony used to be one of the primary Epitaph employees, but he tells me he got fired. Now this baffles me. It turns out Tony was a bit like myself in that he thought Epitaph put out crappy music and wasn't afraid to say it. In turn, they fired him.

Soon after I get this news, Dave from Liberation Records sends me his zine. In it he has a diagram of how zines Epitaph receives get treated. A flow chart outlines how zines are scanned by unpaid interns for content pertaining to Epitaph to be filed while the rest of the zine gets shit-canned. The "mention" of Epitaph or related ilk is also entered into a database with a limited selection of choices ranging from bad to good. (At this very moment I'm envisioning an Epitaph intern carefully monitoring the words of Punk Planet for mentions of Epitaph or its bands. A sick smile crosses my face: Sucker.) When I talk with Dave, I get the scoop. He used to be an intern for Epitaph. That flow chart he printed is an actual handout interns are given as instruction. He printed the flow chart with permission, only to have people at Epitaph later get mad at him.

The newest Maximum Rocknroll reaches my paws two weeks later. Amused, I read how Tim is banning Epitaph from the MR&R scene for licensing their releases in Japan to Sony. Their antics are "business as usual," he concludes. After hearing so much about them recently, I'm forced to wholeheartedly agree.

In the interest of selling units, Epitaph is prancing about like the punkest thing around all the while sucking ass and doing anything but offending, like their ads incessantly claim. Putting

their bands into the mainstream, moral arguments aside, is not offensive: It's the very thing big, corporate labels have done since the advent of MTV. More people regard bands like Pennywise, Rancid and Total Chaos with amusement, or disdain (for the overt posturing, not the cartoon-punk image), than with horror. In addition, the people at Epitaph treat fans of punk rock as superficial counterparts in their efforts to cheapen the punk fashion and esthetic by lying (see Ben Weasel's expose in Maximum on how their Rancid press release was a complete load of shit) to them, kissing their asses and still claiming to be "offensive." In the end the only people who are offended are the moguls at Epitaph who can't handle the fact that people call them on their shit, or at the very least, just don't like their music.

What I'm left wondering by all this is why they don't change that phone number they advertise to 1-213-IM-A-PUSS? Anyone?

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MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH

Ideas, unpopular ones, can occasionally goad the mainstream that Epitaph is cleanly becoming part of, and there isn't money to be made when what you have to say does not suit a trend. Contrasting the financial success from the guise of punk rock "offensiveness" Epitaph sports like a brand-new three-piece suit, is just one example of somebody who really does offend people and lives to suffer the consequences. Fred Woodworth, publisher of The Match!, a long-running anarchist journal since 1969, has been consistently offering the world a quality publication full of passion and fire so absent in the kind of publications punks read (zines), or in the Epitaph Records they listen to. And to show for it he gets low readership, zero publicity and slim monetary return.

Fred recently published issue number 90 of The Match!. I can't imagine a 26-year publishing schedule, and the consistency and effort that goes behind The Match! doesn't compare to the amateurish life-spans of the majority of publications in existence. In presence alone, The Match! holds the upper hand over most zines.

The Match! also has an attractive layout. Fred prints The Match! himself utilizing a color-printing technique he invented (which ends up resembling a water-color painting) in order to create a publication that casts an aura of authenticity. The layout and graphics have an antiquated

feeling to them, not to support a conservative content but to reflect a rational aesthetic that believes there's vibrancy — life — behind pen-and-ink line-art, typesetting via old electric typewriters (as opposed to computers) and laying out the text and art by hand. Looking at *The Match!*, you'd think it was designed on a computer. It's not, and it becomes evident when you read the pages.

Coupled with the visual quality of the magazine, the literary content is always an A-plus. Behind the passion of *The Match!* is meticulous presentation of arguments and views supported by facts (I know, it's hard to imagine after reading so many punk zines), logic and background information. The depth of Fred's views are more thought out than your average, say Punk Planet column. In his latest, he takes on the media over-hype of computers and coexistent technologies. He poses the thesis that what lies inside a computer is physically intangible which presents the problem of not having control over problems that may occur, in addition to the fact that we live in an analog world and to create or simulate the real world with digital signals is not only unhealthy to the human psyche but simply not logical. My view is that computers are tools and can be effective, but the points Fred raises have strong validity I challenge anyone to counter.

Moreover, why simulate a world, that already has enough problems that need addressing, with a virtual world that has external controls that are not in the hands of the user. In the real world, there is the potential to fix problems. In the virtual world, you are fucked. Your hard disk crashes? You can't fix it. Your memory gets clogged? Your computer locks up. You have no control over this. By way of contrast, if one of Fred's text composers fucks up, he fixes it with a screw driver. His composers are decades old. Computers are obsolete within a few years; you pay for this and Bill Gates takes home the cash.

Fred also takes on Fine Print Distributors and how fucked up it is for distributors to pay for publications after they receive the next issue. Briefly, when Fine Print gets this issue of Punk Planet, they'll then send a check for the LAST issue. What if Punk Planet ceases publication? Then when do they get paid? It took Fred well over a YEAR to get paid for some of the copies he sent Fine Print, despite numerous promises and assurances. I have an almost identical experience with Fine Print. I know first-hand what fuck-ups they

are. There's more to this issue in *The Match!*, along with pages — 116 to be exact — of rants about cops, religion, flakes, fuckups and the overall shittiness of humanity.

I have my complaints about *The Match!*. It gets heavy handed at times and there's often an unwarranted amount of paranoia. Sometimes it seems Fred will be on the attack just because he's pissed. He's focused, but not always on the mark. Specifically, he was pretty riled up about Mykel Board's hoax a couple years back in *Maximum*, and he printed what ended up being half-truths about the incident seemingly without knowing the complete context. Mykel called him on it, and I ended up siding with Mykel. This aside, Fred usually makes a good point, and his anger and frustration is so real that despite some distractions, *The Match!* is always a valuable read.

It is a crime and absolute shame that the press run of *The Match!* is in the low thousands. If more people valued quality, thoughtful presentation of ideas that challenge the norm, punk or otherwise, then society would if nothing else be that much more enlightened. I doubt it will do little good, but if you're curious (you should be) here's Fred's address: Fred Woodworth, *The Match!*, PO Box 3488, Tucson, AZ 85722. \$4 should get you a single copy, but \$10 will give you a four-issue subscription.

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PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

Yes, there are good people out there. They're hard to find, that's all. Just north of the Bay Area is a sleepy city called Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa has its share of loser punks, a symptom of East Bay influence, but I hope the non-efforts of these bugs don't overshadow the hard work of the cool punks in town. Come to think of it, let's here and now make a distinction between the two types of punks: Bug Punks and Hard Working Punks. We'll apply descriptions, characteristics and behavioral patterns as we go along (hey, feminists do it, why can't we?). For now, I'll mention the Hard Working Punks. See the ASSHOLES section for more on the Bug Punks.

The Invalids camp are some of my favorite people of late. Headed by their esteemed "manager" (I'm uncomfortable with that term despite its veracity) Erin Mayer, The Invalids are just nice folk. Sure, I say this in light of their vocalist Scott praising some of us Reno kids left and right in his fanzine, but it's true and I feel like I haven't

reciprocated some of the feelings they've shared.

Another person who deserves a brief mention, even though I don't know her, is Lisa Camisa, a volunteer at Blacklist and Epicenter. In light of my Economics of Punk Publishing article, the irrational of either organization reacted as if they had been personally attacked. Not Lisa. No, Lisa took the time to personally call me and talk to me like a human being, for a half an hour about what I think would eradicate the problems Epicenter and Blacklist are experiencing. (Needless to say, my kind of advice won't be taken, but if it had, Blacklist would've still been in business.) Glad to know there's somebody over there with some sense.

Like most cities, there's very little in my town that makes sense, but there are a few people around Reno that deserve praise. There's little of significance here — the people who are involved in punk activities tend to be more of a collection of self-interested twits than honest do-gooders — but there is a small handful of good people, mainly the ones who go to shows and help out, either to support bands when most won't or because they have nothing better to do. There's many to name, but they know who they are. And praise to them is deserved and should not go unnoticed.

Likewise, Erik Nolke in Anchorage, Alaska has been doing a bang-up job of giving an isolated scene some outside influence. By flying bands up to Anchorage, Erik has not only exposed his city to bands such as The Gain, Blink, Rhythm Collision, and Zoinks!, but he's given these bands a chance to go somewhere they normally would not have gone. From personal experience, I know what a tremendous job he has done. Even though it appears as if many people in Anchorage don't seem to care, people like Eric, his immediate friends and the staff at KRUJA (University of Alaska's radio) do. Sadly, Eric doesn't see much of a future in promoting in Alaska, but the attempt was worthwhile and his efforts completely sound.

Thanks also goes to the kids of San Antonio who helped my brief stay in Austin over Thanksgiving fun and beneficial. Jen and Jim took me away from the family-thing, where my activities are not of my choosing and more in the interest of keeping family content. I got to see Man Dingo play and immerse myself, although briefly, back into normality.

These people, and many more who I'm not mentioning, have in their own ways had impact on me recently. Their good deeds keep the punk planet turning.

ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH

Not be confused with Hustler's Asshole of the Month, I will conclude, finally, by commenting on the assholes of the month. Violence in punk is quickly becoming the trend among a certain breed of punk rockers. This time it's not skins or straight-edgers, or even Riot Girls, but those bugs — anarchist crusties (stinkies) — who are quick to develop a name for themselves and their idiotic ways.

There are better ways to get a point across, but that in-your-face rebellion preached by slovenly anarchist publications, like Profane Existence, is about all the bugs know. Since them and any third-grader wouldn't be able to attack issues on intellectual grounds, they resort to childish harassment and toilet-smelling tendencies. It seems they lack, like white trash, some motivation to read books or something, and are bitter about things conscious people know to be non-issues. So they react as uncaged denizens on the harsh streets of Berkeley. Gilman is their den — pop punkers their prey. Armed with spit and body odor, they go out of their way to offend their offenders. Pretty soon everybody is offended, tension is heightened and nothing is ever resolved. It's brilliant.

As if to put icing on the cake after the Jello incident at Gilman, Berkeley bugs made it a point to harass Squirtgun at a recent show. Up front and personal — IN YOUR FACE, cliché, cliché — these bugs spent a great deal of energy and time during Squirtgun's set letting the band know just how unpunk they were. Why? Because "they sound like Green Day." Actually, as part of the Green Day backlash, they probably do this to ANY band with a remote pop edge. The bugs spit on and verbally harassed the band, and according to Zac (who was filling in on vocals), almost caused a fight, except the bugs weren't quite so vocal and vehement when Zac got off stage and faced them.

The reason for the bug angst? They claimed Squirtgun's music "offended" them. So maybe this is what Epitaph means when they claim to offend! Maybe they really are onto something here: They want to become part of the mainstream, while offending people along the way; only, the people they are offending are the Rancid look-a-likes who are offended by Rancid!

As with Epitaph, there's only one word for the bugs: Pussies.

Thank you, piss off and have a good fucking day.



Saturday, November 11, 1995 is going down in the books as one of the most hilariously exciting evenings in my life. Please allow me to divulge the oh-so titillating details of that cold winter night. My friends John, Kate, Tracy, Jenny and I went to see Braid (Bob, Chris, Roy, and Todd) play in Bloomington, IL. While gassing up for the trip in Champaign, we asked Bob who they were playing with. "Two heavy metal bands." We all laughed, having no idea of the adventure lying ahead of us. We arrived at the Lafayette Ballroom around 6:30, about a half an hour late. As soon as we stepped in the door, I began nudging everyone and pointing at the stage. One by one, they all stared, eyes widened and lips twitching from repressed laughter. The drummer for the headlining band, Abnormal, was setting up his drumset. From what we could see, he had at least fifteen toms and ten cymbals. The toms were at least five feet off of the ground and the cymbals were perched atop incredibly tall stands and were all bent inward toward the drummer forming what looked like an enormous metallic claw. This was only a taste of what was to come (enough foreshadowing for you?).

To say that the situation resembled the air base show in Spinal Tap would be an understatement. There were two columns of long tables set up with ashtrays neatly placed in the center of each one. Everyone present except for us had at least one of the following characteristics: 1) long scraggly hair, 2) REALLY tight pants, 3) a moustache, 4) was over the age of 30. Uh, reverse Spinal Tap maybe. We sat down at one of the tables, wondering if it would be appropriate to ask for menus, and somehow, Rag magazine made its way toward us. Rag is the first bona fide heavy metal zine I've ever seen, complete with a five-star review of Slaughter's latest release. We found an ad for the show in it and Todd pointed at a member of Abnormal in the photo and said, "That's the guy we just talked to who set up the show." Laughter abounded as we all realized that Braid was, indeed, going to play with two heavy

metal bands. The ad noted that the other band, Shortbus, was also from Champaign. Hmm.

While we were waiting for the soundchecks, Tracy, Jenny, Kate, and I danced like bats out of hell to the country music playing on the P.A. Unfortunately, we didn't know how to even imitate a line dance so as an alternative, we each made mad five yard dashes and slid across the floor on our asses, backs, and stomachs, or all three. I came out of that fiasco unwounded while my galpals all woke up the next morning with painful, colorful bruises.

Abnormal had their soundcheck first. We noticed that two of the guys that were scuttling between the stage and the soundboard were wearing identical laminated passes around their necks. Apparently, they were for access to Abnormal's dressing room, the location of which remains a mystery. God knows what else they would need passes for in the fucking Lafayette Ballroom. Anyway, the soundcheck for the drums was straight out of a sitcom. "Okay, tom number forty-three. Forty-four..." After the toms were all squared away, the drummer did several massive, cardiac-arrest-inducing drum rolls for which he had to turn his body 180 degrees in order to hit all of the toms. The best part came next: "All right. Cowbell number one..." all the way to cowbell number four. The guy even had chimes. The soundcheck for the drums alone lasted over a half an hour. The singer started out with dry vocals. When he finished, he asked the soundguy, "Should I sing it hard?" He then proceeded to belt out a tune that gave me flashbacks of a Dangerous Toys concert I attended in the seventh grade. Sometime during the soundcheck we were all huddling in a hallway near the bathrooms where Roy, barely able to speak, sputtered, "I can't go back in there because I can't stop laughing."

When it was time for Braid to set up and soundcheck, Roy announced, "Well, I guess I'm going to go set up Barbie's Drum Kit now." The graphic image of Abnormal's huge claw/drumset, backlit with red lighting, cymbals ominously poised and hovering over the toms with Roy's little four-piece sitting innocently in front of it made us choke on our snorts and grunts of laughter. Their soundcheck lasted less than ten minutes during which time Bob had to ask the soundguy three times to cut the reverb and distorting effects on the vocals. After they clambered off stage, we high-tailed it out of there to get some eats.

We somehow decided on Taco Johns and upon our arrival, I asked if it was supposed to be like a Taco Bell. John looked me straight in the eyes and clipped, "No." I stared at him blankly for a minute until his face contorted and everyone started laughing at my expense. I made the worst dinner choice possible by ordering the Bravo! potatoes which was basically tater tots with meat, sour cream, olives, etc. smeared all over them. The total for my order was \$1.92. I handed the acne-ridden employee two dollars. After he punched my payment into the register I interrupted him. "Wait. I have two pennies." I handed them over and the poor slob gave me six cents back. "Uh, actually, I need a dime back," I ventured. He looked down confusedly at the nickel and penny I had just returned and repeated; "Uh..." several times in a perfect Beavis and Butthead imitation before he reluctantly and suspiciously gave me my rightful dime. Roy, Todd, and I spent the duration of our meals viciously making fun of him.

After our highly dissatisfying meals we headed back to the Ballroom to find that Shortbus had arrived. What did their tour vehicle look like, you ask? It was indeed a little yellow special bus with the words "Short Bus" spraypainted on the back. We couldn't wait to spot that contraption driving around the Champaign-Urbana campus. Before the show began, our friend Molly and her friend Orlando(?), who both go to school in Bloomington-Normal, arrived. Apparently, the show was 21+ and they had to have some guy outside pretend to be their father so they could get in. Bob joked about introducing the band by saying, "Hi, we're Braid and we're all homosexuals" but they basically just got up on stage and ripped through an extremely abbreviated set plus a few pauses to tune, etc. My friends and I were the only ones standing to watch them in that entire, huge ballroom. Most of the people there were sitting down at the tables, making the occasionally sardonic remark. Once while Braid was tuning, we heard a boisterous challenge: "Drum solo!" followed by hoots of laughter. During another particularly long pause in between songs, we heard a flat, dry voice cut through the silence, "This sucks." Midway through Braid's last song I (admittedly a little inebriated by then) threw my bra onstage at Bob. His back was turned toward us and he was kneeling down so he didn't see it and it landed right under his ass. God, I'm a riot.

Throughout Shortbus' set during which time we were all moving right along down Obnoxiously Drunk Ave. (except John and Kate) we yelled stupid things at the band, danced frantically and headbanged (is that a word?) in our seats, and truly made asses of ourselves. Roy, kept pointing at this fat kid in the crowd who would alternately sway back and forth catatonically and flail around like he was being swarmed by bees. Later, laughing so hard he was crying, he said, "I about lost it when I saw that kid," and proceeded to lose it an hour after the fact. About halfway through their set, Tracy grabbed me and we started bumping and grinding it amidst hairsprayed couples who were passionately dirty-dancing to the music. Bob joined us for a bit but I think he got embarrassed and sat back down.

The climax of the evening was definitely Abnormal's set. Right when they began to play, someone remarked that they couldn't see the drummer at all to which Roy deadpanned, "The drumset ate him." Unfortunately, Todd fell asleep in the van and Chris chose to sit out most of their set but the rest of us had a grand ole time jiggling around. Bob and Roy lassoed all the girls with their scarves and sached around seductively while Tracy, Kate, Jenny, and I pelvic-thrusted each other like the heavy metal bimbos that we are. John was off in his own world, doing these incredible rock-star-guitarist leaps in the air and headbanging (he confessed the next morning that his neck was pretty stiff). At one point, Jenny, Tracy, and I were actually on the stage, humping each other and one of the very enthusiastic guitarists. The full-on crazy emotive moment came when Abnormal started playing Purple Haze and we all just went bonkers. Such contortions of the body you will never again witness.

Before Abnormal finished their set, we all grew weary and decided to leave. Once at home and rested, we told our story to anyone we happened upon but received mostly blank stares and "oh really?"s in response. This leads me to conclude that NO ONE can understand just what a completely loony, off-the-wall experience we shared that night. Even if this story made you laugh, I couldn't possibly convey even a tenth of the hilarity and fun of that evening. It's comparable to the crazy drunk Rolling Stones lady in Canada that only the members of Apocalypse Hoboken and I and a couple of our friends can even begin to grasp. If any of you decide to write to me for any reason, insert the words "Rolling Stones lady"

or "Bloomington" into your correspondence because even a mere mention of either of these events sends me into hysterical fits of laughter. Thank you.

The 1996 zine comp/calendar is definitely not happening. Sorry. The interview with Braid that I did in the last issue is horribly abridged because of space constraints. I really feel that the printed version did not capture the spontaneity of the interview so if anyone wants a full (but edited) copy, please send me an SASE. Talk to me at 307 E. Armory #101 * Champaign, IL 61820 or k-bae@students.uiuc.edu



The greatest struggle in life is between letting go and holding on. This is the only thing, in the end, that makes any difference in anything you do.

The obstacle to letting go is fear. Every second that we think before we act is a moment spent in fear of the consequences of our actions. Does this mean that, to be free, we should never think, and merely do what we wish? Should we throw ourselves with abandon into the mosh pit, cracking skulls with our every waking moment? If your boss annoys you, should you break his kneecaps, merely because the thought occurred to you?

"Do what thou wilt' shall be the whole of the law," said the Assassin, head of one of those proto-masonic, islamic cults that flourished during the middle ages so beloved by Robert Anton Wilson and those counter-culture types during the late '60s and early '70s — an ethos echoed by, among others, the Marquis Du Sade, William S. Burroughs and Johnny Thunders. And they are right: That is the only way to truly be free. Unfortunately, it is (in addition to being fun) evil, unethical, amoral and horribly wrong. And a quick way to end up like Johnny Thunders.

Equally wrong, however, is the habit most of us suburban-raised brats cling to: we keep ourselves in check, certain that we must always remain in control. The world is a complicated place, and only by keeping the world at bay, allowing only regimented, regulated dollops of the world into our hermetically sealed environment do

we remain in control, safe from the chaos that really stirs outside. It is what allows people to function when they know that crack addicts looking for an additional welfare check are cutting nine-month-old babies out of wombs on bathroom floors in Addison, Illinois. Yet there's something unhealthy about living life purely through our intellect, holding back our real emotional responses, behaving as we are supposed to act.

So what's the answer? To let go completely is to abdicate all responsibility to those around us, while holding on abdicates all responsibility we have to ourselves. Is there a middle ground?

Yeah, there probably is a middle ground, but I'll be damned if I know where it is. But I do have a hint. Recently, I was listening to the new album by the C*nts, Why Baby, and I was struck by the fact that these guys were having fun. Why is this worth noting? These guys have been around since (literally) 1978, and they've been making the same exact kind of music the entire time. And the music? Garage rock, circa 1967. They've found their perfect moment, and they're going to remain in it. They have created a little world, and the rest of the world can screw off. They have chosen neither the path of letting go or of holding back. Instead, they are consciously ignoring their surroundings and living in their own dreamland. They are probably the better for it, too.

I cannot ignore my surroundings, and I doubt you can either. The world is either too frightening (which makes us hold back in fear of the things we don't understand) or we want to let go completely (afraid of how short our lives really are). The world is constantly beating at our doors, and the problems that assail the world are like so many oozing pus blisters on the arm of a homeless man we're forced to stand next to on the bus. Just try ignoring the blisters, just try.

What all of this means, of course, is that I've been effectively avoiding how this all applies to me. I have the pronounced tendency to over-intellectualize everything, to the point where the real world is often a speck in the distance. I often feel as though I live my life in third person, like I'm reading a novel with particularly convoluted thematic significance. I feel like a scientist from another solar system sent to study earth in the guise of human being.

I cannot let go to save my life.

Except when I'm playing music, that is. When I'm on stage, making almost unbearable amounts

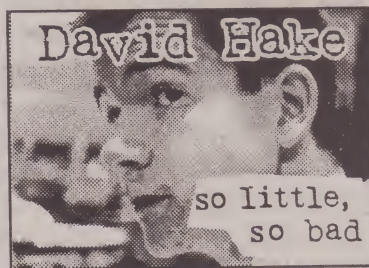
of noise, so much that my colon feels like it's vibrating inside me, I suddenly feel like I'm truly inhabiting my body. The washes of sound are not merely waves on an oscilloscope, but (like some form of electroshock therapy) instead are like spinich to Popeye, transforming me from a two-dimensional stick figure into a giant, looming over the stage, connected with every brain in the house. Even when I'm practicing at home, in front of an audience of one, or none, I feel it — that electric rush that resembles nothing else, that thing which makes me whole.

There's this song by Fugazi, "Waiting Room," which I love to play along to in my living room, at ear-splitting volume. I get chills when the chorus hits, and I hit the chord just right, and I've let go, for that one brief second. Oh, I can't even tell you how I long to let go — years of slam dancing didn't do it, odd chemical substances didn't do it, school didn't do it, work didn't do it. I feel like I'm pushing at the bounds of an envelope, and I have to admit that I'm mildly worried about what I'll be like if I ever do break free of these unwieldy shackles that I've locked myself to. Will I suddenly become some irresponsible lout? Will I become a bad person at work, a bad friend? Will I live for whatever I want at any given minute? Will "delayed gratification" disappear as part of my vocabulary?

I doubt it. I'm sure I'll be here, ten years from now, decrying some other random feature of my personality. But maybe, just maybe, you'll see me on some stage somewhere, playing with my new band (as yet unformed) blowing your ass into the cheap seats.

Pray for me, eh?

Kerosene@aol.com



Just to throw you all a curve ball, this new document is formatted as normal. Well written (yawn), hardly indulgent (c'est vrai, mes cheres) and overwhelmingly legible (a personal thank you to my ghost writer). Roll your eyes here. This hasn't even begun yet, and I'm bored with it already. More sarcasm to follow. For surely, as

the up and coming punk icon I aspire to be, I find myself every issue compelled to turn the volume up that much higher and present those acquainted (albeit only informally) with the young, virile and reckless some recently pushed envelope. For the more sincere purveyors of good taste in the underground, seasoned pro's, hardened agitators in the cause, I would hope that it is taken as required reading on the perennial basis of this column's appearance. This, myself, the most sincerest, williest, tough-guy motherfucker. Some dangerous, inhospitable, wiseguy, sneering as the Hollywood incarnate. The small town of my childhood is deluded grandeur. Let no homecoming be sweeter as we all make our way to this one utopia made unique in our own respective renditions of it, the larger than life, the immortal and unstoppable, bright lights big city and all the rest. So ask the RYE COALITION "Kitty cat, where's the money at?" It's all over.

I'll admit to a momentary and coincidental interest in ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT once again. I'll drool slaveringly over John Reis as some modern incarnation of Elvis Presley I was never meant to have. My king of the metaphor, timeless as Dionysus. "Young livers" indeed, and I wasn't born in '69. I know rock n' roll as privy not only to those in 1977, but before and after, and ever after, even barring any forgetfulness of the anti-authoritarian artful dodgers and all the Dickensian wit implicit in the movement of punk rock. How many Johnny come lately Rottens have there been and will there be?

One planned intermission wherein the best homosexual innuendo in the straight-edge history of closeted culture (being of course, YOUTH OF TODAY "Keep It Up") is now given a spare moment of recognition. To commemorate: "It's a position of respect, live up to it!", the rallying challenge of undying love between Ray and Porcell and their ability, at every turn, to thwart impotence in their timeless passion. Better inspiration than any football coach at any football practice has had to offer, I tell ya.

To follow, three bands only record review addicts and habitual ad readers will recognize: a MAKERS 7" spree (encore, encore!); TEXAS IS THE REASON (quel CMJ bio of a mere six months, fast track indeed), and the debut and last will and testament of DEADGUY "Fixation On A Co-Worker" LP (reworking of "The Extremist" simply to die for), a smattering of anectdotes

concerning the de rigeur punk rock celebs I occasioned to hob nob with since our last speaking (still top secret as of this writing), a round of applause surely to follow, and then one witty conclusion done in a style similar to previous offerings, with the seemingness of being fashioned for this occasion while still ringing flatly with that ever so familiar din of smugness. I am what I am. Fabulous, sincerely self-absorbed, a keystone in the wall of self-made glory, some mirror to fame and its impermanence, breaking again and again and again. Right on cue, same Hake time, same Hake channel. BLACKTOP LP ("you're a dog, and I'm a dog"), PROBLEMATICS 10" (no better singing than this, no duh), VSS 7" on Strict (I've touched it with my own hands, it's real all right), SUSPECTS 7" (four songs, worth \$200.00 each), CHROME CRANKS "Dead Cool" LP on Crypt, DEAD & GONE LP (move over DIE KREUZEN, here's something meaner, recorded in the basement of my aunt's old house by Billie Joe), KARP/RYE COALITION LP (two songs each, all epic masterpieces on 33 RPM), SPEEDWAY 10" on Dionysus (ex-ZOMBIE SQUAD, DEVIATORS), BOSS HOG LP (alás on DGC, another fiefdom in the John Spencer feudalism). What's all this for?

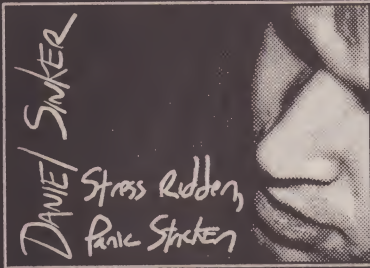
Who was writing inflammatory poetry in high school besides Morrissey, Oscar Wilde, and future members of MOSS ICON? This is simply unreadable. I am cringing at the thought of a scant month from now when some unfortunate future incarnation of myself is forced to read such drivel of mine. I am still disliking of the DELTA '72 despite recent news of a Touch & Go signing. Though all things considered, that may be just the thing to change my tune. Let's see how the leftovers from CUPID CAR CLUB and JUNCTION fare once the promised debut 7" is released. The public disclosure of liking and disliking is like investing in stocks. You tie yourself to the destiny of whomever you hold dearest to your heart. It's a matter of keeping an eye on the market of hipster viability and discerning from its fluctuations the best course of action to take. Indeed, it is just as you were thinking, sincerity is extremely wanting when I can't say for certain that I read tea leaves for any other reason than divining the forecast in this particular season of cool. Some might say that I'm a fabricated voice of concern for the state of "blues deconstruction". Just give me a harmonica, a healthy shot of John Lee Hooker and I'll be back in the ring of honest, no-bullshitting

saintliness any second now. **HARDCORE REALITY** (as vegan rapping with MC Rob R-Rock is now known to us) will have a followup 12" to follow their obscure East German release of some years ago. Circa "Voice Of The Voiceless" superstars do have comeback possibilities. To hone my gossip prowess on the hardcore tip, I have word of glitter and outrageousness from a near-to-final show for **UNBROKEN**. A recent ad sighting in Chicago rock mag Tailspins shows a farewell 7" entitled "Crushed On You". Check the exposed stomach on lead singer in "Life, Love, Regret" and you'll see where my interest lies. Punk Planet record reviewer writes off a **LAUGHING HYENAS** reissue as something best paraphrased as "like somebody who's crazy or something, err... screaming really loud, I guess like hardcore." The **LAUGHING HYENAS**, who, if missed, may be a regretful omission from your show viewing schedule. Can you believe this? With hard drug habits, bad attitudes and all the rest taken into account you are right to believe that one, if not several members may be dead before they ever tour again. I'm incredulous. Even a historical context would've been helpful. "John Brannon from **NEGATIVE APPROACH**." Come on! Am I to believe that this is some bizarre side effect of Will Dandy incestualistic administrative hand me downs in the record reviewing department? Add this gripe to your self deprecation, little zine friend/closet emo boy/pseudo grind aficionado, and put it right up there with being cursed by too much family money and time on your hands. Indeed, new school learning boggles the mind. Which brings us to the old school, and no better primer than Felix Von Havoc's column in the first two color edition of **HeartattaCk**. This particular jaunt into aesthetic recidivism laments the state of alternative rock infection of old standbys like Dischord and Revelation. We are asked "What the fuck happened to straight edge?" and one must ponder the coincidence that this particular piece has the end of the year reader's poll nestled in the crook of Von Havoc's tattooed column, side by side with diatribes against long-winded rock solos, **FAR SIDE** listening sprees and potential closet fandom of **Letters To Cleo**, **Hootie & The Blowfish** and others. Words of wisdom to be mindful of before you one up the H-100's for "band of the year" in favor of **BRANCH MANAGER** or some other so-called worthwhile offering from the factory-houses of slick. Appropriately enough, as **CODE 13** say, "Hardcore for the kids,

not for the fucking system." and I say alright already on the caps lock key. Too many band names to keep track of.

I have temporarily moved beyond the seasonal pain in the savage land of Minnesota for quiet and contemplation in my home away from home, New England. Visiting Connecticut institution and underground mainstay **Trash American Style**, I picked up the **Lookout/Kill Rock Stars** double LP companion "Slice Of Lemon" which while certainly showcasing what looks like some froofy lo-fi versions of **SONIC YOUTH**, contains the enigmatic **EMILY'S SASSY LIME** who recently released a full length on **Kill Rock Stars**. Sarcastic damsels in distress are pictured on the cover butchering hipster boys who didn't make the cut for **ANTIOCH ARROW** enlistment, above all in their insert material for the compilation depicting one such mortally detained with the explanation "this guy tried to hang out with us, and look what happened to him". Intriguing. My little brother has related a recent bus conversation wherein some deluded girl who wears stickers on her face, famous for making periodic sightings of **Mike Dirnt** in the high school parking lot, insists that the **RIVERDALES** must be good because they toured with **GREEN DAY**, some other kid says that if you're not on **MTV**, you can't be good. Asks petit frere Hake, looking at his headphones in horror, "Are they trying to sound like the **RAMONES**?" Recent **Detroit** transplants to the Midwestern purgatory of **Minneapolis**, **CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE**, wow yours truly with dual vocals and heartfelt ferocity at current **Twin Cities** venue the **Bomb Shelter**. Keep up the crust immigration to the **Twin Cities**. First it was **STATE OF FEAR**, and now this. What's next? Rumor mill says a full length on **Profane Existence** is imminent. Let's hope. I am still romancing **DISEMBODIED** while the **CREEPERS** are away European touring. Let's just hope that **Lost & Found** doesn't make good on the circulated stories of an "official" release probably comprising the much regaled "Sonny Little Cha-Cha" sessions that have already been bootlegged to death by aficionados for that sort of thing. Anyone who wanted it, has got it by now. Lastly in a long string of random commentary, I dedicate this column to some agent provocateur in the **Fox Network** who keeps inserting punk paraphenalia in "Space: Above And Beyond", a truly flavorless sci-fi drama of military rockers, products of some modern in vitro fertilization, who listen to the

RAMONES while blowing up aliens, and give each other copies of "Never Mind The Bollocks" as Christmas presents. God bless.



Fade in:

The high pitched squeal of a tire spinning recklessly over an ice-covered parking space. The muffled profanity of the driver, realizing that he may have to walk to work this morning. Shoes and winter coats worn indoors. Hands over the burner of a gas stove warm up quickly, only to cool down twice as fast when taken away. Wind ripping across a face, forcing tears from eyes to cold to shed them.

Cut To:

A family sits in the waiting room of the intensive care unit at a hospital. They are tired of crying and tired of wondering. The future looks bleak, and the past much more promising. Pan out through the window of the waiting room, snow blows in grand arcs around the parking lot of the hospital, as the white winter sun shines down over a frozen city. Life continues on in the city outside. A car drives by, a baby screams in the car seat. A mother looks down, concerned, but is forced to ignore the cries in order to keep the car on the slippery road. Blinds part in an office window not far away, a man looks out, feeling warmer by seeing the cold.

Cut to:

Close up on a heart monitor. It beeps steadily, the camera sweeps through the room towards a respirator, its accordion-like bellows move up, then down, making a strange noise, an artificial version of the sound we all hear when we drift off to sleep. So unimportant that you don't even know it's there, until you really need it. The camera focuses briefly on a person in the bed, tubes are attached to the throat, go up through the nose, and pierce the arm. The body looks so small, so different from when it was filled with life. He is still alive. You can not forget that fact. It's so easy to forget that fact.

Fade out.

Fade in:

A yellow sun over a white ground. Slowly

brown streams form in the gutter of a gray street. Green patches begin to peek through the snow in front of a red house. Icicles melt away from the gutters of a brown stone apartment building. A blue car starts up with a roar. A new day.

Cut to:

A different family sits in the waiting room of a different hospital. They are tired of crying and tired of wondering. A doctor walks through the door, he wears his best poker face as he begins to talk about chance. Pan out through the door of the waiting room. The camera moves down the hall. An orderly pushes an old man on a stretcher. A young woman cries on a pay phone. Another phone rings, a middle-aged man runs to pick it up. It is not for him. The same doctor we saw before walks past the camera, he looks shaken. In the distance, cries can be heard from the waiting room.

Cut to:

A car drives through a huge puddle, sending a shower of off-color water spraying onto the sidewalk. A young boy stops suddenly, successfully avoiding getting soaked. There is no snow now, and the entire city is covered with a thin film of water. A car drives by and the radio is audible through the open window. A weatherman warns of an overnight freeze. The sun begins to set.

Fade out.

Fade in:

The high pitched squeal of a tire spinning recklessly over an ice-covered parking space. The muffled profanity of the driver, realizing that he may have to walk to work this morning. An old woman slips and falls on the hard ice-covered cement, a slight crack can be heard the instant before she screams out. A car drives past, the passenger looks over towards the woman, then looks away. The scream echoes up past the roofs of the houses and up towards the cold sun looking down.

Cut to:

A different family sits in the waiting room of a different hospital. They are tired of crying and tired of wondering. They slowly pack up their things and make their way out of the room. The camera follows them as they walk towards the elevators in silence. The youngest girl presses the down button, an older brother exhales slowly, an act he is oblivious to, but he relies on to keep moving. We all do.

Cut to:

A green car spins out of control over an ice-covered street. It hits a new foreign car, creating a

huge dent in the driver's side door. A horn sticks. Airbags expand in the foreign car. Heads hit the airbags and bounce back towards the seats. The driver of the green car slumps against the steering wheel, bleeding from the scalp. In the distance, sirens can be heard.

But where do we take the film from here? Does the soundtrack swell, the titles begin to roll? Was this simply scene setting for a story that will unfold for the next hour and a half, as we sit in the butter-scented seats, perhaps a loved one at our side, leaning over every now and then to rest his head on your shoulder?

Or is this the story itself? Just scene after scene of seemingly unrelated events. Does the next scene start with the cry of a baby being born, doctors surrounding a table, and a lone father stammering "it's a girl?" Or is the next scene a funeral mass, with a family crying in the first pew, friends and acquaintances sitting in the rows behind, wondering why it had to happen so soon.

Can you leave after an hour and a bit, perhaps squint at the lights in the lobby of the theater, your eyes having become accustomed to the darkness of the theater. Trudging back to your car, another soul's hand in yours, your mind begins to drift back to what was projected on the screen. "At least my life isn't like theirs," you whisper to yourself, pleased.

Or is this not a film at all? Perhaps you will be in the next scene, in a hospital, at a stoplight, in your underwear. Because what is life but a series of unrelated events, some of them good, some of them bad, most of them boring. The day fades out as you go to sleep, and another fades in as you wake up the next morning. There is a soundtrack if you choose to put a record on, perhaps a love interest that you can distract yourself with for a while. But eventually, you run out of film, the projector's lamp burns out, a fuse is blown in the theater, or worse. The family is left in the waiting room, the bride at the altar, the car at the intersection, the child in the womb.

1995 turns into 1996. You take down one calendar, you put a new one up. Another January, another February, another spring, another fall, another winter, and then another calendar. 1997. 1998. 1999. Artificial constructs to make you think that something is changing. Nothing does.

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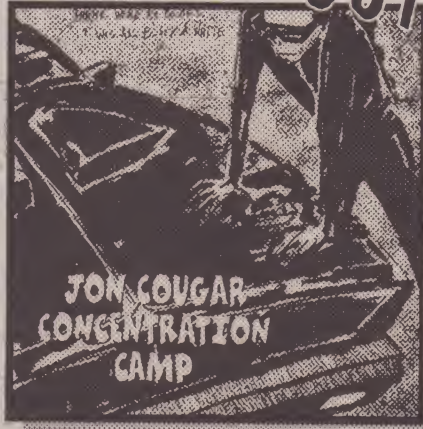
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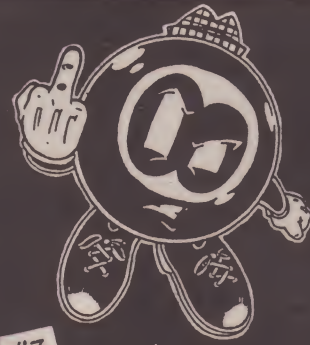
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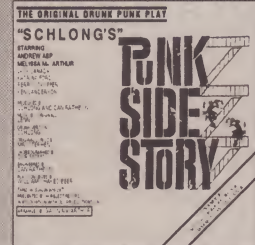
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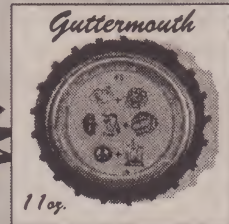
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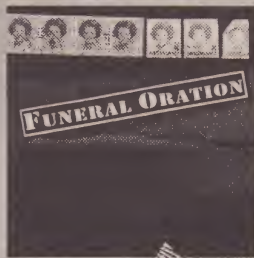


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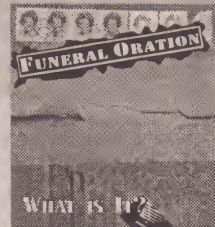
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PP: So, Tell us how and when the band was formed. Where are you originally from? Why are you in a band?

PHIL: The band was formed by Kirsten and I back in 1991. We were both attending music school at the University of Wisconsin. I was a classical guitar major and she was a French horn major.

KIRSTEN: Sometimes I'd watch Phil practice with a band he was in and I thought it would be more exciting to try singing in a band with him than playing the French horn in an orchestra for the rest of my life. So we decided to start a band together and just started writing songs. It was around the Gulf War and we were totally against the U.S. bombing Iraq back into the stone age, so we wrote about that and other issues that pissed us off. Phil also had a lot of songs that he'd written over the years and we looked for a bassist and drummer so we could start playing them

out. It was very spontaneous.

PP: When did the first *Naken Agression* record come out? How many releases have you got out now?

KIRSTEN: We have 8 of our own releases, and then we're on 2 comps, and we have one split 7" out

PHIL: Our first 7" ep, They can't get me down came out in Oct 91. We put this one out ourselves. Our other records were put out by either Broken Rekids or Mighty Records.

PP: Let's talk about your last EP, *Plastic World*, are you satisfied with it? It was released on Mighty Records, did you leave Broken Rekids, why?

KIRSTEN: Yeah, I'm really happy with the way the songs turned out. We recently moved down to L.A. and our friends Nathan and Paul told us they wanted to start a new label. since we're living here now we thought it would be cool to help

start it out. We're still planning on doing things with Broken Rekids too, cause Michael's great. In the fall Broken will re-release our 1st CD & we're going to add 4 brand new songs -to it. so look out for it in '96. Mighty will release a Live at Gilman St. album called "March March Alive" in Jan. '96. It has a mix of our older & our more recent songs- We do lots of projects with many different indie labels too. We're not exclusive with one label.

PP: Do you think bands should play mostly to have fun, or do you think that politics should be part of the process in form of lyrics, especially in punk music?

PHIL: Music, like any other art is a matter of personal expression. I think in order for a band to be labeled "punk" it has to be saying something. Punk is a style of music. It's different from rock the same way classical is different from baroque. Punk music is angry, outraged at society,



the condition of the world. It's aggressive. I personally listen to many styles of music and try to appreciate them all for what they are, people expressing themselves. KIRSTEN: I think that people should just write and play what comes out of them. They should play what ever the fuck they want. It would be ludicrous to tell people how and what kind of music to play. A big part of punk music has been political-ly and socially aware and influenced, but playing what one feels deep inside is what can make music powerful.

PP: Who writes the lyrics? What is more important, music or lyrics?

KIRSTEN: Phil is the main song writer/lyricist. Of course I help write the lyrics & work on the songs too. Phil writes most of the words and music and then collaborates with me and the rest of the band too. For our songs the words are just as important as the music. We spend a lot of

time and energy to song writing, we go over and over and change things around until we feel it's as good as it's gonna get!

PP: Some of your lyrics are quite pessimistic, like "Ode to a Fucked up World," is this the reflection of your personality?

KIRSTEN: Over all I'm a pretty optimistic person, I think it's more frustration over the repeating cycle of personal and political oppression we have to face and generations before us have had to face. I see humans having the potential to change, but we just haven't gotten it together enough yet and who knows if we ever will. I do see collectivism, grass roots organization, autonomy, anarchism basically as a possibility. I rather try to promote these ideals and ideas of freedom than not.

PP: How would you describe the political and social situation in the US today?

KIRSTEN: Basically fucked. A bunch of

greedy people trying to control everything while trying to convince everyone else that the ability to buy or own a car, stereo, TV and VCR means that they're free. Most people waste most of their life working shit jobs or office jobs, watch TV, and drink beer and do drugs. Basically struggling to get by or trying to hang onto what they have. They spend most of their time trying to fool themselves into thinking they're happy. Corporations keep trying to centralize more and more control over every aspect of life. The education system is more like a capitalist propaganda system, it's a joke. People are getting sick of it, but who knows if they'll do anything about it since they watch about 8 hours of TV a day.

PP: Do you think anarchist ideas could change the situation?

PHIL: If people were better educated on how capitalism is not compatible with free-



naked
aggression

dom. Anarchism would definitely change the situation and I think for the better. How could it get much worse than it is now in the world.

KIRSTEN: If the ideas of Anarchism become as widespread as during the Spanish revolution maybe, but Anarchism is very misunderstood over here, most people have no clue what it means. There's a ton of misinformation and propaganda against it. That's one of the reasons why we promote it in some of our songs and tour all over the country and sing about it. We just want to make people question and think when they hear our lyrics. We're not saying only our ideas we are right or this is the only way, we just want people to know it's an alternative to today's fucked up society.

PP: Do you believe in direct action?

KIRSTEN: Of course, I do, very strongly. Just don't make the mistake of forsaking

your ideological questions/issues for action. It's easy to get blinded by the temporary and "practical" results of ones activities, and to get bogged down by petty issues which can get in the way of a groups goals or higher activities. It can cause lots of unnecessary differences between people which can create stupid personal power games. I've seen so many people get so carried away with their projects or actions that they lose sight of their original goals and end up putting forward ideas of "conquest of power" in order to proclaim freedom from a position of command. It's a trap to watch out for, we're all vulnerable to it.

PP: What do you think about hardcore punk on major labels? Do you think it's wrong to make money?

KIRSTEN: This whole issue is another one of those self righteous, finger pointing, who's holier than though crusades. I really

don't give a flying fuck about what band signs to what label or who distributes through what. It's none of my business or anyone else's about what someone else's band does. I think it's really absurd that people are dividing themselves up over such a petty issue. It's a waste of time and gossipy. I hate gossip and I refuse to get caught up in such a stupid issue. Our band releases stuff on independent labels and we like being part of the underground scene, we're not interested in becoming a mainstream band, but that's our own prerogative. Who ever hates bands on major labels: Do you pay for electricity, buy gas, pay taxes, eat at Taco Bell, own a car, ride a bus? We're all participating in this messed up capitalist system by force. Hell even if you buy vinyl you're still supporting the oil industry, you can't escape. Major label bands are no worse than people like us, the



I see humans as having the potential to change, but we just haven't gotten it together yet



only difference is they don't work at the post office or a fast food joint, etc. and they probably get a much better paycheck! There are many serious and urgent problems to be active & concerned about. Such as war, hunger, exploitation of workers, racism, sexism, the list goes on & on.

PHIL: I don't think there are any punk bands on major labels. At least not in recent history. Many of the so-called American punk bands that are signing to major labels were never punk bands to begin with. But like Kirsten said, there are greater political problems to fight than bands on major labels.

PP: What about your last tour of the US? What kind of people come to your shows?

PHIL: When a conservative person drives down the street and points out the window at a weird looking person and yells something rude at them. It's the weird looking people that come to our shows.

KIRSTEN: Each tour gets better and better. We have a pretty good draw in a whole bunch of towns all over the US. and we've sold about 20,000+ records, it's pretty exciting! Many different types of people of all ages attend our shows. There's a lot of punks of course, skaters, nerds, riot grrls, straight edgers, teen agers, middle aged people, little kids...All sorts of interesting people, many of whom are discontent with society at large. People just want to have a good time and get away from it all for a night or vent some anger and jump around. There's a relentless and intense energy during the whole set that really blows my mind.

PP: If you had to explain your music to someone who has never heard it before, what would you say?

KIRSTEN: It's loud, fast, angry, and aggressive. At the same time it's melodic, meaning you can sing along with it. The

tunes stick in your head. The lyrics are both political and personal.

PP: What are some of your future plans?

KIRSTEN: Currently we're writing new songs and trying out bass players & drummers for our next album and future tours. We're also going to be on a CD comp by Fearless Records from Orange Co. called "Punk Bites" along w/ Youth Brigade, D.I., Glue Gun, Ten Foot Pole, the Vandals, etc. Also remember to check out our live album, "March March Alive" which will be out soon. We also do a small label/maillorder of our own (Naked Aggression Rec.) Write us for a catalog.

PP: Anything else you want to add?

PHIL: If you'd like to get in touch with us for interviews, our new label, tour info, or just to order t-shirts, music, back patches etc. write; NAKED AGGRESSION / P.O. Box 3102/ N. Hollywood, CA 91609/USA.

Christie Front Drive

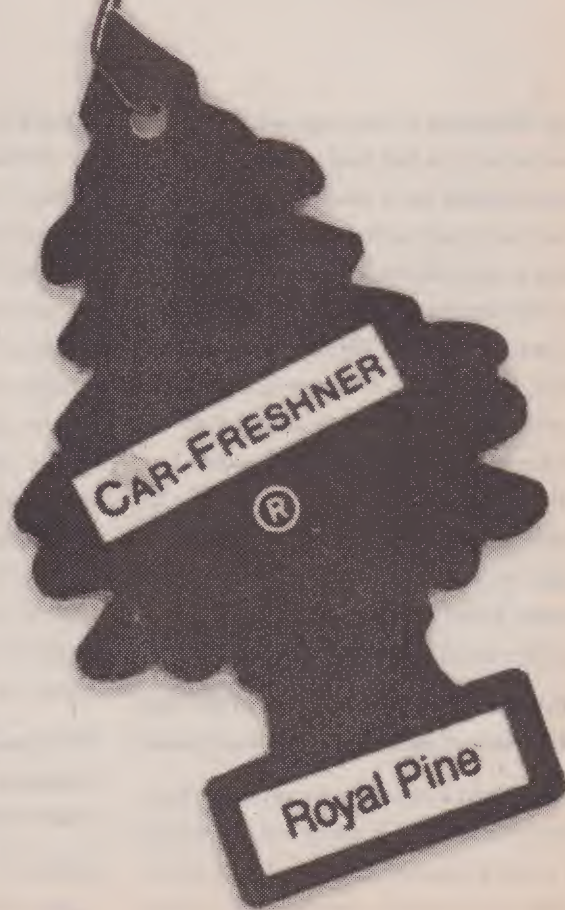
In a world of drugs, Ping-pong, and scary porno magazines, Christie Front Drive, from Denver, Colorado is a band of great character. They lull you into a calm state of ambivalence with jangly chords and soft-spoken vocals only to suckerpunch you in the gut, wringing every last ounce of emotion out of you as they twist their sound into precise melody and raw power. Emo? No.

Christie Front Drive is disturbingly beyond emo.

"I'm fuckin' white trash,"

said Eric Richter, vocalist and guitarist, "If I was at home I'd be in a trailer."

After filling our minds with fearful images of Hustler Magazine air-fresheners, convenience stores where the titles of the porno mags are more disturbing than even the





worst tour story they have to tell, Richter and bass player, Kerry McDonald finally came clean to us about their true lifestyles when they're not living a high-profile existence on the road. Shit, let's not mince words: they simply live white trash.

The band got their start after McDonald found himself answering a classified ad for a bass player who was into the Treepeople and Jawbreaker. He quickly traded off a snowboard for a combination of \$100.00, a bass and a Ping-pong paddle.

"It was an awesome Ping-pong paddle," added McDonald, "I'm a big Ping-pong player."

After McDonald had played with drummer Ron Marschall and guitarist Jason Begin for a couple months, the band had it's imminent beginning. "I moved to Mexico for like three months. And then, when I came back, Turnkey (Eric's old band) broke up on tour and Eric, Ron and Jason were playing together," explained McDonald. "They basically had another guy playing bass and were like kicking me out... 'quietly.' Somehow, they got their things mixed up and I ended up showing up to practice at the same time they did—and the guy who was playing bass didn't show up. And they're like, 'Well, I guess you can play bass for us,' type-thing. I was the bastard."

With major labels snatching up bands left and right these days, Richter and McDonald are quick to shrug off the rumors of major label stardom on their horizon. "I talked to two different people from Mercury and I don't think they knew each other called," said Richter. "The other night they called and I was like, 'I'm on the other line,' and I totally hung up and he never called back."

Having gotten their name from a display at the Forney Museum in Colorado, for the Christie Front Drive car (one of the first front wheel drive cars), the band seems to be learning some valuable lessons about what group functions not to have while on tour.

"I think the worst night ever was when we decided to take acid in the mountains in New Mexico," confessed Richter.

Agreeing cautiously, McDonald elaborated on the night a little. "Our show got cancelled in Albuquerque. So it's like barely January, not thinking, New Mexico's fucking cold," explained McDonald. "They all did acid I did mushrooms. The only thing out there was like this big penitentiary, this weird prison, out in the middle of nowhere. It was probably below ten degrees. We found some weird bridge in the middle of nowhere, it said like, 'Kill Evil Dead for Satan' or something like that."

Somewhere in there, that Hustler air freshener comes in, but I'll leave that to your imagination, just like the other rumors that seem to follow them where ever they go. "There was a girl in Colorado who told everyone she slept with us all, so we named the band after her," said Richter.

The future of Christie Front Drive holds plans for a few compilations, one doing the Mary Tyler Moore theme song, one track on the next No Idea compilation and they should also be recording this Fall or Winter.

And as for that nasty selling out issue? "If I ever became really jaded I would," said Richter. "Like if we were about to break up, we'll sign first and get the money, then break up."

Otherwise, it seems as though the band is content acting as connoisseurs of convenience store porno selections. "We stopped at a 7-Eleven in Washington and it had the largest selection of pornography I've ever seen," said McDonald. "The whole thing was pornography magazines and then there was like five normal magazines."

As that point in the interview, the two members of Christie Front Drive quickly found their band being accused of being fueled exclusively by sex and drugs. Seizing the moment, Eric offered one last piece of sarcastic consolation to the worrisome fan: "In fact, we were guaranteed women tonight...Where are they?"



TEXAS *is* the REASON

Texas Is The Reason are a New York City quartet featuring Norm Arenas, Garrett Klahn, Chris Daly and Scott Winegard. If they're names sound familiar it's probably because you know some of the other bands they've played in like, Shelter, 108 and Fountainhead. Norm Arenas played in all three, produced the great fanzine Anti-Matter and currently writes for Alternative Press. Last November we sat down to talk about his latest band who are truly amazing. Interview by Kelly Electa photos by Shawn Scallen

How and when was Texas Is The Reason formed? Texas Is The Reason was theorized in December '92. It didn't happen until February of '95. Why that is, is because, I think it was a mix of lethargy and, probably, just being busy. We were all doing other bands and all of the bands were kind of going well.

Which bands were those? I was in Shelter at the time; Chris was in 108; Scott was in Fountainhead and Garrett was in a number of bands in Buffalo. He's the only one who's not from here [New York City]. So, we were all doing our different things and everybody got into this position where we were really comfortable. We were able to tour and have kids come see us and like us. And, even though in the summer of '92 Chris and I were talking about doing another band, it just took forever to do it because of that. I guess it all broke down for me when I was touring Europe with Shelter and pretty much decided that I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't play the music anymore; I needed to just stop. I quit the band. I played my last show with them in January of '94 and stopped playing music for awhile because I was completely burned out. So, in the meantime, Fountainhead broke up because Chris went off to do Orange 9mm, which had been a side project, so Scott was band-less, and Scott and I have known each other forever, so automatically the seedling of that relationship was formed, and Resurrection had quasi broken-up, so that meant that Chris was one band less. So, at that time, I guess, late '94, we started the initial practicing and trying to write songs, but it wasn't working out because we didn't have a singer. Then, in January, Garrett was playing in Copper and he was kicked out. He was living in Buffalo (NY) at the time, which for some reason I thought was a lot closer than it really was, but I asked him what his plans were and what he was going to do and he said, "The first thing I've got to do is I've got to get the fuck out of Buffalo," and I knew the kid



could sing so, I said come to New York, let's hook up. We were all friends since our bands had all played together, and I'd been in most of those bands anyway. So, he came down for our first practice, which was in February of '95 and he started playing guitar in March and we recorded our first three songs which became our 7" on Revelation.

I noticed in the ads for Revelation that next to Texas Is The Reason it says "Norm Is The Reason." (Laughing) That was one ad. **Well, I assume it's because you probably have a pretty close relationship with Jordan (of Revelation).** Um, to some extent. One Christmas I spent at Ray's (Cappo) house in Connecticut and Jordan was visiting, I guess, his parents or his family, I don't know...So, I walked in and there he was sitting there, and I had met him in passing [before]. I didn't really know him back in the day or anything. Actually, when the band first got together and recorded, I didn't even send Jordan a tape. I didn't even really think about it. We had talked since then a little bit, but we weren't really good friends..And, I guess, he had just heard really good things [about Texas Is The Reason] and he asked me about it and so, I sent him a tape. I think the "Norm Is The Reason" thing was just more or less sarcasm..I think it was funny. At first I was kinda scared, I was like, 'My band's gonna be pissed'. The thing about Jordan is, he's quiet, but he's got a killer sense of humor and he's really fun to be around.

Were there any other possibilities, record label-wise, that you looked at? There was a few...We wanted to either go with Jade Tree or Art Monk Construction...everybody involved with those two labels, I think, are still really good friends of ours. We knew all the mistakes we made in our other bands and how we dealt with business, so I knew that I wanted to deal with someone who I knew and was friends with. I think that when it came down to it, and Jordan said he wanted to do it, I just had to come to the conclusion that, yeah, they have great distribution and the label 's been established for, like, ten years and...they're a powerhouse...I can't think of another independent label I'd rather be on.

Well, it seems to make sense since you played in Shelter. Well, I think everybody was expecting us to do something with Equal Vision, including Steve at Equal Vision. But, the other thing was that we had this pact when we started the band that nobody wanted to be on any label that they been on before. It wasn't necessarily because the other labels fucked anybody over or because we didn't like any of the other labels, it was just that we wanted something different...so automatically any of those other labels were cast out.

You're about to begin recording your full-length with one of the guys in Jawbox. Yeah. Jay from Jawbox is going to produce it and I'm half nervous and half excited about that. We're all really headstrong people and I think if we just have anyone produce it we wouldn't really be able to take criticism as well, whereas Jay is someone we all totally respect and admire. I think that if he told me something sucked I'd look into that a lot deeper than just anybody producing it.



"I WANT EVERYONE TO FEEL LIKE THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO BE INTO THIS BAND..."

How did you guys hook up? I did an interview with him in one of the earliest issues of *Anti-Matter*. It was really funny because I had never met him before and I really struck him off guard, to the point where I really made him uncomfortable and in the middle of the interview he was getting mad...After the interview we laughed about it and when it finally got published I talked to him on the phone and he told me how much he really enjoyed reading it and how he really thought it was a great interview and then we kinda kept in touch that way. So, when we were recording our half of a split with Samuel we had nowhere to do it and we had a deadline. A mutual friend said "Hey, Jay's got an 8 track studio in his house. If worse comes to worse, why don't you do it there."

So, we called him and it didn't work out anyway, but we did leave with him saying, "I still want to do something with you guys, I just don't know when." And we were like, let's keep it in mind. And, sure enough, when the time came and we were ready to do an album, he was still interested...So, we're going to do it and the record should be out in April - that's what we're shooting for.

How many songs will be on it? It's gonna be 8 1/2. Our songs are really long...One of our songs is 6 1/2 minutes and most of them are 5 minutes...We're kinda shooting for a 40-45 minute record...The half song is an instrumental.

Well, you just finished a three week tour with Shift. You're first-ever as a band. How was it? I think everybody in the band came back really excited because we all came to the conclusion that people actually care who we are. When you start something new and something that's different from anything you've ever done, there's always going to be that nagging doubt that everyone's gonna hate you. I think we had that...We're all looking forward to going back out which we will be doing next year.

After the new record comes out? No, before. We didn't go down to all of the places in the South. We did California and a lot of the midwest. We didn't get to Florida or Georgia or places like that, so we want to get to those places before the album comes out. Then, when the album comes out, we want to do it all again, together and longer and more extensive.

What types of shows have you been playing? All ages shows mostly? Yeah. We don't have a rule, necessarily, about playing all ages shows because the sad truth is when you're touring during the school year it can be really hard to get an all ages show in the middle of the week in some cities and towns...I don't believe that music has age limits, and I'm assuming that a lot of the people that might get into our band might, probably, be under 21...At the same time I have to be logical about the expenses of touring...I think we can't afford necessarily to take days off if we couldn't get an all ages show. So, it's not a rule, but we did have all all ages shows on this tour and all of the shows were decently priced...We did everything from basements to record stores to big clubs.

Let's talk about your zine, Anti-Matter. How long did you do it for? It seems a lot longer than it was...It's tricky, because the first issue is, technically, #3 and that came out in December of '93 and the last issue came out in mid-'95. So, it was only done for like a year and a half, two years, at most. I actually didn't even mean for it to last that long...I didn't know it would take off as much as it did. I kinda thought in the back of my head, that maybe if I did a fanzine and worked at it full-time and worked really hard it could become my job. When it did become my job, I began to realize that there were a lot of things in life that I wanted to do and the fanzine was really cutting into them...I'd like to think that I accomplished what I set out to do; I'm proud of what I did. I don't think it was the best zine ever, but I definitely impressed myself with it.

Well, it was ALL done by you. Yeah. It's a lot. I did everything myself. I did the distribution, I took care of all the advertising, the



SO BASICALLY THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN DO THAT IS IF YOU JUST SHUT UP AND PLAY"

interviews, the record reviews, everything that you need to do for a fanzine, I did myself. I came to the conclusion towards the end of making issue #6 was that what I did was I kind of created a monster; I created something that I couldn't control. It became way too big for one person. I knew that I was going to have to quit and I kind of subliminally said that in the last issue...I just realized that it was too much and if that meant having to go back to a day job, that was fine, because at least that meant that there was an end of the day for me.

And time to concentrate on Texas Is The Reason. Yeah, I think also that playing in this band means that I have to become a little less outspoken or less political...because the basis of Texas Is The Reason is that we want to be a band that's completely inclusive towards everybody and we don't want anyone to feel alienated. I want everyone to feel like they have a right to be into this band...so, basically, the only way you can do that is if you just shut up and play. And there's nothing wrong with messages, we were all in the bands with messages and I don't regret that at all, but it also places a burden on your shoulder. At this point in my life I'm sick of looking over my shoulder at everything I do.

I don't get the feeling that Texas Is The Reason is a straightedge band or anything, but, individually, are you all still straight? Everyone in the band is except Garrett. I think [we] who are still straightedge or whatever are able to be that way without shoving it in anyone's face. We all have friends who aren't straightedge and it's not a big deal to us, like if Garrett doesn't want to be straightedge...I accept that.

When did you start writing for Alternative Press? It was the end of last year. The woman who was doing publicity for Revelation at the time asked one of the editors there why he didn't cover hardcore and he said that basically their writers were all from a post-punk angle...he said if you anybody you think is qualified let us know, so she called me. I sent them some zines and they were really impressed, so they had me start writing. I've gotten flack in other fanzines about [writing for AP]...One quote was, they were talking about about selling out the scene, "A certain New York scene leader sells our story to A and-fucking-corporate P magazine." And I thought that was so funny, because, for one, I'm not selling their story, it's my story, too. But, for two, *Alternative Press* is completely independently owned...Basically what it is, is what could have potentially happened to *Anti-Matter*. It was a fanzine that got really big...The fact that alternative music blew up to the proportion that it did is not their fault, they were covering it all along.

What do you think the future holds for Texas Is The Reason? I think that if we can do two full-length records I'll be totally ecstatic...As a band I know we all want to tour a lot. If we're able to tour and sustain ourselves that way, that would be excellent. There's no other big, grand scheme.

Well, there's been a lot of major labels checking out your shows. What are your feelings about that? I'm not opposed to major labels necessarily. I am opposed to people who judge bands based on superficial things like labels...I think there are a lot more important things to dwell on. I think that by making a two record commitment to Revelation that we've said that right now, that [signing to a major label] is not our game. I don't want to say never...and put my foot in my mouth. I never disrespect anybody based on decisions that they have to make for themselves...If the decision they make is generally in the best interest of the band, or so they thought, then that should be the decision that the band makes.

“The other night some girl called us nazis”
“she told us to be careful because someone
might get the wrong idea, but I don’t see
how unless you’re a complete idiot”

JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP recently played Pepes’ (note the grammatical error, no shit) Pizza in Fresno, Calif. After the band played, with only minor altercations between the crowd and audience (they beat on each other), Bubba and I sat down in the gravel parking lot with Jon Cougar’s main man: Corn Alias. Interview by Bob Conrad with help from Bubba.

WANNIADE

a brief interview with

WANNIADE

PP: Do nazis dig you because of your name?

Corn: The other night some girl called us nazis and I set her straight by slapping a jewish star on her chest. No, she told us to be careful because someone might get the wrong idea, but I don’t see how unless you’re a complete idiot. I wouldn’t mind if nazis dug us though.

PP: What do you think of anarchists? In need of showers or what?

Corn: There are no anarchists in San Diego. If there were, I’d take a fire hose to `em or take `em down to the river and beat `em on a rock.

PP: Talk a bit about the politics of the San Diego punk scene. I wanna hear you talk shit...

Corn: We played a show at the Soul Kitchen and a friend of mine said that some fat kid was calling us rock stars. Then after the show that same fat kid was telling us how much he liked us. The other night we played a show with Blink 182 and The Neighbors, and Blink sucked up all the money even though we were ALL local. The show was four bucks and they usually work it so each band gets one dollar a head, and the club keeps a dollar. I thought that was pretty great considering it was a sold out show of about 300 people. It didn’t work out that way though — Blink wanted TWO dollars and we would get 50 cents along with The Neighbors. The club obliged Blink AND cut into our 50 cents to pay them even more. A lot of kids were going to the door and saying “Here’s two bucks. I’m not staying for Blink.”

PP: Wow, for such soft-spoken guys you sure do play LOUD! That’s all I have to say. Do you ever get into fights?

Corn: Yes, next question.



PP: What about your highly profitable sticker business? How did you start it? Do you buy computer games — like the Sticker Guy does — from the money you steal from the scene?

Corn: We stopped printing stickers for a while because we were making promises we couldn't keep. We lagged. We have to get some materials from work and it's starting to get pretty risky. In a few weeks we'll be able to do stickers regularly. We don't steal from the scene ...

PP: Like Sticker Guy? Hee hee.

Corn: We provide a service, and that service costs money.

PP: Ever been on the Internet? Wanna join in on all the fun? Wanna be an idiot?

Corn: I still don't understand what the Internet is. I don't know what it means to be "on it."

guess that freaky lady next door didn't have as much power as she thought (to shut down shows). Doesn't her boyfriend kick the crap out of her?

PP: If he doesn't, he sure as fuck should. She's a fucking bitch! Okay, next question: How many fingers have you fit in your significant others' orifice(s)?

Corn: I wish I had two more.

PP: Anything else?

Corn: Yeah, I think the review section in Punk Planet sucks. Not

AN IDIOT???

John Cougar Concentration Camp

PP: Ever prematurely ejaculated? Then you get the idea...

Corn: Travis bought a \$2,000 computer and all he uses it for is phone numbers and solitaire.

PP: Did you have fun playing in Reno? Aren't we fucking great there?

Corn: I wanted to be the last band to ever play in the Basement, but I

because we didn't get a good review until we had a release on Second Guess, but because the reviewers spend more time talking about themselves than the material they're reviewing. No one cares about you. Just review, you bastards! Thanks.

“Doesn't her boyfriend kick the crap out of her?”

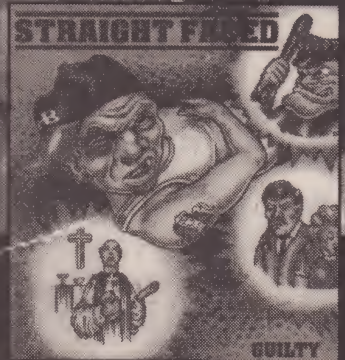
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photo by James

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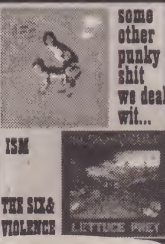
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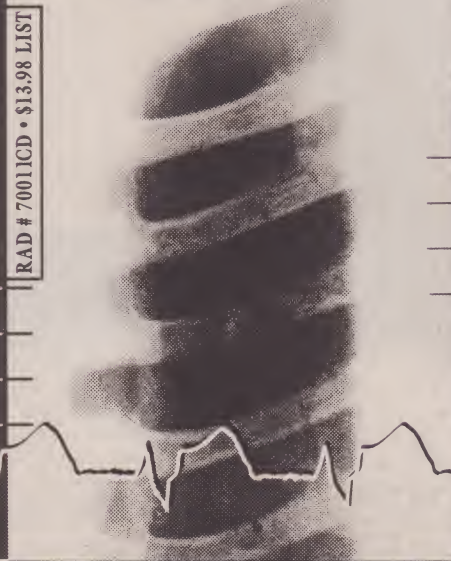
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SEEKING SCI-FI BANDS
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the piece of paper

GEORGE HIGA



I stepped in from the rain and sat myself down in a booth at a window. My hair and clothes were all wet. And I could feel the cold seeping into my skin as it touched the warm air of the diner. I laid my jacket and bag down on the other seat across from me.

It was still raining outside, though not quite as hard, when I took my first sip of the steaming coffee in front of me. Then it stopped raining out there; it stopped and I began to miss it. I held the cup of coffee tightly in my hardened-cold hands, allowing it to warm them.

Her name was Katherine. She had beautiful dirty blonde hair, even when she had it pulled back in a ponytail, sweat and exhaustion wringing the life out of it. Her face looked as if it may have been chiseled from some fine marble stone, that was altogether too fluid. I remember thinking that if she wanted to, she could be a model. She was that beautiful. Her voice was soft and compassionate and at the same time had an air of authority to it. It was a very attractive thing. At least that's how I remember it anyway. I remember she was young. Only 19, some said, though I never really was sure until a waitress told me one night. She offered to introduce her to me but I steadily declined, insisting that it was simple curiosity. But I don't think it was *just* that.

She was rather quiet and didn't say too much. "Probably the reason she doesn't have a man," said that same waitress. "It's a shame for sure, though. Stuck here with all those drunks and pervs and and all the other low life's that stumble through here." She put her hand on my shoulder. "Except you, sweetie. Now would like some dessert with that? Piece o' pie?"

Another waitress let me know on a different occasion, through the unwavering influence of a dollar bill, that Katherine was from a seemingly small in "Ohio or something like that." Everybody has their price. I guess when it all comes down to it, we're all whores to someone else's desires and wants.

On any given night I took up a seat along one of the walls to the right of her designated waitressing area. After a while it became an obsessive habit of mine to sit in that seat or in a seat close by so that Katherine was always in my clear hearing and seeing distance. But to say that this obsession was driven by sudden lust or *love* for Katherine would have seemed absurd to me at the time. In fact, if someone would have asked me that then, I would merely shake my head and have answered, "just curious."

I really don't know what drew me to her. She was just some seemingly down-on-her-luck girl from out of town, here for God knows why, just trying to make it by. But at the same time it was more than that. I could feel it when I watched her, as cliched as it sounds. I think it was the hungry/ determined look in her eyes that first caught my attention. Trust me, it sounds silly but it's true. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that at the time I first noticed this attraction to Katherine, life was not going all that great. Just seeing someone trying to make ends meet when their situation was bleaker than mine, *and* making it, was like a boost of confidence for me. Hope.

Katherine was busy cleaning up a table off in the corner. I sat there watching her wipe up the spilled coke with a torn rag, discolored from use.

"Would you like more coffee, sir?" A waitress was standing over me with a steaming pot of black coffee. I

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looked up at her blankly. Her name tag read: Your friendly waitress, ANGIE; it was hanging crookedly on her dirty red shirt.

It took me a second or two to recollect myself. "What?" "I said," and then more urgently, "would you like more coffee?" I nodded my head yes, then said thank you apologetically, though I don't believe I was feeling apologetic at the time, but did it because it felt *necessary*.

As she was pouring the coffee I noticed two things: her tarnished gold ring with its chipped glass diamond and several dark bruises just above her left elbow. They looked like they hurt, but not nearly as much as her smile looked to fake.

When she slept I imagined her crying quietly to herself under the threatening hush of another blow.

"What happened?" I asked pointing to the marks. "Oh, that's nothing," she said, her voice quivering. "It's just an accident. I was being silly last night. Paul gets a little *frustrated* sometimes. It's okay, though." She took her gaze from out of her shirt and put it onto the table. "Would you like some cream with that?" pointing to the cup.

"That's okay," I replied. I really hadn't expected her to tell me all that. Most people try to hide it under some transparent excuse. Then again, it happens so much these days, who cares if there's another sob story to be shared among whoever cared to notice? It wasn't going to change anything. Abuse is abuse.

"Just yell if you need something else, 'kay?"

I felt sorry for her.

She was about Katherine's age or maybe a little older. Just watching her push that cart around, working her way down the line of tables, I thought of all the shit she must put up with, both from the customers and the person who gave her those bruises. What was he? A drunk? Probably. Probably some slob whose overweight idea of marriage is 24 hour room service. And what about Angie, the indentured servant? Do we blame her also for the bruises? The tears? The wasted life?

When she slept I imagined her crying quietly to herself under the threatening hush of another blow. And what about Paul?

How did he feel taking out his insecurities on the person he married? I don't doubt that he used to love her; probably still does. That's when you hurt the people you love most painfully. When you love them the most.

She stopped to soothe her arm but was quickly ordered to go back to work. Reluctantly, Angie went to the next empty table, the next mountain of garbage. I watched her pocket the money thrown on the table. Changing her expression to one of mock happiness, she asked how everyone at the next table was doing. I was even convinced for a second that she was *truly* happy, she did it so well. They all said fine, while copping little inconspicuous feels on her ass, and tossing cheap pick-up lines at her as if it were a football when they were in high school. I wouldn't say that she seemed to enjoy it, but tolerated it when they loosened their grip on their wallets for her tip. One of the guys even slipped her his phone number he had scribbled onto a piece of paper, which she put into her pocket, whispering something to him.



Another night. Another table. Another number. It's all the same. She knew it and they knew it. It's what we expect of each other nowadays, isn't it? It doesn't really matter anymore, does it, when life doesn't even belong to the people trying to live it?

I turned around and sat looking at the table in front of me. Then my mind went back to Katherine. Why didn't she give in like Angie did? Sooner or later the fairy tale has to end; there aren't that many dreams for everybody. But I liked to dream that there is. And so did Katherine, I believe. If only we could make it through this day, the next would surely follow through. It's what dreaming is all about: keeping it alive when you're wide awake. That's what makes them so special. So precious. So few. And we had it, Katherine and I. If she could keep it going to whenever she closed her eyes to dream again, I could hold on too.

The door opened, and I saw Katherine's head spring up. I turned around to get a look myself, and only saw an old couple standing there. Quickly, I turned back around to catch a look at Katherine's face and saw the look of anxious anticipation undress itself on her face, then ... then all too quickly shy away.

I don't know exactly who or what she was waiting for, but I think I know enough that it was something special. I even felt my heart speed up at that moment when I saw Katherine's head jump up.

I slumped back into my seat and stared at the empty mug, and the equally empty pieces of paper that lie neatly on the side with a black ball point pen on top of them. My hand was trembling when I began to write:

"Dear Michelle,
"It's been a while... hasn't it?"

I hesitated and thought of all the things around me. I thought about Katherine. Then I began writing again. "I know things aren't right. They never were. Or ever will be the way we want them to be, at least. And that night you left..." I put the pen down to wipe a tear softly off my cheek. I sat there with my head low to the table, the tears welling up under my eye lids. It sounded so loud, the thud they made when they hit the paper I was writing on, my letter to Michelle. I knew there was no point in trying to wipe them away, trying to pretend that they never fell.

Then something caught my attention: It was Katherine. Someone was calling her to the back by the register. One of the cooks handed her the phone, then left her alone. I could hear Katherine's voice, it was excited and happy and ultimately relieved. She held on long enough, and the dream came running after her soon enough. I almost wanted to laugh to myself in joy for her, I felt that anything was possible now. Tonight. Tomorrow. Next time.

I continued writing, keeping the feeling of Michelle breathing life into my world alive in my heart. I could feel her whispers brushing up against my ear, saying "I love you. Don't ever leave me and I won't leave you. Ever." But she did. Only now I realize I was the one who abandoned her, not the other way around.

I wrote, "would it help if I said I knew that this was going to happen? And let it? I don't want to lose you to some stupid arrogance on my part. Sometimes I don't realize that I'm being selfish. I didn't ever want to take your love for granted, that it was always going to be there tomorrow, waiting for me when I woke up. But I did. I let it happen, didn't I? And now I'm paying for it."

I stopped there.

Katherine came out of the back crying. Her face was streaming with tears. Two other waitresses and a cook rushed to her side to comfort her. One of the waitress held Katherine's fragile body in her arms, close to her chest, telling her everything was going to be okay.

I have no idea what was said over that phone, but it killed Katherine. I guess Katherine just held too hard because that dream got away from her. Slipped right from between her fingers. Just like that.

Some people say that the eyes are the window to the soul. I know that this is true now. She cried the last drop of that dream when she wiped away a tear before going back to work, saying that she was all right. But she wasn't, anybody could see that. If she would have walked out those doors forever to go back home to leave this fucked up place, that would have been one thing, but she didn't. Katherine stayed.

She stayed and went back to cleaning up a table, one up from me. I think this was the closet we've ever been to each other. Two guys had occupied it before leaving the mess Katherine was trying to clean up. There were two plates, some coffee mugs, and two untouched glasses of water, along with the utensils and used napkins. Left indiscreetly off to the side were three dollar bills, for a tip. And a piece of paper. The entire night, the younger one of the two, about 20 or 21, was insistent on how much he would like "to fuck her," Katherine. So he left his phone number, thinking maybe she would find his subtle advances seducing. Maybe tonight was his lucky night.

It didn't take long for Katherine to spot the number. She unfolded it and stared at it for some time, as if in a daze. It looked like she was going to cry, but there was nothing to cry. Nothing left to cry *about*. She folded the piece of paper back into the little square and slowly pocketed it, letting her left hand linger there in her pocket, then withdrawing it.

Katherine finished cleaning up the table. It didn't take that long. It doesn't take that long for anything, I realized. Once you're done with something, you're done.

That was it.

Just so, I packed up my things. I Threw a dollar off the side by the salt and pepper for Angie to buy her man more alcohol with. And I crumpled and ripped my letter into a dozen pieces, throwing them into the trash bin on the cart Katherine was pushing around from table to table. She could have it for all I cared. I didn't anymore.

After I paid for my coffee, I looked over at the table I was sitting at and saw Angie putting away my dollar and was wiping down the tabletop with a dirty rag. And she went away forever.

Then I looked over at Katherine and saw her doing the same, as she always did and walked away, as she always did. And maybe always will do.

I never knew if I was right or not, seeing how I never returned to that place again. Why should I doubt the picture there ever changed? It never seems to when I look at it.

It never does.

Why should I doubt
I doubt the
the picture there
picture
there ever
ever changed? It
changed? It
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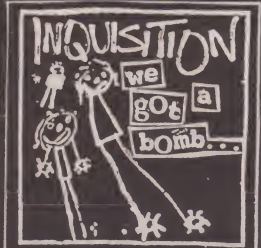
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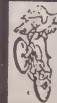
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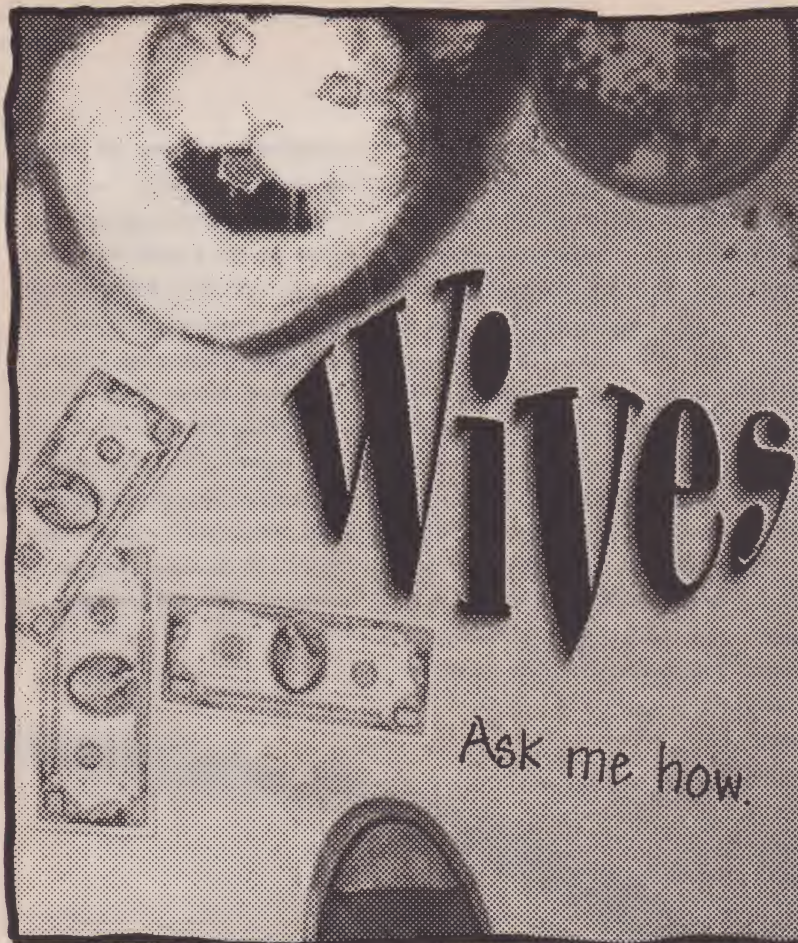
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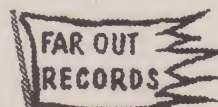
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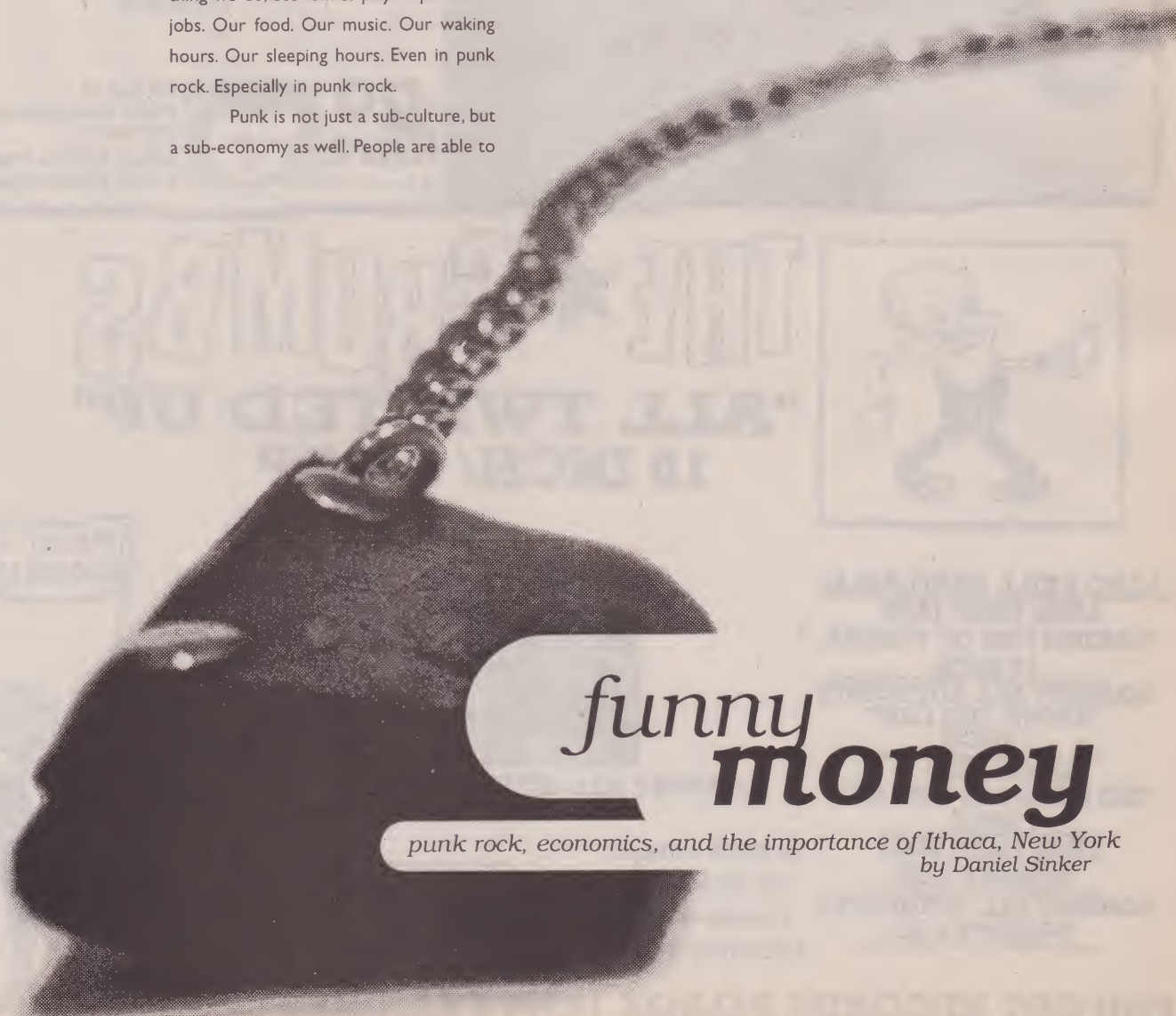
This article is going to talk about three things that don't normally get talked about—at least not together—economics, punk rock, and Ithaca, New York. The first two, while not usually thought of as such, are inextricably linked. The latter, well... you'll see.

Lets face it, economics is not fun. It's tedious, it's abstract, it's confusing. However, it rules us. In virtually everything we do, economics plays a part. Our jobs. Our food. Our music. Our waking hours. Our sleeping hours. Even in punk rock. Especially in punk rock.

Punk is not just a sub-culture, but a sub-economy as well. People are able to

make their living from what they do in punk. They rely on punks to order their records, or to buy their fanzine, or come to their store, or order from their distribution company. The money earned from punk pays for food, for rent, for computers, for gas in a tour van, for copies, for anything. Often, these transactions (transactions!! Hey, we're talking economics, we're gonna use very un-sexy economic words) occur in a closed system, punks purchasing from punks. Most of the time, these transactions are in the form of a punk buying a record from a band, or a label, or a distributor. It's a pretty one-

dimensional transaction, the money stops at the band, after that it goes to conventional printers, pressing plants and the like. But in recent years, there has been a boom in businesses that break the one-dimensional transaction. There are now punk-owned and operated printing presses, design companies, recording studios and other businesses involved in the production end (as opposed to the consumption end—distros, stores, etc..) of our economy. With the introduction of these types of businesses, punk has been able to



funny money

punk rock, economics, and the importance of Ithaca, New York
by Daniel Sinker



become more self-reliant and thusly, become a more robust sub-economy.

But that self-reliance only goes so far. Even when there is a punk-owned vinyl pressing plant, and a punk-owned grocery store on every block, punk will still remain dependent on the traditional economy for one thing: the dollar.

No matter how hard we try to convince ourselves that we are underground, or how intellectual we can sound by referring to punk by such hoity-toity words as "sub-economy" we can not deny the fact that we are

completely dependent on the system we claim to distrust and dislike so much. But that can't be helped, the dollar's the dollar and there's nothing we can do about that, right?

Wrong.

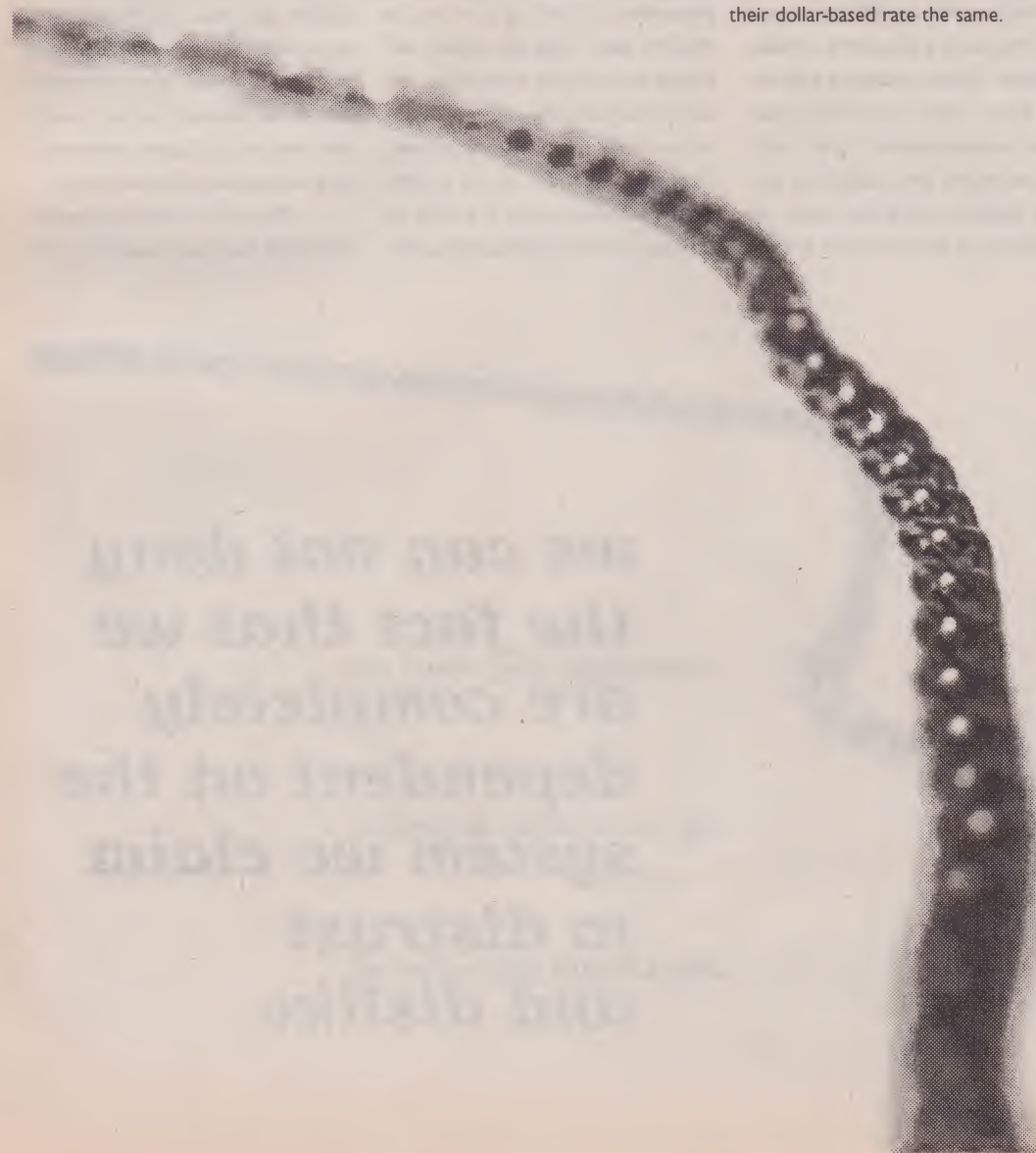
Enter the small community of Ithaca, New York. In Ithaca for the past four years, people have been using a currency that isn't the US dollar; and it seems to be working. The people that choose to use a currency called the Ithaca HOUR (they capitalize it because otherwise you get really confused talking about working hours for hours, you know?). The HOUR is equal to ten US dollars, the average

hourly wage in Tompkins County, New York. People that get paid HOURS receive one HOUR for each hour's work, making the minimum wage of workers that receive HOURS more than double that of workers outside of Ithaca, who rely on the dollar. Explains Paul Glover, the mastermind behind the HOUR system, "several of Ithaca's organic farmers are paying the highest common farm labor wages in the world: ten dollars of spending power per hour." While it is possible to receive multiple HOURS for an hour's work, many professionals are lowering their hourly rate to one HOUR for their HOUR paying customers, while keeping their dollar-based rate the same.

The HOUR comes in five denominations, and are accepted at stores, by landlords, by restaurants, movie theaters, and even a bowling alley. Not every place in Ithaca accepts hours, but there are 1,300 participants (both merchants, employers, and private citizens) in the HOUR system. There is incentive for more businesses to join. "Businesses get extra business when accepting HOURS," Glover explains. For many businesses, HOURS aren't just a way of conducting transactions, but actually a promotional item as well.

The idea for the HOUR came to Glover while he was laid up with a back injury. Says Glover, "I had time to wonder where my friends and I were going to get the money we needed." Most of us have had that same idea before, but how many of us have ever come up with the (not so) simple solution of printing your own? Of course, you can print up your own money till you turn green in the face, but if no one accepts them, there's no point. So Paul Glover took to the streets, "I waked around with a clipboard and prototype of the design, waving it and saying, "sign up here! This is going to be money and we'll trade it with each other." With a sales pitch like that (I seem to recall doing the same thing with Star Wars cards in 1979), it's amazing that anyone actually took him up on the idea. But a few months later, Glover was able to publish a list of 90 names in a local paper of merchants, crafts people, and other people that would start using HOURS in addition to dollars.

From those ninety traders, the HOUR has become a huge success, with about \$500,000 of local trading conducted completely without the US dollar. And most importantly, that money stays within the community. "We watched Federal dollars come to town, shake a few hands, then leave to buy rainforest lumber and fight wars."



Glover explains, "Ithaca's HOURS by contrast, stay in our region and help us hire each other."

In this day and age of faceless multi-national corporations buying up everything that moves, the sentiment couldn't be more appropriate. Real communities, whether comprised of townfolk or punk rockers, are a dying breed. Malls close down once-vital downtowns, 24 hour supermarkets shut out the corner grocery, major labels strangle indies. The dollar can come and go as it pleases (and more often than not, it chooses to go) the HOUR system, in contrast, can't leave Ithaca so the money stays within Ithaca, to be reinvested in the community.

It's actually a very simple solution to a very complex time. If the money can't leave the community, the multi-nationals aren't going to want to have anything to do with it, leaving wide-open areas for local businesses to take over.

However, it is exactly the complexity of the times we live in that creates the biggest hurdle for a system like the HOUR. A separate economic system based on a community begs the question of what does a community produce anymore? The computer that I am currently writing this on may have been assembled in the town of Cupertino, California but it is comprised of parts built all over the globe. Each part purchased from a parts wholesaler, or directly from the company that manufactured it. None of these parts, or the computer itself for that matter, have been (or even could have been) produced in my community. I am not about to give up my computer, the same as most of you wouldn't be willing to give up Oranges if you live in Nebraska, or your Youth of Today records if you live in Maine.

While all of these products can be sold locally, by local merchants instead of chain stores, a wholesaler or a distributor can't possibly accept

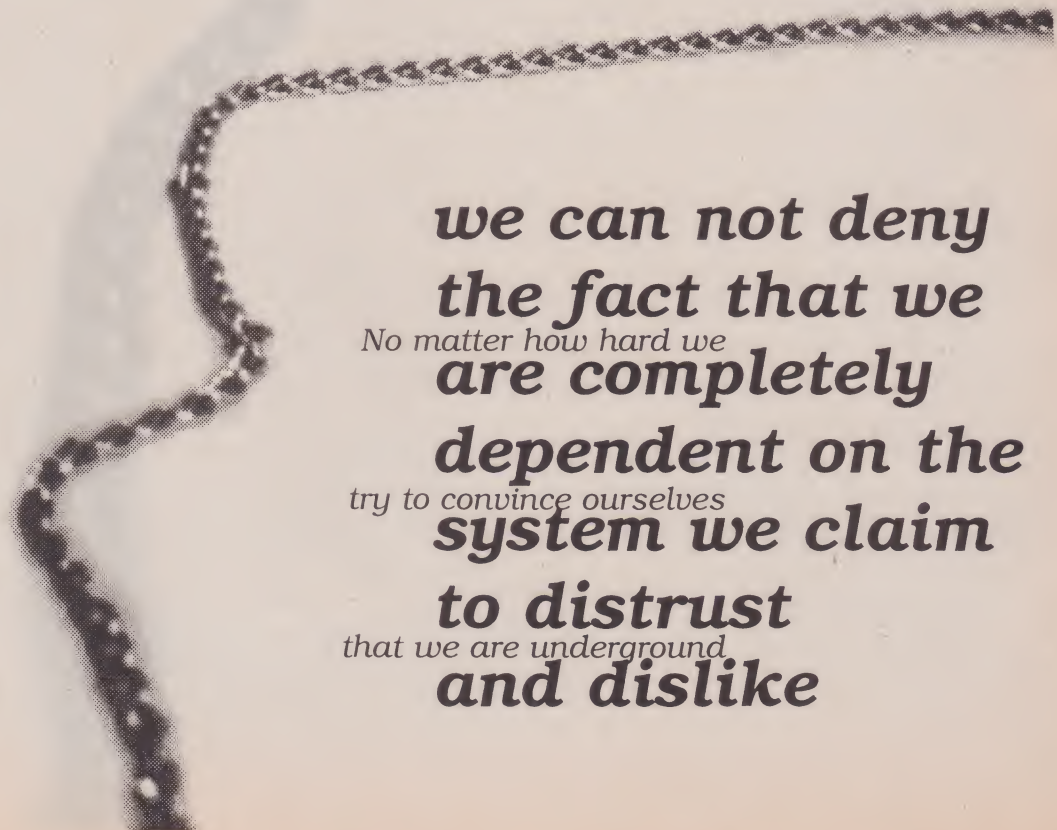
payment in a currency that has no value outside of the community that produced it. Glover answers this problem realistically, "as it stands now, a small percentage of local purchases are with HOURS, so an import [meaning goods not just made out of the country, but out of the community as well] store which pays dollars for goods can still accept HOURS for 100%, as long as the HOURS represent only part of the profit margin." The reality is that a store that deals with products manufactured or produced outside of the community (which in reality is almost everything) can not completely convert to an alternate monetary system and still stay in business. But this is a temporary problem, as Glover explains, making a leap into the future. Once community-based money spreads to more towns, "localities can expand their capacity to produce materials and goods within the community to such an extent as to be

least dependent on imports for necessities." He continues, "when extensive enough, the local system would have enough clout to win acceptance of local currency by regional suppliers." Glover then takes this thought to its logical end. "Imagine a nation with 200,000 local currencies and strong political support for these. They would force state and even federal agencies to reinvest locally with local money, for at least part of the tax payment."

Taxes, at least for now, are another wrench in the machine. "The IRS and FED have been asked repeatedly about the legality of HOURS by journalists, and [they are] told that government doesn't care, as long as HOURS don't look like dollars and people are told they must report the dollar value as taxable income." Yes, as much as we'd like to think otherwise, alternative currency is still income earned in America, and is subject to taxation just like a dollar is. Again, if the

HOUR only represents a small part of a person's income, then they should have no problem paying their taxes in dollars. If, however, a person is paid in HOURS, is able to pay their rent in HOURS, buy what they need in HOURS, how can they find the dollars to pay their taxes? Even with a system like HOURS where it is conceivable to be completely independent of the dollar, you have to have some at the end of the year in order to pay the tax on what you earned in HOURS. Glover had no solution to this problem, and in fact evaded the question the two times I asked it. However, the problem would cease to exist in time, if enough communities adopted a community-based system and there was enough political pressure to accept community-based cash as tax payment. But as it stands now, taxes are the biggest problem facing a real alternative to the dollar.

The reality is that a system like the HOUR may never be able to com-



**we can not deny
the fact that we
No matter how hard we
are completely
dependent on the
try to convince ourselves
system we claim
to distrust
that we are underground
and dislike**



pletely replace the dollar, but it can greatly reduce a person's dependency on it. Even if a system like HOURS remains as a sub-economy (or perhaps a better word would be a micro-economy), it can make a major difference in a community. When asked to project the future of the HOUR in Ithaca, Glover responded, "with ten times more HOURS circulating, we'd be a mainstay of local/regional trading, able to fund many new businesses that can't get conventional bank loans (we charge no interest on loans), able to fund many local organizations that have lost government funding (so far we've granted \$5,000 of HOURS to 25 groups), able to buy land to keep it in farms, able to operate our own local currency department store, able to superinsulate thousands of area homes in order to reduce waste of fuel and keep more money local."

So then the question becomes what are we going to do about it?

Keeping local money local is an imperative in the times we live in. The communities we live in and rely on need to be kept alive. But what about the community that we are all apart of? What about punk? According to Glover, a nation-wide system like the HOUR is conceivable. It would take time, and a lot of hard work, but the infrastructure is already laid in something like punk. There is already a huge network of distributors, fanzines, stores, printing plants, design companies, and others already set up. It seems that introducing an alternative currency may not be that hard. Punk is already about economics, what about making it a real economy?

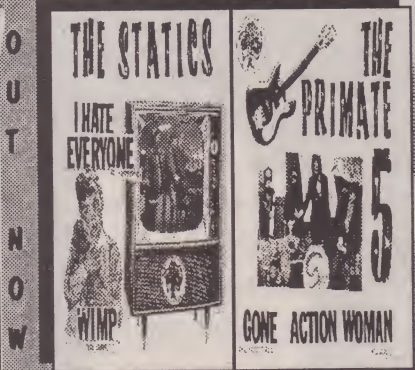
A kit, called the Hometown Money Starter Kit is available for \$25.00 (\$35.00 overseas). It includes information on starting up and maintaining an HOURS system, as well as forms, laws, articles, procedures, and samples of the Ithaca HOUR.

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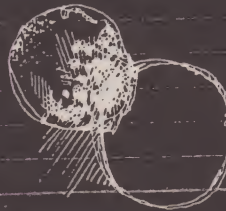
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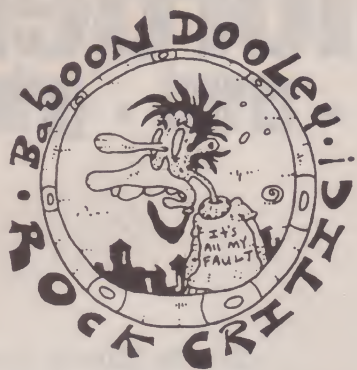
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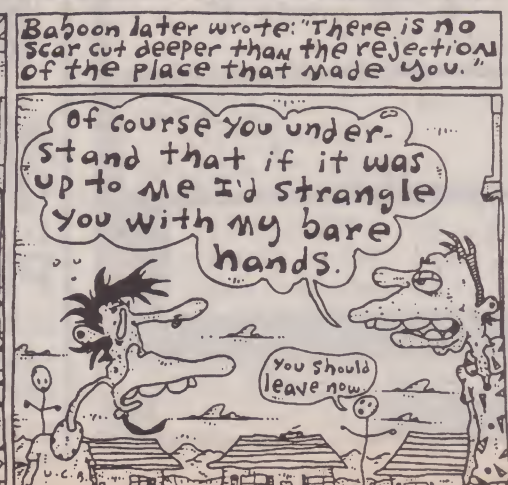
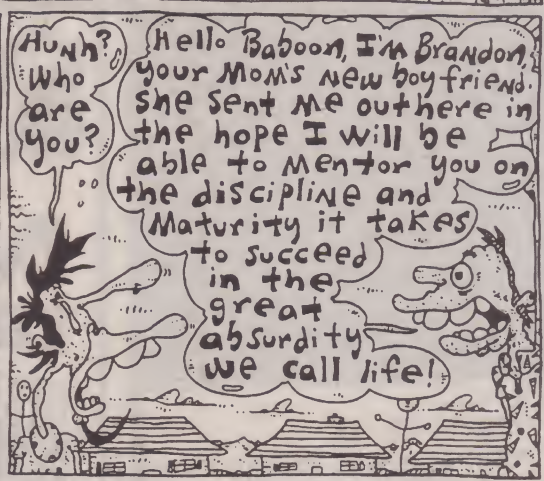


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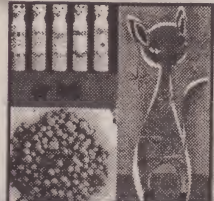
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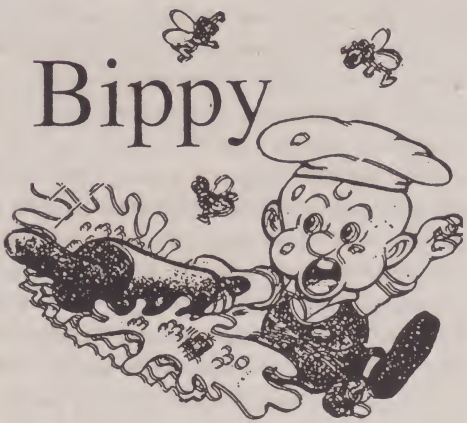
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The D.I.Y. Files **G**

What Sounds Good and Why?

Pt. 2 of how to buy amps and guitars

by Davey G

Last issue I tried to provide some background tips for buying guitar gear. This issue I'll try to more specifically focus on the guitars and amps themselves. One thing needs to be said right up front is that I'm biased. We all are. What I like may not be what you like and so on. I'll try to lay out basics and answer some questions but I'll also be right up front with my opinions so you can decide whether you agree with me or not. No reason to cover it up; I don't know that I'm right all the time, I just think I am, so it's up to you to decide if you agree with me. This article is not about assessing the value of someone's music or ideas by judging their equipment, it is instead about trying to help facilitate the expression of those ideas. In the end if you are judging your or anybody else's self worth by what kind of guitar you or they play than you are a fool. That said let's get down to it.

A quick history

In the 1930s the U.S. was in the midst of a "Hawaiian" music craze, probably similar to the 1995 punk rock revival being brought to you by the "radio revolutions" all over the U.S.. This music, ethnically authentic or not, was dependent upon slide guitar. But there was a problem: slide guitar (that twangy "train" sound you hear in country music) doesn't translate well on acoustic guitar. So, in 1932 a Swiss immigrant tool maker named Adolph Rickenbacker manufactured the very first electric guitar, it was a Hawaiian. His guitar used a pair of horseshoe shaped magnets surrounding a coil of wire which itself surrounded six magnets (one for each string) as a "pickup" which converted the sound of the guitar into an electrical signal which could be amplified. This pickup design is still the basis for the renowned Rickenbacker "sound" that maintains rabid disciples (Lemmy Kilmeister being among the most prominent) to this day. During the 1930's a whole slew of guitar companies also developed pickups similar to Rickenbackers and installed them into hollow body guitars that merged acoustic and electric guitar technology. These hollowbodies (along with lap steel guitars) dominated the electric guitar market for the next 25 years and remain popular with Jazz "cats," rockabilly revivalists and even Tim from Rancid. These can be great, distinctive sounding guitars. Their downside is their size (they're usually big and fat) and perhaps more significant is that because of their design, when they are played at loud volume or with a lot of gain or distortion they feedback uncontrollably. A tip for getting around this is to run a hollowbody through a volume pedal between your guitar and amp (before a distortion pedal if you use one) and use that to "turn off" your guitar when you want quiet and also use it to vary the feedback when you're aiming for said effect. During the heyday of lap steels and hollowbodies a few people manufactured electric solidbody guitars but it

wasn't till 1950 that the modern electric guitar became a significant part of the guitar market.

In 1950, a fledgling maker of lap steels and amps owned by Leo Fender introduced a new electric solidbody guitar- the Broadcaster (later to be renamed the Telecaster). Certainly not the first manufacturer to market a solidbody electric, Fender did become the first to make it popular. Marketed at the booming Country and Western swing where the honkytonk circuit demanded volume and followed the next year by the first solidbody electric bass, Fender's sales started to take off.

In 1952, Gibson (at that time the most respected of U.S. electric guitar makers) introduced the Les Paul model, named for the jazz guitarist who had been playing his homemade "log" electric since 1940, but retaining none of his design except for the bridge.

As a number of other companies entered the market and Fender introduced the Stratocaster in 1954 the die of the modern solidbody electric guitar had been cast. In fact no matter what guitar you own it is really a redesign of either a Fender (probably the Stratocaster) or the Gibson Les Paul. There are a few exceptions, like B.C. Rich which believe it or not started life as replicated "interpretations" of Bo Diddley's 50's and 60's Gretsch models by a guy who happened to work on a few of them in the seventies.

Guitars Themselves

Everything about a guitar affects the way it sounds- the body shape, length of the neck, materials used in construction, thickness of the strings, etc.... But perhaps the one thing that most dictates a guitar's sound is the pickups. The original Rickenbacker model pickup that I mentioned earlier and all those found in guitars up till 1957, including those on the Fender Tele and Strat, were what is called "single coil pickups." This is because simply, there was a single coil of wire wrapped around magnets which convert the sound of metal strings being picked into electrical current. To this day many guitars feature the single coil pickup. Most Fenders from the original Tele to the Strat, Mustang, Jazzmaster etc... feature single coil pickups (in fact that was all that was available till 1957). Single coils pickups tend to have a twangy, somewhat "plinky sound to them." To give you an idea of the "single coil" sound think of "Surfin' Bird" or any Dick Dale song. The problem with single coil pickups is that they do too good a job of converting magnetic fields into an audible electrical signal. Why magnets? How do they work? Magic. I don't know how, just that they do. Anyway what I mean is that single coil pickups act as antennas picking up all kinds of magnetic images- the 60 cycle hum of electrical ser-



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vice, radio signals, etc... and these "background" images produce the hum you hear thru an amp. Some modern single coils have been engineered to get rid of this, but I am skeptical. When I've heard these pickups I've thought they sound flat and artificial. There is nothing wrong with a little background snap, crackle and pop no matter what this bullshit digital culture tells us. If the noise is so loud it overpowers the sound of the guitar than there is something wrong with the wiring and can usually be repaired quickly and inexpensively.

Okay here's a biased rant. So called "active" pick ups-EMG's, etc... suck. The pickups have a battery powered "preamp" that shapes the signal and sound of the pickup before it reaches the amplifier. I hate the way these things sound. They sound as even, fake and soullessly bullshit as the Red Hot Chili Peppers. A lot of bass players swear by them, many via the Music Man bass, which has a preamp. I don't know, I don't see it. They are too perfect, too inorganic, but lots of people love how they sound. Rocket From the Crypt is a prime example of an "active" bass sound. If you like that than you might as well ignore me. However, I refuse to acknowledge that there is a useful purpose for these pickups in a electric guitar, flat out-they're expensive, they look stupid and they sound like a robot. Don't be a sucker.

In 1957 Gibson introduced the first guitar with a double coil or "humbucking" pickup that eliminated much of the background noise. The way these pickups work is that they feature two wire coils instead of one. The magnets in one coil are oriented to the south pole and the magnets in the other are oriented to the north pole. The signals are then combined and sent to the amp. What happens is when the signals, which travel as waves, are combined the peaks of one wave fill the valleys of the other. This effectively cancels the half of the signal that produces much of the hum which "lives" in the valleys. Another effect of this pickup is a drastically different sound. Fatter, bassier and in many cases, for lack of a better word "heavier" than single coil pickups. The modern Les Paul and SG being the defining humbucking guitars. For reference think of AC/DC, Johnny Thunders or Y.O.T. In many ways the double coil pickup is like Donny (a little bit rock and roll) while the single coil is like Marie (a little bit country).

This is why the SG is the natural choice for today's Straight Edge while the Les Paul was the workhouse of '87-89 (a big nod to Jon Porcell, you knucklehead midget.) In the macho days of Straight Edge all you saw were Les Pauls, heavy sound and importantly a very heavy guitar. Work those muscles while you play. As for today's emo influenced straight edge sound the SG provides the musical muscle while it's light weight frees on up to jump higher and farther, letting one push the art of the "guitar freak out" to new levels.

Now I'm going to quickly talk about some pluses and minuses of specific guitars. Remember beauty is in the eye of the beholder but there is no reason on earth to buy an Ibanez from the 80's. Okay

American made Fenders are the most valuable. But what does American Craftsmanship really mean? Well, to be honest many American made Fenders sound better. This is not always the case, especially with Mexican made Teles and some Japanese made Strats.

However, no new Fender—or for that matter any new Guitar—feels, plays or sounds like a used one. All affordable guitars are made on assembly lines and they feel like it. If you can lay out megabucks for, a Paul Reed Smith or some other custom made guitar go ahead but otherwise - I said it last issue and I'll say it again never buy new. And never ever buy a guitar without playing it. That is just stupid, I don't care what kind of a deal Carvin or whoever might give you, act like the individual human being you are and let your emotions and brain make the decision not a picture and a list of features. You get better deals and they just are so much nicer to play. Gibson SG's from the 1970's especially in that turd brown color can be found cheap and sound ten million times better than new ones. Look around and play tons of guitars; the more you look the more you will figure out what you want.

Some really good bargain guitars are Gibson Melody Makers which look like shrunken SG's and can be gotten for cheap. They usually come with single coil pickups but are really easy to convert to humbuckers if that what's you are looking for. If you are shooting for that "garage" sound (and I know you are, you little hipsters) than Danelectro/Silvertone guitars are the way to go. Extremely cool looking and sounding, they were almost all made out of masonite and have a really unusual and great twangy sound. Though Silvertone was merely a Sears brand name for guitars many were built by the Danelectro company. Created by Nathan Daniel who was not only Jewish (MY MAN!), they feature his "lipstick tube" single coil pickups which sound awesome and the guitars are cheap as hell. Another great, cheap single coil pickup guitar is the Hagstrom II. Made in Sweden, they are basically a Strat copy with lots of funky plastic and switches. They feature era-specific creamy white or red finishes and sound tremendous. All of these guitars can be found in the \$150-\$300 range and are worth every penny. There are a lot of other great weird, cheap guitars out there that should be checked. However, keep in mind a bizarre looking 1960's Harmony that you find for a \$150 may sound cool but it will not sound like a Les Paul even if it looks like one. In many cases you get what you pay for and if you are looking for a reliable beefy rock-n-roll guitar it's worth spending the cash on a good used SG or Les Paul. However if you aren't so set on your sound, check out all the Harmony, Supro, Kay and Magnatones you come across because you never know what you'll find. Hey, Jon Spencer's main guitar is a no name Japanese one bought for him by his wife on Canal street for \$20. So there.

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Deciding Whether or Not to buy

When you find a guitar that think you might buy there are a couple of things you should do. First of all play the guitar with your amp setup, play it loud. If the guitar is a "collectible" Guitar- Gretsch, Gibson, Fender find the serial number and write it down. If you are in a guitar store with a book section, look for a book focusing on that guitar and see if the serial number matches up with what the store says the guitar is. Different years, different values. Next appraise it's condition. Is the finish beat up? Does it look too good? If so, it's been refinished so it's worth less. Done right it shouldn't affect the sound and it will knock the price down. However there are a lot of terrible refinishes out there and you'll be able to tell one when you see it. Bumpy, weird looking or shoe polish finishes are highly suspect. While not always a bad thing, this will definitely change the way a guitar sounds. If you like the way something sounds, all a bad refinish does is knock the price down. Point this out to the salesperson and don't let them poo poo or bully you.

Other stuff to do is use or bring a tuner, even if you are a gifted person who can tune by ear, a tuner makes things much easier. Put all the strings way out of tune, both high and low. Then retune the guitar and play a while. Did the guitar stay in tune? Next play notes at varying spots moving up and across the neck. See if an E way up on the neck is in tune at the same time the open string is? How out of tune? A half step or above and one should be wary. Really, if the guitar goes way out of tune or doesn't have an adjustable truss rod (the metal bar that runs the length of the neck) put the guitar down and forget about it. If those variables don't apply, it just needs to be strobe tuned and insist on the store doing it or knocking \$25 off the final price. Don't let someone tell you you're wrong (if they show you you're wrong that's a different story) and don't be intimidated by a bluff.

Another thing to check is the action. By that I mean how high the strings are from the neck. They should be the same at all places on the neck, from one end to the other. If they are all high or all too low and buzz on the frets you can probably adjust them to your liking. However if some are high and some low, and there is a pretty serious amount of variance between the two this is a bad sign. You are gonna have a hard time fixing it the more variance there is. Don't convince yourself that you'll "get used to it" 'cuz you won't. In general decide what sound you like and shoot for comfort and playability by individual guitar, as no two are alike.

What about Basses?

The electric bass is kind of the ugly stepchild of the guitar world. They just don't get that much attention. Heck I'm a bass player and even I have left them for last. Here's the deal. Ever wonder why so many people play Fender Precision (the single "split pickup" bass) or Fender Jazz (the two "bar" pickup bass) basses. Because they, without fail, sound great. Make up your mind as to which sound you like and then shop

around. There are millions of old Fenders around and if you stick with simple straightforward original models you're guaranteed to be set. They're basic, solid as hell and dependable. Any old Fender bass up till the eighties with it's original setup is a lock. Fender totally fuckin' fell apart in the eighties and I don't trust any of the weird "special" or "lyte" models, except for the Japanese made "Jazz Special" model which sounds great. If it ain't kosher, don't eat it, so to speak. The reissue models can be pretty solid and some of the Squire basses sound pretty good and are mighty cheap. Other than Fenders, probably the most famous basses are the Rickenbacker 4000 models. With their distinctive pickup design they have a sound that you either love or don't. This company went through some really rough times between 1976 and the 1990's and I've seen a lot of Ricks from this era that played and sounded like crap. This is no secret and if you want a Rickenbacker be prepared to pay at the very least \$450 for a good one. I'm a sucker for old basses as I mentioned earlier. With a bass there's way more latitude than with a guitar so it's worth checking out any weird, cheap bass that catches your eye. Look for a bass that sort of growls. Some cheap basses have a really great, gritty sound that is perfect for lots of punk rock. There are a lot of weird basses out there and a lot sound good so keep your eyes peeled.

I just don't like the "modern" sound of the G&L, Music Mans, etc... But if that's what you want so be it. There are a lot of these around and the G&Ls seem to be a slightly better deal. Less trendy and designed by Leo Fender himself, you can find pretty good deals on them used. For those folks who play bass and are on the little side 3/4 scale basses are option. With the shorter neck you will lose low end but it may not matter as the bass might be much easier to play. Fender Musicmaster and Mustang basses are good sounding, cheap 3/4 basses as are Ampeg Little Stud (I know what a fucking name) basses from the seventies. If you are thinking about a small bass I would suggest checking out old Framus and Vox basses which have thinner, smaller necks but are still full scale. There just isn't the market for basses like there is for guitars so there is little reason to buy a shitty new or used Ibanez, Kramer, you name it when you can find a more dependable, better bass for the same price that also has some character.

Amps

Well, a guitar is only half your sound and if you are going to get you're point across in a manner you want it is important to think about a lot more than just plugging in. First a huge amp tip, never use a guitar cord as speaker cord, you will ruin you amp and cab over time, guaranteed. There are two equally important parts of any amp setup- the amplifier and the speaker cabinet. First let's look at amps. Time for another rant. You have two choices- Solid State or Tube amplifiers. Solid State sucks, bad. This is my opinion but I really believe it. There are few minor exceptions such as some Crate and Sunn

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amps but almost across the board having a solid state amp is counter-productive to the process (this is not so true for bass amps). Here's why. Let's go back to wave patterns. Tube amplifiers produce nice round "sinusoidal" waves while solid state or transistor amps produce linear waves. At low volumes or under low gain (distortion) the solid state amps' wave pattern stays even and pretty straight but under more gain and at realistic stage volume they totally to break up with tons more peaks and valleys. Tubes however stay nice and round no matter what you do. That's tube feedback is smooth and varied while solid state amps feedback like horrified screeching water fowl. Think about times you've been to a show and a band's guitar sound is real hissy and scratchy and you can hear that they're playing really fucking loud because it hurts but it's super hard to make out defined notes. That's solid state for you. As the esteemed Henry Barnes who writes the fantastic Amps For Christ column in Error magazine concluded in Error #2 "Tubes are better at peaks, no harsh bullshit." If you want a really great simple diagram explaining this debate consult said column. That's why for Jazz, Ska or a pretty clean bass sound solid state can be passable to pretty good. As for the hybrid tube preamplifier/solid state amplifiers I am skeptical. They sound better than plain solid state but they cost as much as good all tube options.

Contrary to popular belief, tube amps are not always more expensive than solid state amps and you can get some great affordable tube amps. New amps suck. New Fender amps are a nightmare. Old Fender amps can be wonderful. If you want the twangier, less heavy, gritty sound an old Fender amp is the way to go. Pre 1966 "blackface" and "tan" amps are the choicest because they predate Fenders' sale to CBS and feature the shortest, purest signal chain. Be wary of amps that have been reconditioned to look more authentic than they are. Check serial numbers and if the amp looks too good to be true, it is. A blackface Bassman amp can be had for \$250 and with the right speaker cab is more than loud enough to kick much ass. Blackface Twins and Super Reverbs are pricier but there are a whole array of other affordable Fender amps. 1967 to late 70's silverface Fenders are more affordable and can sound pretty good but here's the catch. By the early seventies all Fender amps were using circuit boards instead of point to point wiring for connections and this makes them much less reliable and definitely affects the sound. You can with this in mind still be very well served. What you should avoid at any cost is any Fender guitar amp with either red knobs or covered in gray felt. THESE AMPS ARE AMONG THE WORST EVER MADE!

Other cool cheap tube amps are Musicman, Traynor, Sunn and Ampeg. When one is looking at tube amps it is important to find out what kind of tubes are used in the amplifier. Tube amps use 1950's TV technology and some older amps use tubes that are both hard and expensive to replace. For example 6550, EL34 and 6L6 power tubes are easy and fairly inexpensive to find as are 12AX7 and 12AT7 preamp

tubes are easy to come by. Basically if the you can't readily (three phonecalls) and affordably (it's up to you) track down the tubes you need don't buy the amp. Depending on a variety of factors you will have to replace at least several tubes a year, but it is all worth it.

Marshall

Pretty much the ultimate rock amp is Marshall. Nothing on earth sounds like a properly set up and dialed in Marshall. Here according to Marshall scribe and Caspar Brotzman aficionado Jon Allen of the band "Command Module" are some things to keep in mind if you are in the market for a Marshall. This man's guitar sound is beyond compare and his years of consummate obsession and research into Marshall amps make him a voice to listen too.

Any tube Marshall amp produced between the 1960's and 1987 is beyond doubt. Different models sound drastically different but none are disappointing. The difference between a 50 watt and 100 watt Marshall amp is less volume than overall sound. The difference is two EL34 power tubes, which will provide the 100 watt with a big bassier, crunchier sound while a 50 watt amp driven hard will provide a more biting, bright distorted sound and won't stop noise complaints. Jon also cautions that if you buy a Marshall they are extremely sensitive to mismatched ohmage. Always run the amp into a cab at a matching ohm rate 4, 8 or 16 as specified by the tag on the back of the cab. He says that even a slight mismatched can ruin the amp, with no warning. Do not believe the fables of finding an early seventies Marshall half stack for \$200. These things just don't happen, you will pay for a good Marshall but many find it to be worth it. Check prices in Vintage Guitar or blue books as prices do vary greatly by model but a general rule is to expect pay between \$350 and \$1000 for the amp of your dreams.

Other great but expensive English tube amps are Orange (better as a bass amp), Vox and HiWatt (stay away from the eighties models with an overdrive knob) and be wary if you are going to spend the cash on reissues. One English amp that is notoriously uneven are Sound City amps, some sound cool but a lot sound crappy and they are never worth the vast some of money that many stores try and sell them for.

Bass Amps

Bass amps like guitars just don't have the market that guitars and guitar amps have. As for the tube vs. solid state debate I am convinced that nature of lower, less distorted frequencies provided by most bass setups gives solid state amps a much greater margin for error. However there really is only one true bas amplifier. The Ampeg SVT. For 30 years this 300+ watt, 94 lbs, 14 tube behemoth has cranked out a guaranteed earthshaking sound. I firmly believe that the less knobs there are the better you're amp will sound. The less there is too fiddle with the less there is to fuck up. Ampeg has made a bunch

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of SVT's both tube and solid state. The Solid State amps sound okay but have too many knobs and equalizers and are I believe kind of over priced. The tube SVT's were in their hey day in the 1970's. These are the silverface, black grille models and can be found for anywhere from \$300 (serious steal) to \$700 (way overpriced). The rackmountable SVTII is also pretty kickass but again has too many knobs and is pricey.

Other great and far more affordable bass amps are the Sunn Coliseum and Beta solid state amps and their assorted tube heads from the 70's. The Sunn amps may be the best buy in bass amps. You can often find Coliseum and Beta models for under \$200 and they sound really good. As for newer bass amps I've heard some decent Fender solid state amps that are pretty reasonably priced and some really impressive Laney amps. As for GK I have to admit that their RB800 sounds massive and stays away from being overly complex but also clocks in at \$400-500 used.

Guitar Speaker Cabs

An important thing to realize is that an amp's Wattage rating doesn't directly affect it's loudness. All an amp's wattage rating means is how much electrical current it puts out, it's volume is then determined by it efficiency and the speaker cab that it is matched with. Therefore if you have a 100 watt amp you only need a cab that can dissipate those 100 watts evenly, be it via 2) 50 or 65 watt speaker or 4) 25 or 30 watt speakers. To tell what kind of speakers are loaded in a cab look at the back of the cabinet, it should have a sticker that has a single wattage number. Divide that number by the number of speakers and you know what speakers you have. I firmly believe that the lowest possible wattage speaker cab that can handle your amp is the way to go. Lower wattage speakers break up earlier sound better and I firmly believe are louder. For 12" speaker cabs, Marshall's do sound great. Most of the time. This is partially because of the Celestion speakers used in Marshall and many other speaker cabs. Here's the deal 25, 30 and 65 watt Celestion speakers sound great, 50 and 75 a little less. Cabs loaded with old Jensen speakers a sound great, especially with lower wattage Fenderesque amps. Sonics, Ampeg and Randall cabs loaded with Celestions sound good and are more affordable than Marshalls. Some people swear by Peavey cabinets with black widow speakers and I have heard really nice sounding and cheap Musicman cabs from the seventies. Vox cabs usually sound really good but can be pricey and often require a very bizarre speaker cord. If you're looking try out some 15" and 10" speaker cabs, you never know what you'll like.

Bass Speaker Cabs

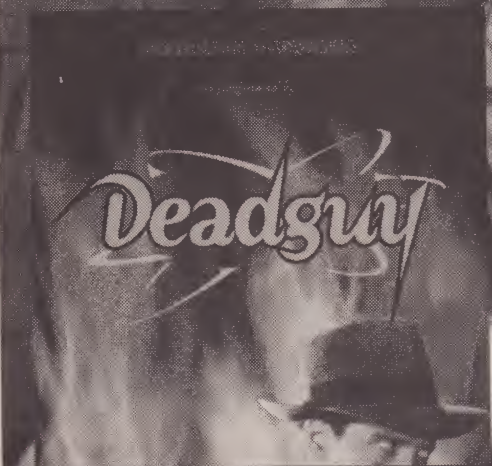
The bass cab is really where you get into the world of used equipment bargains. First of all it's important to decide what kind of sound you want because with bass, unlike guitar you have a myriad of cabinet options. Right now the most popular cab is the 4x10". Small in size, they provide a lot of mid range punch, these cabs were really made pop-

ular in snap and pop crazy eighties. I have severe misgivings about this setup. First of I think in many cases they are overpriced. Secondly I think they do not cut it acoustically by themselves. They lack the boom and presence of larger diaphragm speakers. If you like the way they sound or desire that high end bite I would strongly suggest mixing a 10" cab with another cab. 2) 4x10" or a single Ampeg SVT 8x10" provide enough volume and surface to overcome the limitations of a single 4x10". Another option is to buy either a 2x10" cab and a single 15" or many companies make a 15" and one or two 10" combined cabinet. In general I'm unconvinced by these cabs. 15" bass cabs probably represent your best cheap cab option. They are way out of favor right now and for between a \$100 to \$200 you can find very good sounding single 15" cabs. For a little more you can find 2x15"s. A 15" cab will provide more low end and a little less bite. A lot of bass players worry about not cutting through the guitars without a 10" cab but you just need to make sure you are loud enough. Contrary to what a lot of guitar players think you should be able to clearly hear the bass. Two other cabinet options are the 18" and 12" speaker cabs. The 18" cab is gonna give you the real low end. If you want huge, more feel than hear hip hop bass that is the ticket. Or if you tune way down an 18" cab should give you more definition. 12" bass cabs are a personal fave of mine. These are not just guitar cabs although sometimes they can be. It is important to make sure that the speakers can handle the wattage of your bass amp. There was a time period in the seventies when 4x12 bass cabs were hip. The bass sound of people from Black Sabbath to The Jam is defined by tube bass heads and 4x12 speaker cabs. Another great cab is the recent 2x12 bass cab Ampeg made. These sound great and compliment another cab really well. As for those aluminum hi tech Hartke cabs, they cost way too much and sound fucking terrible. It is important to remember that a lot of bass gear is designed to be used by Fleas wanna bes and unless you are boinkity boinking with your thumb, I suggest going with the simple, loud and deep sound. Play and try all the different options and remember you are trying to balance out the guitar sound not compete with it.

There you go, I hope that this has been even a little help. There are lots of good books out there which present things more specifically and more intelligently than I have. You can look for them in the public library or at a good guitar store. Remember the key is to play a lot, figure out what YOU like and then find out how much it is really worth. Remember keep it simple and you'll always be better off.

Part one of this article, focusing in on actually buying a guitar (yeah, maybe they did run out of order, what's it to you!), ran in PP10.

NEW Stuff That You Need...



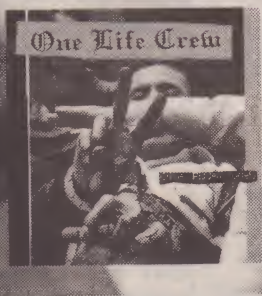
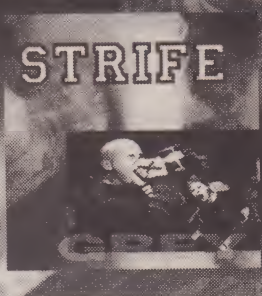
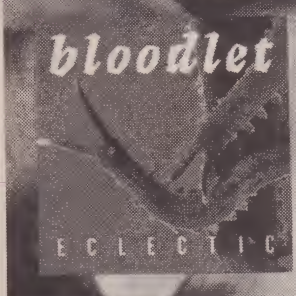
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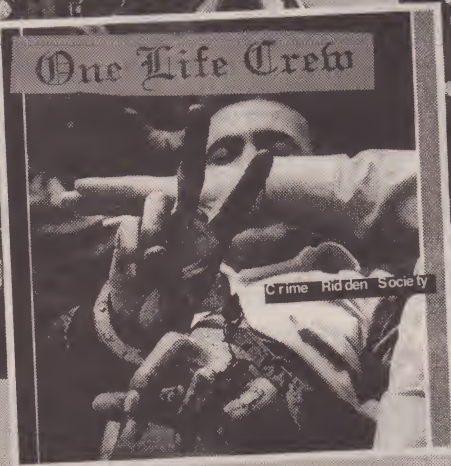
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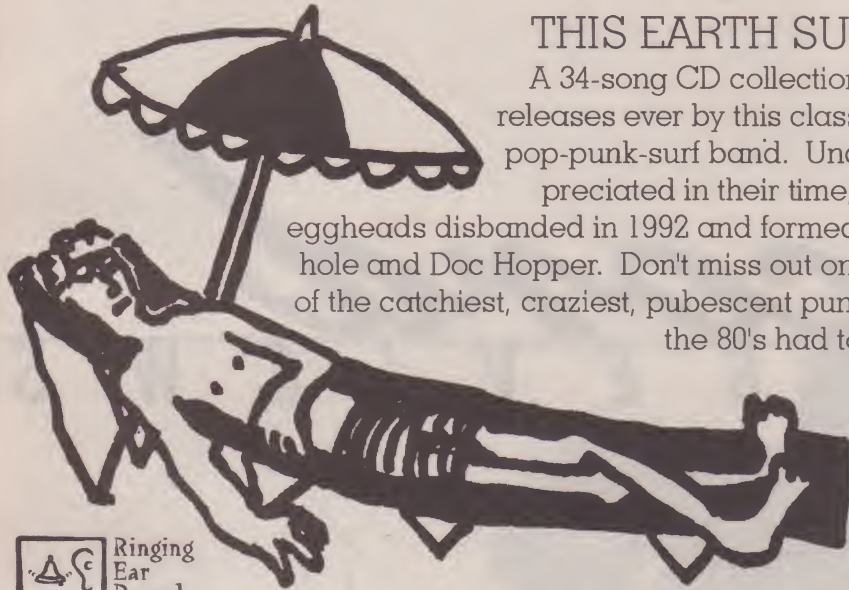
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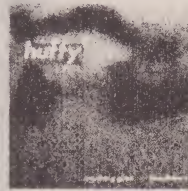
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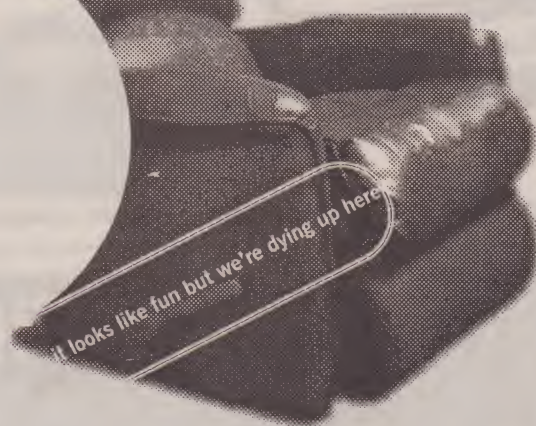
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Record

R E V I E W S



Strange sorta vein, and it's really pretty good. On the flipside we have a GoGo's cover, also pretty melodic and good. This loses massive points for having no cover, no address, and that awful first song, but aside from those major drawbacks it's pretty good. (SM)

Superkool Records

Reviewers thus:

Eric Action (EA)
 Matt Berland (MB)
 James Burnham (JB)
 Darren Cahr (DC)
 Bob Conrad (BC)
 Will Dandy (WD)
 Marie Davenport (MD)
 Jon Entropy (JE)
 Greg Gartland (GG)
 Aaron Gemmill (AG)
 Mark Hanford (MH)
 Bret Van Horn (BVH)
 Scott Macdonald (SM)
 Matt Miller (MM)
 Joan Pixie (JP)
 John Zero (JZ)

59 Times The Pain- More Out of Today, CD

Somewhat metal/hardcore from Sweden. The music isn't bad, a little to NY hardcore influenced for me, but with enough crust influence to make it listenable. The song 'Something You're not' is the standout on this disc. Overall a good combination of different styles, and a good CD. (JE)
 (Burning Heart, Box 138 737 21 Fagersta, Sweden)

59 Times the Pain- More out of Today, EP

Another release by this metal/NYHC/crust band. Included is a Suicidal Tendencies cover (Join the Army). Kind of a worthless release because it only has 2 new songs and one is the cover, but it's pretty good (although the new song is more NYHC) Go for the full length CD instead. (JE)
 (Burning Heart, Box 138 737 21 Fagersta, Sweden)

409, 7"

The first song tries to sound angry but ends up sounding ridiculous because they're singing "I shot Jerry Garcia" over and over. I had to skip to the next song halfway through the guitar solo. The next song is in the melodic Fat Wreck / Dr.

Actionaries/Jimmy Carter Solution-Capital City Split, Split LP

I tend to have a real problem comparing one band to another. For whatever reason I tend not to pick up on such things. However, in the case of Jimmy Carter, and in honor of everyone's favorite peanut farmer/ president I will make a pathetic stab at it. J.C. Solution brought two things to mind- a hardcore Jawbreaker (yes, you read correctly) and Murphy's Law. It was not bad at all, in fact quite good, with highly political lyrics. The Actionaries are at times reminiscent of Minor Threat and other times a Skin Graft band on valium. Some strong moments but inconsistency is their main ingredient. (GG)

(Punkity Rockity Records MSU Union PO Box 6014 East Lansing MI 48826)

Action Patrol-The Weak Force, LP

How can one describe Action Patrol? Let me just say this: A-fuckin'-mazing! Definitely one of the best records I've heard in a while. Quirky, fun, and sure to get your head bobbing' up and down. Hailing from Richmond, VA, Action Patrol kick major



booty. You get their classic rendition of Cindy Lauper's "Time After Time" too! If you don't already have this record, you need to. (MM)

(Whirled Records PO Box 5431 Richmond, VA 23220)

Affluente-Moltitudine Suina, 7"

Judging from the logo on the back, these guys are straight edge, but that's not a bad thing at all... The music is pretty generic up tempo punk rock with vocals sung in a foreign language (Italian maybe?).

Unfortunately, the lyric sheet is not translated in to English so I don't know what they are singing. I did recognize the Reagan Youth cover though. Oh, and mine came on the prettiest blue vinyl I've ever seen. (MM)

(AppleQuince/ Viadi Mezzo 12-01100 Viterbo Italy)

Ambush-Pigs, LP

It's not the Melvins, but it's sort of like them and it's extremely weird. Mandolins and shit. I think I could probably go to sleep to this. Live maybe I'd be bored. I don't know, I really don't know. (MB)

(Common; Konrad Adenauer Str. 58; 73529 Bettringen, Germany)

Amy Arena- s/t, CD

"Feminist" lyrics that sound like some high and mighty feminist handed her a guide that taught her to think in a stereotypical, traditional way. Then she got a Liz Phair album, as well as Maggie Estep. She said, "I can do this!" and here is the album. A lot of bad spoken word, with a rapish beat. Pretty hard to listen to because it sucks pretty bad. (JP)

(Domo Records 245 S.Spalding Drive Suite 105 Beverly Hills, Ca 90212)

Apocalypse Hoboken- Easy Instructions For Complex Machinery, CD

At first, I said, "what's up, Billie Joe?" Then I said, "Who invited Danzig to this cd?" I decided this was weird. Then I listened again and the weird vocals grew on me and I found myself liking the cd and

it's fast, melodic styling. yeah. punk and fun. (JP)

(Johann's Face/ PO Box 479-164 Chicago, IL 60674)

Arcwelder-Captainallen, 7"

Often unfairly lumped in with Husker Du because they're a trio from Minneapolis with a two singers, one of whom happens to be a drummer, Arcwelder share only Husker Du's love of big guitar sounds. A buzzing punk band with a nice sense of melody and control, Arcwelder have always been a superior band (the song "Truth" off their album Pull is a true classic) and they don't let anyone down on this neat single, which has (as a B-side) a cover of "White Elephant" the old Volcano Suns classic (ironically, this was produced by Bob Weston, now of Shellac, who used to be in Volcano Suns, but not when this song was composed. Odd.) Anyway, great record.(DC)

Assrash-Save for Your Doomed Future, 7"

Drunk punks to save the day again. These Minneapolis boys are obviously heavily influenced by their pals Misery and sort of combine that type of hardcore with the good ol' Doom feel. Very nice indeed. I could do without the last track (joke song), but basically this is hardcore the way hardcore was meant to be. (WD)

(Profane Existence, POB 8722; Minneapolis, MN 55408)

Autumn Leaf Dance-Learn What Is Taught

A lead singer who sounds like that chick from the Pretenders, a band which has listened to some of those bands David Grubbs played in, and a bunch of cool riffs desperately looking for songs. A lot of bands these days seem to be under the impression that merely finding a cool, atmospheric sound is enough. That's part of it, and to their credit, these guys have found some cool, atmospheric sounds. But, with a couple of exceptions, these songs go nowhere, and a good idea only takes you so far. Even Slint bothered to have climaxes in their songs. Promising,

as long as they get either some structure or a hook eventually. (DC)

(Conquer The World, P.O. Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240)

Back From The Loo- My Lord, We Found A Spoon, LP

Really bad melodic hardcore sounding stuff. The vocals are very bad and this pretty generally sucks.(JE)

(Friendly Cow, Schutzen Str. 217 44147 Dortmund)

Back of Dave, 7"

Beautiful picture vinyl. Van Gogh's "Prisoners Round" on one side and a Raphael mosaic in the Vatican, "Justice," on the other side. Beautiful. Very nice, well produced. Tight playing and harmonized vocals. Not too shabby. Eh...definitely buy it if your into emo-core, or if you want a rad slab of wax. Otherwise save a few bucks. A nice collection filler in any case. (MD)

(Thick Records 1013 w.webster #7, chicago.il.60614)

Bad Manners- Fatty's Back In Town, CD

Somehow, I get a ton of ska to review. I don't know why, but anyway... this is good, musically, but it doesn't grab me in any major way. The songs all kind of sound the same, and the vocals seem kind of lackluster. Oh well.... (JP)

(Dojo PO Box 281 Canterbury, Kent, CT1 2BB, England)

Bad Religion-All Ages, CD

This is basically an anthology of Bad Religion's "greatest hits" with a few unreleased live tracks thrown in for good measure. If you're a fan, you've probably already got it. If you're just checking things out, this is a good introduction. (BVH)

(Epitaph)

Benumb/Short Hate Temper, split 7"

Benumb spits capitalistic spines outwards and no wonder, casualties are sharing six strings. But grinding my fingers slowly to make coffee would not quite capture the kick of this Temper. This temper sports a tune but lacks in all else;

stop, my brain could collapse.(J.Z.)
 (3ppd us 4ppd wrld. Same Day Records, 2112 Lake Moss, El Paso, TX 79936)

Bikini Kill-The Anti-Pleasure Dissertation, 7"

Side One opens with a short musical rant. Next song, Strawberry Julius, is a dancey punk number that really grooves. The title track is the first song on Side Two, and it is melodic rock with 70's punk overtones. The last tune is short and fast with distorted vocals and cool lyrics. Oh, and the insert/lyric sheet lists some women run record labels. I dig it. (MH)
 (Kill Rock Stars; 120 NE State St. #418; Olympia WA 98501)

Bikini Kill-I Like Fucking, 7"

The first side rules with a nice rock n' roll typical Bikini Kill feel to it. I was rocking back and forth in my chair bobbing my head. Yes, a classic to be sure. The B-side is more...pretty? A quieter song that's more relaxing, but simultaneously still toe-tapping. I actually really like this release a lot, yay! (WD)
 (KILL all dem ROCK fuggin STARS)

Bim Skala Bim- American playhouse, CD

Well, this is above average ska (+10 points for good use of ska in theband's name). When my roommate saw this cd, he grabbed it, put it on and did the dance reserved only for Wesley Willis to the first song. A good way to start a cd, and I like the faster songs: they're the band's strong point. (JP)
 (Dojo PO Box 281 Canterbury, Kent, CT 1 2BB, England)

Black Light Rainbow-s/t 7"

Hmm...REALLY metally kinda hardcore stuff. This has cheesy riffs and bad solos and everything. Reminds me of Biohazard crossed with Poison or something. Pretty damn bad.(JE)
 (Chrome Fusion, PO Box 6235 Wilmington, DE 19804)

Blank-The Race, CD

The front cover reminds me of my old AP Physics book. (+10) The music's good, solid melodic hardcore with backing vocals and pretty sounds and it's nice listening. Very good stuff. It's got the melodic guitar soundings, while keeping up the crunchy thick guitars and they sound sad and/ore angry appropriately so. (+10) That would be a 20/20. Very good, boys. Actually, I was going to end the review there but I think it would only be fair to remark that I was hesitant in taking the CD out of the player to move on to the next CD. I subconsciously said, " Oh, just one more song, come on..." If that's not superfluous praise... (MB)
 (Reptilian; 403 South Broadway; Baltimore, MD 21231)

Blanks '77- 7/7/94, 7"

Oh I'm cooking my rocks in the spoons of these boys; copy cat boys on this wax. Cooking Chinese and sadly test tube babies they are and couldn't get to the pubs for lack of rights. Brew sipping tunes these be and rightly not boots, live captured and swell.(J.Z.)
 (VM.Live/Dist. by Lookout Records, P.O.Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

Blanks '77/Submachine, split 7"

No real surprises here, but that's ok. Both bands are solid and great at what they do. Blanks kick it with that 77 (soooprise!) style that keeps kids pogoing everywhere. Submachine are the local pissed off drunks. Party and play loud. (WD)
 (Six Weeks; 2262 Knolls Hill Cr; Santa Rosa, CA 95405)

Blew-Accident, CD

My favorite cd of the batch. I keep laughing at some of the lyrics- lines like, "your big pants waste precious fabric" permeate the cd. This is super fun pop-punk, Japanese style. I think it's incredibly cute, but it maintains and edge that is neces-

sary in this type of music. If you like pop punk, no question about it: you must have this. I'm in love. (JP)
 (\$13pp to: 5-6-3-903 Hikarigaoka Nerima-Ku Tokyo Japan)

Boris the Sprinkler/The Droids split 7"

Boris cover Kiss and the Misfits on their side. I've been a fan of Boris for some time, but their covers on this one are rather lackluster and disappointing. The Droids play melodic punk that is more interesting than the Boris side. They are also from Wisconsin, but some of their lyrics are in Polish. Check out the Polish version of an Exploited song! Red vinyl. Worth your three clams. (MH)
 (Power Ground; 1309 S. 21st St.; Manitowoc WI 54220)

Boris the Sprinkler-Saucer to Saturn, CD

Rev. NORb and crew spew forth fourteen more offerings of their magic blend of punk rock and new wave... twice! The whole album is repeated as track #15. Those wacky Green Bay kids... For those of you who haven't heard "the Sprinkler" yet, they are zany pop punkers who have their roots firmly planted in early British pop bands like the Undertones and Rezillos (both of which they've covered on previous releases). (MM)
 (Bulge Records POB 1173 Green Bay, WI 54305)

Brand New Unit 7-inch

Really powerful, fast, hook-laden melodic punk from Vancouver. (BC)
 (Heartfirst Records, Bockhstr. 39, 10967 Berlin, Germany.)

Braniac-Internationale, CD

Some people from Dayton, decoded by Dayton's favorite daughter (Kim Deal), who like to make hooks out of noise. This always wins me over, and Braniac are no different in that regard. They're kind of like Flaming Lips on some very strong crystal meth, with the attendant little squeals and pops and devo-like noises over other, broader guitar and bass noises. Really cool, I must say.(DC)
 (Touch & Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

The Brood- Hitsville, CD

Hitsville indeed. Organ, jumpin up and down in your bedroom. Cool 50', 60's "girlie" vocals. Sixteen songs about boys, baby, love and stuff like that. The lyrics have a lot of yous in it. Reverb all over the place, put on your dancin shoes and roll up the rug indeed. Party with this one. (EA)
 (Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)





Record REVIEWS

MORE!!!

The Candy Snatchers- *She Goes Down/Dirty Thang, 7"*

More from the Candy Snatchers. Side one, "She Goes Down" is metal/Punk, it has all the screams that the metal songs loved in the seventies. Nothin exciting. It didn't make me want to shake my ass. The flipside "Dirty Thang", is less Metal and a nice fast pace song. Much like the New Bomb Turks, but there is only one NBT. Not a bad effort, look for their CD on Stiff Pole Records. (Bowling Doughnuts Records, 4221 Pleasant Valley Road, #125-152 Virginia Beach, VA 23464)

Cash Registers-Makes No Cents, 7"

Snotty, rockin' punk rock. The vocals remind me of the almighty Doc Dart from The Crucifucks, but not as nasal. The songs are simple, short and fun; and the cover looks pretty rad. My copy came with two big stickers. This is cool old-school sounding punk rock. I like it. You should too. (SM) Black Eye Records / PO Box 315 / New York, NY 10276

Cause & Effect, 7"

This is fast, old school influenced hardcore with some cool little breakdown parts in some songs. The singer screams some and sings some. It sounds like the drummer has a little trouble keeping up, they seem to get "off" quite a bit. Their ideas are good but I think they could practiced a little more before recording this. (MM) (Panx BP 5058 - 31033 Toulouse Cedex (France?))

Cheetah Chrome & Mike Hudson- *Downtown Beirut/Nothin, 7"*

Classic people doing classic style stuff. Fuzz, fuzz guitar. The A-side has a Kiss or Pagans sound and is a fine seventies style rock-n-roll sound. The flipside is a ballad and a snore session. I am not sure but it seems like a weak single. If this is the best two songs they can come up with to fill a single then I am not impressed. Oh well. (EA) (OR Records PO Box 30310, Indianapolis, Indiana 46220)

Christdriver- *s/t, 7"*

Ohh...an AK-47 on the cover and it's on Profane Existence Records. Instead of the grind/crust punk I expected this is sludgecore, but a little too death metal for my tastes. This is an OK release, but not what I expect from a great label like PE..Sounds too much like Morbid Angel to me.(JE) (Profane Existence, PO Box 8722 Minneapolis, MN 55408)

Clem Snide, 7"

AAAAUUUUUGGGGHHHHH! Acoustic folk(?) music with a singer who sings worse than Bob Dylan (if you can believe that). Good gawsh this guy is sad. Boo fucking hoo. I know that the policy is to review everything we get but the name of the magazine is PUNK Planet, not Boring-Drivel-I'm-So-Depressed-and-You-Don't-Understand Planet. One positive note though, the wrote a song about Bob Crane. For all you youngsters out there, Bob Crane played Colonel Hogan on the TV show Hogans Heroes. (MM) (Cardboard Records 255 East 10th St #2A NY, NY 10009)

Cletus, 7"

The A-side offers some up tempo pop punk similar to the Queers, which doesn't surprise me at all since Joe Queer himself produced this gem. The b-side has more of the same except maybe a little slower. The insert has those grade school pictures that lots of bands seem to use nowadays, however the picture of the young guitar player in full Gene Simmons makeup is a classic. (MM) (Johanns Face Records PO Box 479-764 Chicago, IL 60647)

Coche Zomza/Enola Gay

Crust metally punk from Europe. Very DIY and punk as fuck with screaming vocals and pretty heavy crust riffs. Enola Gay is very heavy and driving and Coche Zomza is faster and crusty, both bands seriously kick ass. DEFINITELY get this LP.(JE) (Bad Card c/o Sylvain Vilette 48 Rue Du Potager 91270 Vicieux Si Seine, France)

Colored Greens- *Shit Is Right, CD*

Really sappy and pretty horrible poppy crap. This CD is unbelievably terrible. Sounds like generic really bad rock n roll bubble gum shit. Don't buy!(JE) (Radioactive Bodega Records, 333 Berry St. #3 Brooklyn, NY 11211)

Constantine Kantakhi, 7"

This is crazy loud emo-ish hardcore. Like something that could have come out on Gravity mixed with something that could have come out on Sound Pollution. Whatever. it's pretty good, but I wish it was recorded better. My guess is that most people who think S.P. + G. is a nice combo will like this, and that I'm just picky about actually wanting to hear all of the different instruments and so on. Whatever. It has horns too. Go buy it. (AG) (\$3 159 Ridgewood Kalamazoo, MI 49001)

Converge-*Unloved and Weeded Out, 7"*

This is good straightedge mosh music. Sure a lot of it is pretty cheesy, but there's some genuinely good work going on. The songs don't suffer from the total stylistic monotony that plagues sXe mosh-rock. Cute metal guitar fills, too. Actually, the first song is close to crust core in its guitar ferocity, and another song has sort of dissonant guitar parts reminiscent of older Hoover or Lincoln. Something for everyone. Buy me. (AG) (Heliotrope/ 20 Gerald Road #2 Brighton, MA 02135)

The C*nts-*Why Baby?, CD*

I didn't know these guys were still around. Subtitled "A psycho-garage experience," this band (since at least 1978) has tried to capture the "Nuggets" era psychedelic garage rock sound. You know, "Psychotic Reaction," "Journey to the Center of the Mind" — that kind of thing. They pull off the illusion pretty well, and at their best they really do sound like authentic fixtures from another time — with a better vocal mic, of course. Other times, they sound like King Missile with a better drummer. I must admit that I was humming a couple of their songs while I was working today, and I might as well have been singing a song by the Count Five, which is about as authentic as it gets. Or was it Mudhoney? Suddenly, my muttonchop sideburns grew back, and before you knew it....(DC) (Disturbing Records, Chicago)

Cracked Cop Skulls-*No Fucking Tears for the Pieces of Shit, 7"*

Mid-tempo Britcore... almost another (what I call) Discore band. The songs are short and sweet, which a good thing since there isn't anything too special about this record other than the fact that there are thirteen songs at 45 rpm! Fans of that "typical"



Record REVIEWS

Even More!!!

this is the sound that surrounds, adorns your ears like a crown, this is the sound

British sound should like this. (MM)
(Days of Fury PO Box 65 Wallasey L45 3QE England,UK)

The Crooks-Sick in the Head, 7"

Too bad, thought this was an old love of mine but names do change hands and for sure this sound is not what I was looking for. Maiming metal oozing chumpness at every pore this is not quite something worth the wax. (J.Z.)
(Def Wisconsin, P.O.Box 3224, Green Bay, WI 54303)

The Crumbs-I Fell in Love With an Alien Girl, 7"

Oh boy, just what the world needs, yet another Ramones copycat. These guys throw a little twist into it however by having their vocalist emulate Ben Weasel (Riverdale?). This is real boring. (MM)
(Recess Records PO Box 1112 Torrance, CA 90505)

Crunch/The Sickoids, split 7"

Let's not joke around here. Crunch smokes. Picture Los Crudos with a very humorous side (at least musically with random jazz breakdowns, unfortunately I can't speak Italian). One of the best things I've heard in a long time. They even cover walk like an Egyptian! Fucking SMOKES! The Sickoids are kind of a let down. They are pretty much an average hardcore band. And it sounds like they're trying to sound JUST LIKE early Bad Religion. I mean exactly. Sorry, but I prefer the original. Never-the-less, boy this for Crunch alone. (WD)
(Desperados c/o Andrea Deceglie; Via Modena 4-10091-Alpignano; TORINO-Italia)

Dead End Cruisers-The Suave The Scummy The Distant The Gay, 7"

Nifty record here. Mid to up up-tempo Clash inspired punk with lots of harmonized backing vocals. These guys are definitely inspired by a lot of the newer pop-punk bands as well- they just have that nebulous "pop sensibility" you so often hear of. It's pretty good too. I like it. (GG)
(Up Yours Records PO Box 650050 Austin TX 78765)

Default-Beyond Our Means, 7"

Great grinding hardcore. Relentless in it's brutality. I dig it a lot. Reminds me of Capitalist Casualties a bit, except a bit more sing-a-longy. Great stuff! (WD)
(\$3; Beer City; POB 26035; Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

The Deterants-How's My Driving?, CD

Do I really have to listen to all 15 songs? This is like a bunch of middle-aged fathers getting together to re-discover their childhood and ripping off Dinosaur Jr. and The Replacements very badly. (BVH)
(Skidmark Records: 96 N. Hewitt, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

Dick Justice, 7"

Another rad picture vinyl. Very pretty way to spruce up your record collection. And get this, the music is just as cool as the vinyl. As the little into thing in the record puts it, "Damn fine pop-punk." Who am I to disagree?(MD)
(Thick Records 1013 W. Webster #7, Chicago, IL, 60614)

The Dicks/MDC- live, VIDEO

A Flipside video of the Dicks and MDC during their prime(1984). Good filming and good sound quality. The Dicks bust out some classics like 'No Fucking War' and 'Lost and Divided'. MDC then kick ass with their really good old stuff such as 'Greedy Pathetic' and 'Corporate Deathburger'. Also neat views of tons of punk kids with mohawks, spikes, etc..A damn good video worth getting.(JE)
(Flipside, PO Box 60790 Pasadena, CA 91116)

Ding- 12"

Will gave me this record because he thought it blew so he wanted to know what I would think of it (I gave the new, much maligned Antioch Arrow LP a great review). Will's right. This is awful. (AG)
(\$4 Chumpire P.O. Box 680 Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

Disfear- Soul Scars, CD

I loved this band from the 'In Crust we Trust' comp, and this CD confirmed my lik-

ing. REALLY brutal and heavy crustcore. This puppy will rip your stereo in half with loud heavy crustcore like it was fucking meant to be. An excellent release.(JE)
(Distortion, Box 129 401 22 Goteborg, Sweden)

Diskonto-A Shattered Society, 7"

Good God crustcore. This is so great I don't think I can describe it. Basically it reminds me a lot of Excrement of War and all those other crust bands out there that play real fast. If you like crust, you should own this. (WD)
(Profane Existence, POB 8722; Minneapolis, MN 55408)

Dismiss - 4 song, 7"

Very under produced punk. Decent melodic music, but without any hooks that really grab my attention. Would like to hear these guys again, but with better production. Not bad, but nothing to write home about. (MH)
(Naked Bums; PO Box 9164; Peoria IL 61612)

D.O.A./ Show Business Giants, split 10"

I'm really not sure if this is the same band as the classic Canadian punks that rocked Canuck land along with the Subhumans. They sound sort of similar though. Like maybe Joe Kiehlley is still around to "sing." As with most aging punkers they've somehow gotten real poppy in the meantime. S.B.G. is quite simply stupid and worthless. (GG)
(Essential Noise Records)

Doc Hopper-...Ask Your Mom, CD

If Sinkhole were to have a band as a little brother, it would be Doc Hopper. They play sing alongable pop punk with lots of stop and starty bits that are perfect for band members to do those "posi-jumps" (that's pronounced pah-zee, not poh-zee) you see on all those old straight edge records. Throw in an excellent Dickies cover, a cover of the Juicy Fruit commercial (seems like I had a record last time with this tune on it...) and a Monkees cover for good measure and you've got yourself a pretty dang good record. (MM)
(Ringing Ear Records 9 Maplecrest Newmarket, NH 03857)

Door #3, 7"

I kept waiting for the punch line during this one, could of sworn it was a joke. But when



it ended, I was still waiting. Apparently the joke was on me. Fuzzy guitars, droning vocals, three drum beats per minute, and a couple of cool sound effects make up the music. If you feel the urge to buy this, perhaps to make your record collection look bigger, than buy it, I, on the other hand, would save my money. (MD)

(\$3 Flying Crowbar Records c/o Mike Gifford POB 1201 Buffalo, NY, 14213-7201)

Dreyfus/Daybreak, split 7"

Dreyfus plays great, great pop-punk, a bit Squirtgunish. Dreyfus makes me want to dance. Fantastic. Daybreak: don't kill yourselves. Aside from the droning vocals, you're not that bad. Emo-pop. This record is definitely worth buying. (MD)

(\$3 Jiffi Pop 4080 Woodside Dr. N. Royalton, OH, 44133)

Drill Kitty - Drowning Lessons b/w Skip, 7"

This is okay but not spectacular. The B side is catchier than side A, but neither do a whole lot for me. Melodic rock/punk. Not bad, but not terribly exciting. (MH)

(Sonic Blue; PO Box 811022; Cleveland OH 44181)

Driller Killer- L.I.F.E., 7"

Duhgr mmph lizard choking umph. Playing Anti-Cimex and Modern Likvidation and stunting throat growth with tasty growling. Boy times are tough when Halls are not around. (J.Z.)

(Distortion Records, Box 129, 401 22 Gbg, Sweden)

Driller Killer- Total Fucking Hate, CD

Extremely heavy and fast grindcore. This record is pretty good, the pics on the inside kinda frighten me (a bunch of metal looking guys), but the music is good. Crusty grindcore the way only the Europeans can do it (except for MassKontroll of course). (JE)

(Distortion, Box 129 401 22 Goteborg, Sweden)

The Droids - Ja Bede Bardzo Dobry, 7"

Wow! This might have been considered a classic 12 or 13 years ago. Old style hardcore and punk, sung partly in Polish, partly in English. This band is from Wisconsin, and they rage hard. Get this if you see it. (MH)

(Power Ground; 1309 S. 21st St.; Manitowoc WI 54220)

The Effigies-Remains Nonviewable, CD

The Effigies were an early 80's Chicago punk band who (to quote Ed Dantes from

the liner notes) "came to define the 'Chicago sound': driving guitars, catchy tunes, and a rhythm section that underpinned everything with a propulsive beat." Fifteen old gems are presented here along with a hilarious phone call from someone who booked them to their booking agent. I recommend it. (MM)

(Touch and Go PO Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

English Dogs/Sanity Assassins- split tape

English Dogs are somewhat metally hardcore stuff. Kinda melodic but pretty good. The vocals get annoying though sometimes. Sanity Assassins are kinda heavy and have some good riffs with a bit of metal influence and a lot of old punk influence (including a surfy song, scary). The vocals are also a bit bothersome though. A decent tape, but nothing special. (JE)

(MUT, PO Box 152 Burton-On-Trent Staffs DE14 1XX, England)

Esoterics-What Happened to Day-Ro?, 7"

For some odd reason I really like this. Kind of noisy, poppy, just fun, rad stuff. A cross between a nice break from generic bands and a generic band. Go figure. Give these Ohio kids a chance and buy their record. Yello vinyl and a free sticker too! (I bet they made 'em at Kinko's) (MD)

(Olive Records 2122 Burnside Dr, Dayton, OH, 45439)

Eurich 7"

Wooooooh! Scary. Post-emo-grindcore-pop-punk mania. Go figure. This is one of the weirdest things I've heard in a long time. Hand screened cover on the choice-of -the-champions manilia envelope cut to size of 7" vinyl. Neat. Buy it. (AG)

(Fragile P.O. Box 442 Ladson, SC 29456)

Exhaust/Tomorrow, split 7"

Exhaust are fantastic. They play a nice melodic emo style that makes you want to sing a long a lot and hum it in your spare time. It makes me very sad that they haven't caught on like they should, emo people, Fugazi fans, Split Lip fans hear me and hear me well. Exhaust smokes! Alright. Tomorrow is pretty swell in their own right. They've got a bit of the same poppy emo thing going for them, but their stay on the record seems to be a bit longer then desirable, so it goes. Only a minor problem. So get this album and feel the emo. (WD)

(\$3; Exhaust; 561 Rutherford Cir.; Birmingham, AL 35206)

Faction- Collection 1982-85, CD

One of the first bands I listened to as a young skatepunk many years ago. A little light and poppy for my usual tastes, but for some reason I really like this band. Old School punk/skate music not unlike JFA or a little bit poppier Circle Jerks. The song 'Skate and Destroy' is a classic. Definitely a great CD for the old school in all of us. (JE)

(Faction, PO Box 28255 San Jose, CA 95159)

Fitz of Depression - TV Tattle Tales, 7"

Midtempo melodic punk with buzzsaw guitars. Side one reminds me of some British band, but I can't quite put my finger on who. Side two has a PopDefect feel to it, that degenerates into a metal riff at the end that gets old quick. Still all in all a good slab o' wax. (MH)

(Kill Rock Stars; 120 NE State St. #418; Olympia WA 98501)

Five By Nine-It's Groovy, 7"

Fast melodic music in the vein of 88 Fingers Louie and Pennywise. I don't know how else to describe this than saying it sound like something that would be on Fat Wreck. The first song breaks into an AC/DC riff out of nowhere and then goes right back into the song- awesome. The second song could really do without the guitar solo, but besides that I really don't have any complaints, except that there's no lyric sheet or band info. It's catchy and the songs are well-written. Despite some cheese-factor, this is a good record. (SM)

Backspin Records, c/o Tom Mason / 12800 Vonn Rd. #8702 / Largo, FL 34644

Flatus-Talk Show Hero, 7"

Very much in the straight-forward, classic punk tradition with a garage-rock influence. Catchy choruses. Not bad — comes with a cover of "Kids are Alright" (sic). (BC)

(Flatus, 15 Lawrence St. Hamburg, NJ 07419.)

Fletcher, 7"

Cool packaging month continues for me with this decent clear vinyl affair from a Kalamazoo MI mid-tempo punk band with screamed vocals and indie rock (like Polvo/Rodan etc.) influenced guitar work. Unfortunately the music just isn't nearly as cool as the cover art, which is a cool full color drawing that could very well be on my wall any day now. (GG)

(909 Walwood Kalamazoo, MI 49007)

**The Flux, demo cassette**

Seven songs of mediocre hard rock with sung female vocals. It would be better if they dropped the bad solos. I get the feel of early eighties Pat Benatar some of the time. (JB)
\$4 to The Flux/75 Pleasant St/Boston, MA 02190

Fly Cop-Spagnallo, 7"

Gaak, what could be said about Aussie snail squashing and chirping such as this. (Fly squashing actually) Rolling in crusty ugliness these boys be and crushing her highness's soldiers they march boldly into history. (J.Z.)
(Sppd, Spiral Objective, P.O.Box 126 Oaklands Park South Australia 5046)

Frontier Trust-Speed Nebraska, CD

Country influenced punk rock, cept better. None of that generic cowpunk shit, this is the real shit. This is sound of the midwest. It's a bit pissed off, a bit sad, a bit everything. A Sicko influence, a REM influence, and a '77 influence. Classic. It makes me homesick for Alabama. (MB)
(Caulfield; POB 84323, Lincoln, NE 68501)

The Gain-You Should Know, 7"

Four very catchy, mod-pop tunes from these L.A. fags. One's a Buzzcocks cover. After playing with The Gain in Reno, twice in Alaska, a few times in L.A. I've grown to know, first hand, how they are talented musically, performance-wise, socially and, most importantly, sexually. Love. (BC)
(Deadbeat Records, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078.)

Gauge- 43, 10"

This record gets off to a not-so-interesting start, but really improves quickly. It's loud and screechy emo, just the way I like it. The music and vocals are well done. So is the packaging. I don't really feel like explaining it right now, so you'll just have to buy it or something. Oh yeah, if this matters to anyone, they can do odd meter material without sounding forced and unnatural, and they incorporate sensitive, quiet parts into the middles of the songs. I really like this a whole lot. Please buy it. (AG)
(Action Boy P.O. Box 14471 Chicago, IL 60614)

Gizzard/Zonic Shockum-Double Agent Series 1302, split EP

Both bands are eh, okay. Melodic, slightly hard-core. Let me put it this way: nothing to write home about. (MD)
(Decoder Ring Records 3628 Part St, Suite 33, Jacksonville, FL, 32205)

The Glory Stompers-Tory Crimes, 7"

Retard boy question #1: Who's Ralph?
Retard boy comment regarding record: slick. Booted boys go cracking Tory skulls and looking up her highness's petticoats. Jolly pogoing and never-quiet streets I'm sure accompany this pack, oh, and very filthy, yes. (J.Z.)
(T.G.S. c/o Taras, P.O.Box 1886, Main Post Office, Edmonton, Alberta, T5J 2P3 Canada)

Gob-Green Beans and Almonds, 7"

Who said Screeching Weasel was dead? Seriously, this brought back some fond memories of the good old days. This is pop punk like it should be, Ben Weasel style. This is great for nostalgia factor alone, and hell, when it comes down to it, this is one of the better records I've heard lately. (GG)
(Landspeed Records 386-1027 Davie St. Vancouver B.C. Canada V6E 4L2)

Gob, CD

Kind of a vague, rougher NOFX (gruffer vocals) influence with an anarchist edge to the lyrics. Musically, this isn't too bad, but there's only nine short songs, so you barely get an impression. (BC)
(Landspeed Records, Box 386-1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC V6E 4L2, Canada.)

Gotohells- Demolition, CD

At first a didn't like this disc at all, something rubbed me the wrong way. Second listen and I realized that it was good, almost a top pick of the month. What was holding me back was two things 1. Gotohells sound like the Devil Dogs, a band that NO BAND can compare too, sorry no one should be penalized because they aren't as marvelous as the dogs. 2. They have a Ska Song. It Behooves to understand why a rock-n-roll style punk band throws a ska song in middle of a good CD. I like some ska, but in its right place. Program track #9 out of the disc and you have a winner indeed. (EA)
(Stiff Pole Records PO Box 20721, St. Pete, FL 33742)

Gogh Van Gogh-Louder!, cassette

Five songs of predominantly female fronted rock from D.C. Very mellow, not at all punk, but she has a good voice and the music is fairly interesting. (JB)
(Gogh Van Gogh/1725 17th St NW #214/Washington, D.C. 20009)

Hatchet Face-Vol. II, LP

Grindcore in the vein of Luzifers Mob. This is the way crusty grind punk should sound. Political lyrics, really doomy and fast, and just generally rips!(JE).
(Figure Four Records, 35 Eliab Latham Way East Bridgewater, MA 02333)

Haggis-Step Into It, 10"

Someone, and I have no idea who, spent a lot of money on this record. The sleeve is in thick, heavy weight plastic. It opens up like a folder with pockets and everything. One side is like a poster and the other has the front cover, band photo, etc. The vinyl is very high quality and clear. It's thicker than the Shellac LP. And that's heavy. I've never written this much about packaging before. This is probably because I am rarely this uninspired by a recording. Up-tempo metalish hardcore punk. They actually do have some solid songwriting senses, as at times they sound kinda cool, but such examples are rare. When it is good a slight Leatherface vocalization style seems to slip in. Besides that, its not so good. Includes a Sesame Street cover. Limited to 300 copies. (GG)
(Haggis PO Box 752 Boise ID 83701)

Harvest Theory- s/t, CD

Let's say some sick scientist decided to do a weird experiment by throwing an orgy and inviting the members of Fugazi and the bad 80's band Cinderella. Let's say it's physically possible for these bands to procreate with each other. The spawn of this night would be Harvest Theory. These children, instruments in hand, aim to be more like their cooler donors, the Fugazi side, going as far as copying daddy Ian whenever possible. But one can not lose background easily, and the recessive Cinderella genes keep on coming out. Yucky. (JP)
(Springbox records PO Box 1063 Benecia, Ca 94510)

Haze-Tom Dooley, Tape

This is one of those records that I may have enjoyed more because I know nothing about them. A female singer (breathy voice), and (generally) very spare arrangements, with a heavy emphasis on the drums. This feels very different than your average ran-



Record *And Still More!!!*

REVIEWS



dom review material — very cold. Sort of like a funk rock band, recorded with no effects, in a great big room. Occasionally, they veer into trip hop (on the title track, a strange take on a 19th century folk song), and industrial, and sometimes they sound like a plain old rock band, but very cold. They're fairly difficult to categorize. I liked 'em, I must say, though I'm at a loss to tell you why. (DC)

(Mutiny Records, P.O. Box B., NY, NY 10159-0008)

Her Fault-Heritage, CD

Melodic rock with a vague punk edge. Quickly becomes a bore. (BC)

(Bittersweet Records, 920 Broadway, Suite 1403, New York, NY 10010.)

Horace Pinker/Doc Hopper, split 7"

It's way too hard to review good pop punk records. Horace Pinker sound like a more powerful early Samiam. They continue their melodic poppy punk with stride. Doc Hopper is a more average pop-punk band, but good non the less. Pop punk keep on rolling. (WD)

(Off Time Records; POB 52114; Houston, TX 77052-2114)

Humble Gods, CD

Sort of DI-reminiscent. Not necessarily exciting... And the lyrics are not necessarily racist or anything, they're just pretty stupid. They have pseudonyms like "Ricky Vodka" and "Brad X". I really don't know what to tell you. If you hang out in bars in NYC, maybe you'd like this. I really don't. (MB)

(Futurist; 6 Greene St, 2nd Floor; NY, NY 10013)

Husbians-The Age Of Asparagus 7"

I quite tempted to dismiss this as a grunge knock off, but the tunes are a bit challenging, and it's sort of weird. I'll just say that it's too much like grunge for me to like. I don't really have a problem with that Early 90's Seattle sound thing, but you know let sleeping dogs lie. (AG)

(P.O. Box 629 Boone, NC 28607)

Ice Nine-s/t, 7"

Big points right off for being named after a Vonnegut idea. Great hardcore that's damn intense and just throbbing. The weirdest thing is that I think the bass is distorted more than the guitar. Hmmm. Anyways, this is actually really good even though I can't find the words to describe it. How bout "The most unrelenting hardcore band I've ever heard these guys rip heads off with their doomsday guitars and run over children with their painfully screamed vocals. Killer." (WD)

(OR records; pob 30310; Indianapolis, IN 46230)

IDK - 4 song, 7"

This is a lot different than much of the stuff coming out lately. Heavy, repetitive guitar riffs, occasionally breaking into fast punk. The singer sings rather than screams. Kind of reminded me of The Proletariat somehow mixed with the slow parts of New York hardcore. Interesting. (MH)

(On Deck Records; PO Box 279; Fairview NJ 07022)

I Farm-This One's Better, 7"

Old School kinda punk, complete with "woah oh's". Semi-Melodic..a little poppy at times and pretty upbeat. A little too happy for my tastes, but not bad. The standout is the song "Dolphin Killer", which is a little "harsher". A pretty good 7" if you like old punk rock.(JE)

(I Farm 612 E. State St. #1 Ithaca NY 14850)

Inquisition/Kilara, split 7"

Inquisition, who rule musically, is one of those bands that talk much about resistance and this and that anarchist shit, plus their stark, high contrast art that publications like Profane Existence and their followers have belabored the use of, make them one of those bands who would be great to see live, but would probably want to avoid a political discussion with in order to remain amiable. Not to be impugnant, but this point begs to be over-stressed:

Playing and acting punk is NOT in and of itself revolutionary. If you've ever heard Dillinger Four, they will serve as an adequate reference point, musically. Bleeding, hard-edged pop. Kilara, on the other hand, isn't nearly as interesting: Overdone screaming of the basic, old-school, noise-core variety. (BC)

(\$3 ppd. to Pop A Wheelie! Records, PO Box 6337, Gulf Breeze, FL 32561.)

I Spy-Revenge of the Little Shits, CD

Backed by that popular "Gravity Records" emo-style of music and vocals that vary from screamed to punkish-singing, I Spy puts together meaningful, well-intended songs with a hint of humor at times. This actually turned out to be pretty good. (BVH)

(Recess Records; P.O. Box 1112 Torrance, CA 90505)

Jackpot- Just One Fix, 7"

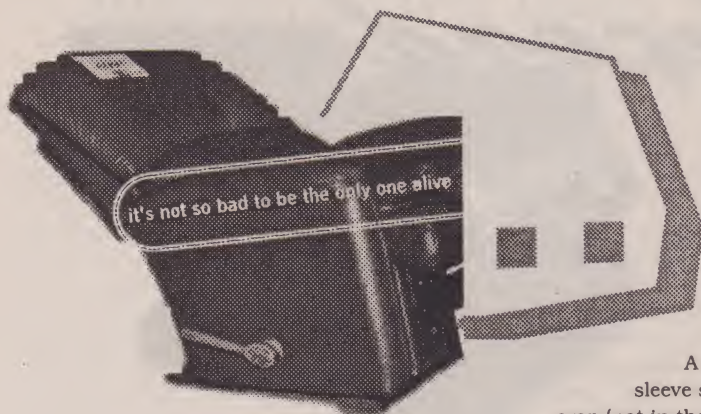
Hmmmm.... Side one "Just One Fix", starts off with a big long solo. That never impresses me, but maybe it does you. Sort of a metal Pagans. Side two is much better. "Insomnia" has wonderful driving drums much like late seventies punk outfits of America midwest. Side B is worth the price of admission alone. (EA)

(American Punk Records, 802 Broadway Baltimore, MD 21231)

Jawas-Guy Cut in Half, 7"

Hardcore rears its angry head in the form of Jawas, and boy are they pissed off. Lots of yelling and guitars and stuff that actually works for me. They're part of some group or family of bands or something with the awesome Slackers which pretty much means that even if they sucked, which they don't, they'd still be pretty damn cool. (GG)

(414 Cumberland Dr. Huntsville AL 35803)



John Smith

The cover looks like an Offspring video, but don't let this fool you- John Smith is a metal band.

A bad metal band. The sleeve states that this piece of crap (not in those words of course) was recorded in 8 minutes and 4 seconds - perhaps next time they should spend more time on it. In essence, this sucks. (MD) (Meat Records POB 10203, Fargo, ND, 58106)

J Church/Serpico, split 7"

When I got this I was excited, I've been a J Church fan for several years now and what I've heard from Serpico (when they used to be called Sleeper) in the past was pretty good. On my first listen, I must admit I was disappointed. The sound quality is crappy and I didn't like the songs at all. I hold my stance about the J church side, it's probably the worst stuff they've released. The Serpico side is great, though, even better than the Sleeper stuff I've heard before. They're from NY, but not a typical (I use that term loosely) NY band. Pop music all the way and not a stitch of hawdcoah. (MM) (Dead Beat Records PO Box 283 Los Angeles, CA 90078)

J Church-Arbor Vitae, CD

J Church approaches this album with a more rock n' roll feel to it, but still with the same old J Church style. There's some crazy keyboards and back-up female vocals that threw me for a loop at first, but I think it's an improvement. I think the best way to put it is that this is by far J Church's most dancing, rocking album, sure to win over new fans. (WD) (Honey Bear; POB 460346; San Francisco, CA 94146-0346)

J Church-Nostalgic for Nothing, CD

All the recent singles on one CD. We no longer have to scavenge the globe in hopes of finding half of all the records that they put out recently. All right here in an attractive format. I'm eating it up. 26 rocking tunes. (WD) (Broken Rekids; POB 460402; San Francisco, CA 94146)

Jill - Scary Thoughts, 7"

Pretty cool pop punk with clean bass and distorted guitars. They sound sorta like early Green Day in a way (I'm sure they'll hate that comparison). I like this stuff. Green vinyl. What kind of a band name is Jill though? (MH) (Springbox Records; PO Box 1063; Benicia CA 94510)

with a little Fifteen, and throw in some Rancid-esque "Let's Go!"s for good measure. Four songs here, with a lyric sheet and a slick color cover. Cool. (SM) Skene! / PO Box 4522 / St. Paul, MN 55104

Leeway-Open Mouth Kiss, CD

Not really my thing here. Metallic, alternative-sounding hardcore with vocals that sound like Paul Stanley of KISS fame. I think they meant to send this one to Butt-Rock Planet... (BVH) (Fierce Recordings)

Less Than Jake- Making Fun Of Things You Don't Understand, 10"

I've heard a lot about this band, but never heard them until this 10". I'm now sitting here, kicking myself for not picking up something by this band. Totally fun pop punk with a ska influence (greater on some songs than others) with really great bass that reminds me of an awesome Long Island band, Greensleep. No complaints. We even get a Scooby Doo sample. Get this, you'll love it. I do. (JP) (Far Out Records PO Box 14361 Ft Lauderdale, FL 33302)

The Line-CD

I hate to say it, but this totally blows ass. I mean everything about it sucks, from the song writing right down to the lyric sheet you can't read. I mean why bother? (MM) (Stone Entertainment PO Box 3663 Newport Beach, CA 92659)

Lovemen/Exit Condition, split 7"

The Lovemen are a Japanese pop punk band that remind me of the Doughboys. Melodic, upbeat punk with a rock edge. They sing in English, but I still can't understand the lyrics. Exit Condition are from the UK and are also melodic with rock influences. 2 songs from each band. Nice. (MH) (Snuffy Smile; 4-24-4-302 Daizawa; setagaya-ku, Tokyo; 155 Japan)

Lunchbox-Pop Quiz, 7"

Mediocre, tuneless pop punk. (BC) (Camera Obscura Records, 5174 Shafter Ave., Oakland, CA 94618.)

Lynard's Innard's- Sissy, 7"

Typical pop-punk coming out of the mid-west these days. Not necessarily bad but

Kaaos-Nukke, 7"

Mmmm, yum aimed toward punks, kids in these poster folds, sported and draped in and of big hair and sharp unmentionables. Seas separate but I think not these words found only over there. Universal boys and girls this is 1985 for you wrapped in plastic and very handsome. (J.Z.) (Fight Records, Pikkupiankatu 3 A 10, 33580 Tampere, Finland)

Karp-Suplex CD

I first heard of Karp while stopping in Philly to stay with some friends while on a road trip... They played me a tape and I dug it. When I got this disc to review was stoked. Karp play rockin' heavy, rhythmic, noisy punk, not too unlike early Melvins. There are a couple of 8+ minute rockers that kept my attention even with the churning, stuck-in-the-mud song writing. Excellent stuff. (MM) (K Records Box 7154 Olympia, WA 98507)

Khrissy/ Nothing, split 7"

A mediocre hardcore band and a mediocre pop punk band share a mediocre record. (AG) (Big Chicken P.O. Box 346 Wam-dnster, PA 18974)

Kort Prosess-s/t, 7"

A kinda melodic but yet crusty band. Lots of deep screaming but then it gets kinda light but then goes back to heavy and fast. Sounds Sweedish of Finnish. A pretty good 7". Once you get through the first song it gets better and better, just ignore some of the cheesy notes. (JE) (Heart First, Bockhstr 39 10967 Berlin, Germany)

Latch Key Kids-Time Out, 7"

Good fast snotty pop punk with the whole sing along chorus thing going on. Think John Cougar Concentration Camp mixed



Record **Blah Blah Blah!!!** REVIEWS

none too original and, as usual, produced by Squirtgun's Mass Giorgini, the Brett Gurewitz of the heartland. The B-side has Melli-Mel mixed in the background rapping old school style- "Don't push me, cause I'm close to the edge. I'm trying not to lose my head." Classic verse and the best feature of the slab. (GG)

(Off Time Records POBox 52114 Houston TX 77052)

Maggie, demo cassette

Six songs of super basic lo-fi punk, a classic four track bedroom recording type deal. Pop punk and folk rock influences are apparent, and a bunch of this is acoustic I am pretty sure. I wasn't very impressed by anything on this tape. (JB)

Maggie/332 North 8th St. apt #2B/ San Jose, CA 95112

MassKontroll-Warpath, 7"

More crust/thrash mayhem from Portland, OR's MassKontroll. What else can be said about this band, besides they are one of my all time favorites and the best crust band currently around. Kelly plays guitar like a maniac, complete with leads(not cheesy though)..you definitely need to buy this NOW.(JE)

(Havoc Records, PO Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408)

McRackins-Planet of the Eggs, CD

Snotty, melodic punk with an odd sense of humor (the members dress as eggs). Fun. (BC)

(Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Pete, FL 33742.)

Medusa Cyclone-s/t, CD

They (essentially one guy: Keir McDonald) alternate between two distinct sounds: an ethereal 4AD kind of sound (flamenco guitar and washes of sound make occasional appearances), and an Ambient, Brian Eno sort of thing. If you like this kind of thing, this is a pretty good example of the genre. If your mom wants an explanation of what drugs sound like...(DC)

(Third Gear Records, P.O. Box 1886, Royal Oak, MI 48068)

Metropolitan Rage Warehouse-Stick it to the Man, CD

These guys play an engaging style of basic punk rock stuff with cool sing-along choruses and catchy guitar riffs. Not bad at all. (BVH) (\$6 PPD to: TAZ | 102 Pleasant St. Box 866, Worcester, MA 01602)

Metropolitan Rage Warehouse-The BirdDog Seven-Rough Mix, demo cassette

Seven songs of rather widely varying punk styles. It is generally pretty fast, most of the songs have a fast Scared Of Chaka type sound or a Dead Kennedy's sound to them, but then there is quite a bit of hard alternative rock in some of the songs, and there are some slow breaks in other songs. The sound is pretty refined and well produced, a pretty decent demo. (JB)

(No address.)

Mickey And The Big Mouths-A 40 and an Attitude, 7"

Big spirits and proud words spit these punks. Admirable values and convictions they do own. But, they just happen not to be sipping my cup of tea.(J.Z.)

(3ppd us 4ppd wrld, Laid Off Records, P.O.Box 2843, Petaluma, CA 94953)

Mickey and the Big Mouths- Punk is not enough, shut up and fuckin Drink, cass

Pretty fast old punk rock. Not heavy and somewhat melodic. Lyrics are fairly political. Not that bad, but not something very memorable either. (JE)

(126 Wilson St. Petaluma, CA 94952)

Migraines-Shut Up, CD

This is the next installment in a long line of dork-core bands like the Vandals, but lacking in any sort of judgment whatsoever.

With song titles like, "Bikini Spider" (I won't elaborate) and "Lorena" (yes, that Lorena) the locker room humor falls short before the CD even starts spinning. Completely adolescent crap. Remember Porky's? (BVH)

(Sick Duck Records: P.O. Box 5051 Ft. Wayne, IN 46895)

The Migraines -I'm a Wuss, 7"

Snotty punk rocknroll with the emphasis on the roll. Brings to mind the Vindictives, especially in the vocals. The lyrics are dumb as hell. The full-color cover, green vinyl, and nice lyric sheet don't change my mind- the music is dull. Rehashed. Juvenile, in a bad way. I'd skip it if I were you. (SM)

Sick Duck Records / PO Box 5051 / Ft. Wayne, IN 46895

Mission To Murder/Brickwall United, split 7"

Inviting skull and crossbones welcome murder but deliverance comes empty fisted. Although, mission does sparkle the brightest side of this wax. Couldn't, can't, sorry,

never could meet with what the brickwall spouts but they do hold skill and tongues sharp with spit. (J.Z.)

(Reactionary Records, P.O.Box 5466, Atlanta, GA 30307)

Moonwater-Invitation, CD

Somebody stole my sister's old Jane's Addiction albums from her dorm room. Now I know the culprit. Some songs (such as "So Unreal") almost constitute copyright infringement...(DC)

(Masquerade Recordings, 695 North Ave., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30308)

The Motards-To Scare Hell Out of Your Neighbors, 7"

The Motards are the big band over at Maximum Rock N' Roll these days (in case you only read one magazine). I am not as impressed, but they are growing on me with every listen. Their split with The Cryin Out Louds is a better listen. Four songs on this disc. Side one is a wall of sound and I think that might be the problem. I like less produced music but I also like to hear the instruments. Side two starts with a slow song that is a little out of character. Finally, the Jem of this record and I think the best song that I have heard from the Motards. "Why am I Even Here" has a walking bass line that is distinct and reminds me of a Teengenerate. (EA)

(Turkey Baster Records, PO Box 142196 Austin, TX 78765)

The Mountain Goats-Nine Black Poppies, CD

Pretentious, acoustic folk guitar ballads. I think I missed the point...(BVH)

(Emperor Jones: P.O. Box 49771 Austin, TX 78765)

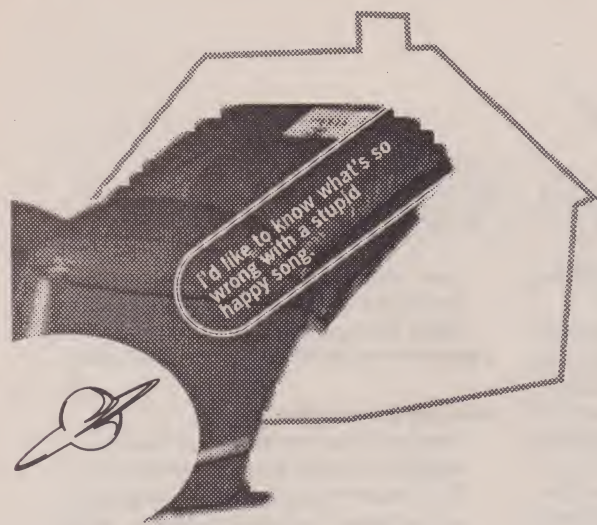
Mr. Mirainga-Fuck The Scene, demo cassette

A super slick j-card, with a layout that looks very major label, so there is either some unknown connection, or the label that put this out is clearly misguided (there is a bar code on this promo cassette!). The music is super slick and well produced, just right to be plugged into a college rock rotation. It is complete with super cheesy third rate Into Another type solos, and general hard alternative rock with some pop punk influences. In short it is completely polished crapola with whiny vocals. (JB)

Way Cool Music/Gravel Records/Universal City, CA 91608

The Mudsharks- Squalus Squalae, CD

This is traditional ska, done well. Damn



what's with all these

No Consent-Nowhere to Hide, CD

Pretty basic pop punk with decent song writing and good production. As far as originality and energy goes, there is very little, at least nothing special. They do a minorly entertaining Men Without Hats "Safety Dance" cover. (JB)

Stiff Pole Records/ POB 10711/St. Pete, FL 33741

No Fun At All-Out of Bounds, CD

Wow! Good, sing-a-long, bouncy, happy, pennywise-esque punk. When I'm in a really good mood or have to do some work I slap this on and sing and dance the whole way through. If you like Pennywise, you'll dig this. (WD)

(Burning Heart; box 441; S-701 48 OREBRO, Sweden)

No Knife-Drunk On The Moon, CD

A well done mix between hard rock and mellow pop punk. The singing is good, as is the song writing and musicianship, and the music has enough variety from song to song to hold my interest for the whole album. In general it is rather sedate listening music that I can't imagine people trying to dance to, but for what it is, it is done well enough. (JB)

Goldenrod Records/3770 Tansy St/San Diego, CA 92121

Nomeansno-The Worldhood of the World (as such), CD

This band used to be really good, and now they're awful. This is some of the worst music I've heard in my life. (AG)

(Alternative Tentacles)

No Motiv, 7"

A hell of a lot like Pennywise, except more raw and much younger- the average age of the band is 15, I'm told. The music is fast, solid and melodic, and this purple 7" has awesome packaging that looks totally DIY-hand numbered and even comes with a poster. If you liked bands like Pennywise before they were on every snowboarding and surfing video ever created (like me) then I'd suggest getting this and getting back to liking this sort of music again. The last song is even a reggae sort of ditty. Cool. (SM)

\$3 to Its Alive Records / 900 Azalea Street / Oxnard, CA 93030

N.O.T.A.-Hell Hole, 7"

Duh nuh nuh duh nuh nuh, hellhole. Sure that's fine. Stands for None of the Above, ok. Doesn't really move or do much of anything but...well. It's punk, sure, live this if you like, go ahead.(J.Z.)

(Unclean Records, P.O.Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765)

Oblivian/No Empathy, split 7"

Oblivian just released a godhead full-length on Johann's Face Records. It's silly, melodic, catchy punk but I can't think of anything to compare it to. Believe me, it's really good. Get it. No Empathy, who play basic mid-tempo punk, just did a split with Zoinks!, two songs which I think are better than the two here. This release is a recommended sampling of both bands. (BC)

(Underdog Records, 2252 N. Elston Ave. Fl. 2, Chicago, IL 60614.)

Only Living Witness-Freaklaw, 7"

METAL! Total rock out metal, complete with high guitar squeals and lots of "yeah"s, and I can't say I like it at all. The cover is printed on that slick full color stuff and it has a nice big lyric sheet, so possibly this would be a good investment for fans of metal, but for all you people who like punk rock... (SM)

Chainsaw Safety Records / 85 - 16 88th Ave. / Woodhaven, NY 11421

Opposition-s/t, 7"

Hard looking appleCore boys growling at the end of the line. Clear waxen melodies lift spit and otherwise, entertain. What else can be said, they are yours, you t-shirt boy, you.(J.Z.)

(3ppd,Figure Four, 35 Eliab Latham Waye, E.Bridgewater, MA 02333)

Ounce of Kind-Inside Again, 7"

This band wanted me to tell you that I love this 7" and never understood the meaning of life until I hear it. "How cute," I thought to myself as I began to listen to the crap coming out of my turntable. But alas, and who would of thunk it, I really never understood meaning of life until I heard this record. You see, the meaning of life is as follows: Ounce of Kind sucks. I feel so enlightened, as should all of you. The music: "alternative" - semi-acoustic sounding, very 120 Minutes. A must for people who enjoy lame music! (MD)

(\$3.50 Just in Case POB 944 Cantca, CT 06019)

fine, above average ska with a wonderfully soothing vocal style on the more mellow songs, but the vocalist is willing to let it all go on the more raging songs. The pure ska pick of the month. (JP)

(One Wipe 2260 Budros Drive Reno, Nevada 89509-3807)

The Mushuganas-Dropout Girl, 7"

Imagine an upbeat Fifteen — with talent. Gruff, monotone vocals over guitar-heavy, fast punk rock. Nice. (BC)

(Harmless Records, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660.)

Nailbomb- Proud To Commit Commercial Suicide, tape

Members of Fudge Tunnel and Sepultura deliver an onslaught of grindcore. Lightning fast and very heavy, this sounds a lot like Fudge Tunnel. Pretty good stuff, I just wonder about reviewing stuff by a band formed of members of bands on major labels.(JE)

(Roadrunner Records<no address given>)

New Sweet Breath-Supersound Speedway, CD

Twangy (?) pop punk/DC rock with super distorted but still mellow vocals. I can't understand a thing he is saying and there are no lyrics so I suppose it doesn't matter. The music is decent I guess, but hardly captivating. (JB)

Ringin' Ear Records/9 Maplecrest/Newmarket, NH 03857

Niblick Henbane- s/t, CD

More headache records Oi! stuff. This is classic 70's/80's Oi...mid tempo, decent riffs. Working Man's music for sure. I'm not too into any oi music, but this isn't horribly bad. I won't comment on the lyrics and song descriptions, but as far as just music this is decent, but nothing I'd actually buy.(JE).

(Headache Records, PO Box 204 Midland Park, NJ 07432)



Record R E V I E W S ?

Pain Teens-Beasts of Dreams, CD

A band in need of medication. One minute an atmospheric, very eastern sounding duo (The woman sings, the man plays all of the instruments. Has there ever been a band with the reverse?) from Texas. The next minute, they sound like "Cream Corn" era Butthole Surfers. A strong Indian influence (sitar and violins are used to excellent effect) while Bliss Blood (?) caterwalls above it all on some songs, while noise cascades, and spoken words dominate others. Odd. Hard to pin down, but definitely not boring. (DC)

Trance Sydicate, P.O. Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765

The Paranoids-Auto Destruct Sequence, tape

This tape has no address and I doubt that you are going to find this tape anywhere in your local store. This is good stuff though. Snotty, crappy PA sounding vocals. Like a more punked up version of Wire. If you actually find this and its cheap, get it. It has a bad photocopied cover. Maybe Punk Plant got an address and it didn't make it to me. (EA)

(No Address)

The Parasites-V.M.Live, 7"

The sleeve says its the Parasites. I have no evidence or reason to believe that they may be lying. However, at the same time I have no real evidence that it is the Parasites. I can't tell! This sounds like shit. A live, authorized "bootleg" recorded from the audience's perspective, to make it feel as if "you were there." It doesn't sound like any show I've been to. It sounds kind of like a lot of shows I've stood outside of, getting some fresh air, but nothing like a show I've "been to." Avoid. (GG)

(Lookout Records)

Parka Kings- 23 Skidoo, CD

Ska, that sounds pretty original to me. The vocals are sung in a sort of mellow, ska way. I realize there is something really good going on here, I'm just not sure what to compare it to. If you like slower, traditional ska, go for it. (JP)

(Jump Up! USA 4409 1/2 Greenview Suite 2W Chicago, IL 60640)

Pinhead Gunpowder-Carry the Banner, CD

Great new release by these guys that was at first a 10" on Too Many. They're the East Bay supergroup, I won't get into it, because that's silly, but face it you dig these guys.

Good pop-punk that sounds kind of like old Green Day if it had more punch (I want to say more emo, but that would give the wrong impression, so I won't). Very catchy, very hooky, just great. Ok? However clocking in at 14 minutes it is kind of disappointing. Nine punk songs sure don't last very long these days... (WD)

(Lookout!, like you don't have their address tattooed on your upper left arm)

Pink Lincolns - Live at the Fireside Bowl, 7"

This is issue #3 of the VMLive series, something Joey Vindictive is putting out. Because this is recorded live, and NOT off of the sound board, the recording quality is not so great. You'll have to turn up the stereo when you throw this on. If you aren't used to listening to live tapes or old punk records, you'll probably hate this — I love it! It doesn't hurt that this is the Pink Lincolns either. They write some really cool punk tunes that come across well in this format. Pink Lincolns should get more attention from the punk scene than they do. 6 songs, 12 minutes, including crowd banter. (MH)

(VML; PO Box 183; Franklin Park IL 60131)

Pink Lincolns-Back From the Pink Room, CD

Angry, snotty punk originally recorded in '87. The style reflects punk from that time period. Decent. Their "Suck and Bloat" release is better. (BC)

(Stiff Pole Records, PO Box 20721, St. Pete, FL 33742.)

the Poison Sisters-Chicance, EP

The singer sounds like a bad Morrissey impersonator. And yes, that is a bad Steven Morrissey impersonator. Not an Alanis Morissette one, but I digress... The music is same old same old, kind of trying to be pop or something. The EP is actually not that bad, but it also sucks at the same time. The songs really drone on like they don't know where they're going and have no end. Yet as every cloud has its silver lining, there is a glimpse of hope for the Sisters. Perhaps future projects will prove worthwhile. Perhaps. (MD)

(Class Records 5 Paterson Terrace, East Kilbride, Glasgow G74 0BA, Scotland)

Pope Smashers-This is a test, 7"

Someone spent a lot of time putting the little booklet together. Nice work. If you are really a heisher disguised as a punk rocker,

than this is the 7" for you. If you have taste, well that's another story all together... (MD)
(Sunney Sinkut Records 915.L St #C-166, Sacramento, CA 95814)

Potlach- Gringo, CD

It says, "Explicit SK8ROK", but they look like badasses from South Central on the cover. Luckily, they do some really cool ska-punk, and the singer has a really cool accent. All in all, it's a fun cd. I wouldn't mind skating, or watching someone else skate while listening to this cd, it's so upbeat and driving! Yeah! Good stuff. (JP)
(Dolores/ Drottninggatan 52. 411 07 Groteborg, Sweden)

Preschool Love, demo cassette

Extremely basic Ramones type pop punk, the band called it "candy-assed bubblegum shit", uh yeah. The recording is sub par, and for a genre of music the proclaims its pride in being unoriginal (pop punk), this is pretty tolerable. I have heard alot worse, and I think a number of people would enjoy this. I think there are six songs here, only one is a cover, although all of them sound familiar, aah the charm of pop punk. (JB)
\$3.00 to Jason/POB 7371/Lake Charles, LA 70606

The Queers, Live 7"

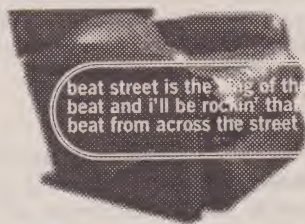
This is #6 of the V.M.Live series, the Queers at the Fireside Bowl in Chicago, 2/24/95. They do eight songs in 11 and a half minutes, including Kicked Out of the Webelos and My Old Man's A Fatso. The recording is pretty cool, they put mics in the crowd so the record sounds like the show did, and you can hear the crowd singing along. If there's anybody reading this who hasn't heard the Queers, imagine a more goofy Ramones mixed with the Beach Boys. I like this. (SM)

V.M.L. / PO Box 183 / Franklin Park, IL 60131

Rail-Luke and Lauraland, 7"

Rail has definitely developed into one of the best of the altogether weak crop of contemporary East Coast pop-punk. They are very poppy, to the point that Superchunk is a definitely viable comparison. Solid song structure and nicely worked out vocal work of the cross-gender variety. I went to see them live once but I got so bored by the ever insipid Copper that I couldn't stand waiting any longer and I left. Shit on me cuz this 7" proves how much they can rock. (GG)

(3\$ PPD Red Dawg Records.)

**Raise Cain- Bootleg, 7"**

Well this is on Sound Pollution so that should tell you what it sounds like. More than grind or crust it sounds like what melodic hardcore was like if it was REALLY REALLY fast...ie somewhat melodic and choppy but quite fast. The solos didn't impress me, but I like this record(JE)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742 Covington, KY 41017)

Randy- s/t, CD

Six songs of happy, upbeat, fun ska. I like it. And Cd with a song titled "Raw Butt Jim" is pretty keen. ya know? (JP)
(Dolores/ Drotningatan 52. 411 07 Groteborg, Sweden)

The Reveals- Reading, CD

"Hello. I grew up listening to Green Day and I thought it would be really cool if my band sounded a lot like them and I tried really hard to sing like Billie Joe..." Of course, this may have been unintentional, in which case, I'm sorry. Either way, it sounds like Green Day, so if you like them, I suppose this is good. (JP)
(C/O Theresa Minutillo 811 Bloomfield St. Hoboken, NJ 07030)

Richard Hell and the Voivoids- Destiny Street, CD

Ok. This CD doesn't make me retch, but I wouldn't go out of my way to listen to it again. My roommate says Richard Hell is a legend, so I suppose I'm either too young to appreciate this or I was in a coma for part of punk history. The music is weirdly new-waveish and dancable. They also have the all-night gee-tar solo thang going on in some of the songs. (JP)
(Razor & Tie Music PO Box 585 Cooper Station. NY,NY 10276)

Ringworm/The Aborted, split 7"

Ringworm bites my growl tongue but spits awfully nice and slightly hapless. The Aborted sink ships and kick shit nicely boy



girl bungling and whine making wine oh so nice splitting sugar bullets and rolling, yes they are indeed.(J.Z.)
(3ppd.Nothing Records, 2538 La Mirada Dr., San Jose, CA 95125)

The Royal Crowns-The Amazing Sounds of, 7"

Great sound, not too produced but not lo-fi. Too many bands are riding on the fad shittier it sounds the better it is these days. Thank you, the Royal Crowns. Two powerful rockabilly songs, "King of the Joint" is Jon Spencer sounding, but more rockabilly. "Mariachi vs the Bullfighter" is a more surfy tune. Definite keeper. (EA)
(Royal Crowns, PO Box 28605 Prov, RI 02908)

Rustbucket- el famoso, CD

I hate to just compare a band to another but here it goes. Soul Asylum in the nineties (Not the early Soul Asylum mind you). Yeah I know what a lame review. I here bands like this play the big bars here at the local campus, they have dumb names and play music that you here on MTV too. Last tip. It has one of those stickers on the promo CD to tell you the mega-smash hits on it. Oh, it is tracks #3, #5. College radio, you know the reason. (EA)
(PO Box 57-8935 Chicago, IL 60657-8935)

Satanic Surfers-Hero of Our Time, CD

The Satanic Surfers play Pennywise-esque pop punk, not unlike their label mates No Fun at All. The album is good but nothing seems to really make it different from all the other stuff like it that already exists... (MM)
(Burning Heart Records Box 441, s-701 48 Orebro, Sweden)

Shove/Torpedo- Tandem, split CD

Shove is sort of like what would happen if you mixed Velocity Girl with the Swirlies (old), which means the girl can really sing and the music is pretty, happy, indie pop. I'm a sucker for this stuff. Torpedo is indie pop that just doesn't hold my interest. even though the vocals sometimes sound like



Milo-era Descendants. The cd is worth it for the Shove side, though. (JP)
(Schizophrenic records)

Sicko-Chef Boy R U Dumb, CD

Hooray! These guys keep the releases coming and I keep my booty shaking. If you aren't familiar with them yet you should slap yourself. Great, poppy, not very distorted power-pop. Real sing-a-long and silly (like you couldn't tell by the name of the CD!) these guys are the greatest! (WD)
(eMpTy)

Sloppy Seconds-V.M.Live Presents..., 7"

This sounds like shit. It's garage, snotty punk recorded live, not from the mixing board but from mics in the audience. The goal: to capture as best as possible what the audience hears. The end result: a record that sounds worse than most live shows. The idea behind this release falls on its ass. Why replicate a shitty-sounding live show, which has visuals and energy to back up the sound, when studio-recorded records will always be more pleasant to listen to. Even though it doesn't save this 7-inch, the document of Sloppy Seconds' performance, however, is amusing because they constantly berate the audience. File this under NOVELTY. (BC)

Sludgeworth-Losers of the Year, CD

Named in the liner notes as "one of the most under appreciated and under acknowledged bands to ever come out of the Chicago music scene" by Ben Weasel, Sludgeworth's posthumous CD reveals the influence of an early Samiam/East Bay sing-along pop-punk influence. It's a shame that most of the best bends go unnoticed, especially in Sludgeworth's case. Oh well, it's never too late, so go out and buy this. (BVH)
(No label information)

The Smears- Smears in the Garage, CD

I like this CD a lot. The cover and idea is taken from the great Girls in the Garage LP series, which have great 60's girl garage bands (Find them!). The first 6 songs are



Record

God please let them end, these

REVIEWS

from the 10" of the same name. Covers: Pleasure Seekers "What a Way to Die", Headcoatees "Cum into my Mouth", Glass Opening "I'm on Your Prey", Bittersweets "The Hurtin' Kind", Troggs' plus many "Wild Thing". Pheww some great covers and an original to boot. The last six songs on the disc are on their old 7" from Hell Yeah records. The vinyl of it I had didn't sound as good as they do on the disc here. This disc is better then most of the stuff you'll find these days. (EA)

(Dionysus PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

The Sneakies-s/t, CD

This is going to sound bad, but these guys sound like Green Day. SERIOUSLY, I mean it, JUST LIKE GREEN DAY! In fact, it's really damn scary just how much the singer tries to sound like Billie Joe. That's not to say that they suck, but they could really stand to benefit by finding more of their own sound. (BVH)

(\$10 PPD to: P.O. Box 89512 Sioux Falls, SD 57105)

Society Gang Rape- No Fate, CD

Crusty grind punk from Sweden. Really heavy and brutal like other crust bands such as No Security or Disfear. Political lyrics dealing with rape, war, etc.. It's hard not to please me with crust, and this is done VERY well. (JE)

(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742 Covington, KY 41017)

Softies-It's Love, CD

This is one of the best things to happen to me lately. This is a beautiful CD ; it's very Tiger Trap reminiscent, without drums and a bit slower. That's pretty straightforward considering it's got some ex-Tiger Trappers. It's wondrous flowing soft music about love and relationships and it's a guitar and singing. I almost cried out during one song in vehement response to an accusation about a lover. I was so sad when it finished. You should be so lucky as to get this. (MB)

(K: POB 7154; Olympia, Wash 98507)

Speed Duster- 2 Song Picture Disc, 7"

A little bit of country, a little bit of rock-n-roll. Picture disc aside this is pretty good. "Last Stop- Motor City" is a rock-n-roll/country anthem about the city a grew up so close to. Sorry that no one wants to go there anymore. Thanks for the tribute. Song two is a cover, "Rapid Fire" about Ronald Reagan, its been awhile. There was

a time when all punk songs were about the president. It sound like all the other mid-eighties punk, memory lane. Finally on the Uncle Sam picture side we have "Behooves a Man". More rockabilly, country thing. (EA)

(Thick Records, 1013 W. Webster #7, Chicago, IL 60614)

Squirtgun, CD

Squirtgun does the pop thang well. I liked them live, with Zac filling in on vocals, better only cuz their regular vocalist, who was off reading poetry elsewhere while the band was touring, unnecessarily over enunciates his words. Zac has a much better voice too. The lyrics are weak... superficial... they say nothing. In an attempt to be arty, lyrical and symbolic (too much so!), nothing is said. Given that the music is well-executed, happy pop-punk where lyrics aren't the focus, this probably isn't a big deal, cuz you're left with a bouncing feeling anyway. (BC)

(Lookout! Records)

Stand Off-Over All, 7"

Grrr these boys are cop noodling and state splashing, not entirely slow for sure but super fast killing and repeating, killing patience for melody is all I can say. Not so boring but swilling on edges and somewhat, yes, boring. But super proud so these skins couldn't care less. (J.Z.)

(Distraught Records, 1707 A Eric Av., Sheboygan, WI 53081 and Power Ground Records, 1309 S. 21st St., Manitowoc, WI 54220)

Stanley-Clobbered, CD

This is rather competent but unremarkable hard alternative rock with some grunge influences. It is clean and tight background music. (JB)

(Another Planet Records, Inc./749 Broadway/ NY, NY 10003.)

State of the Union-s/t, 7"

Down in depths of daemon's cave whines and screams might pull this to listening (crows caww in the background, "caww!"). Threatening me since '89 for sure. This is anti-love this can be your anti-christ if you let it. But for sure keeping in mind consequences of such awakenings, droning this will keep you awake. (J.Z.)

(3ppd, Profane Existence, P.O.Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

The Statics/The Primate 5- Split 7"

Oh yeah, more of The Statics... It doesn't get much better than these three folks. A little slower than some of their more recent releases (the Pinball 10" being the best). "I Hate Everyone" is slower mid-tempo but contains their sound in true form. The Zero's "Wimp" is covered next and is not a bad cut but maybe a throwaway song from another release. Their junk tracks could be another band's gold if you know what I mean. The Primate 5 are a big surprise to me. "Gone" is a great dance along tune with super sloppy, crashing cymbals. Little organ, fuzzy guitar, and all that rock. "Action Woman" is a classic even if it isn't popular. Behind The Statics and the Rip Offs, the Primate 5 are one of the best around. Buy it, steal it, get it. (EA)

(Dead Beat Records, PO Box 283, L.A., CA 90078)

Steadfast - Whine, 7"

Nice and speedy punk/hardcore. Very well done with nice melodic guitar leads that cruise along with the music. Gruff vocals. Four songs. From Australia. Available for 5 bucks postage paid. Get it. (MH)

(Spiral Objective; PO Box 126; Oaklands Park; SA 5046; Australia)

Steakknife-Godpill, CD

Punk influenced by the Angry Samoans and Misfits influence. It has that sort of tone. An old school, rocking feel to it. On another day, I think I might be dancing around to this, but I'm not sure, and not today anyway. (MB)

(X-Mist; Riedwise 13; 72229 Rohrdorf; Germany)

The Strike-s/t, 7"

Old-style melodic mid-80's PUNK, in the vein of The Avengers, TSOL and Stiff Little Fingers. This 7" rocks in every possible way. I will eagerly await more from these folks. (BVH)

(Johann's Face; P.O. Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

Stuntmen- four songs, 7"

Unfortunately this record came with a big scratch on side A and I couldn't listen to it. So I will tell ya about side B. Song one is a mid-tempo, poppy in the 80's way song. Not very gutsy and not emotional. Just a slower pop song. Song two is another mid-tempo song reminiscent of a Jawbreaker and Bad Religion mix. Cool graphics if that means anything. (EA)

(Stuntmen 519 S. 42nd St. 3rd FL. Philadelphia, PA)



@#!&?%

Record REVIEWS

SteakKnife- The Day Larry Talked, 7"

This band reminds me of Dickies or Dead Kennedys, but sounds like neither of them. Nothing very interesting. Has the guts needed to do rock-n-roll, but has no energy. Can't really figure out where this is from, Germany perhaps? Anyways nothing special, sorry. (EA)
(Steakhouse, c/o Stoffel Junkes, Schmollerstr. 1a, 66111 Saarbrücken)

Sublime- Robbin' the Hood, CD

Some weird kids with jam boxes and nice dogs making weird noises and nice songs. Crazy rap beats. I don't know who'll like this, but I think it's pretty swell. (AG)
(203 Argonne Ste. 202 Long Beach, CA 90803)

Superstar- demo CS

This is surprisingly good emo-rock, possibly influenced by Avail. The recording is pretty poor, but the singer can actually (gasp) sing, and the musicians can actually play. And anyway, it's just a demo. It's a bit cheesy, but I hope someone puts out a record by these people. (AG)
(ANDREW MECOLI via Quattro Cantoni 6 00184 Roma, Italy)

Suppression/Grief, split 7"

I love Suppression. They are almighty grind, noise gods. Woohoo! Fucking brilliant. I can feel them moving towards a M.I.T.B. sound which is kinda weird, but nice. Check out the crazy noises in the last song. Hell yeah this is HOT! Grief is sludge. If you like it, alright, then you know you like it, me, I think I'll completely avoid it-booooring! However, the record is worth it for Suppression alone. did I men-

tion they smoke? (WD)
(Bovine; POB 2134; Madison, WI 53701)

The Suspects- S/T, CD

This is hard to peg down, very difficult (which is a good thing). It is definitely punk music. Sort of 80's D.C. inspired but not as filled with emotion. It was recorded at Inner Ear and they are from VA. It is good but not exciting. I won't say much else because I am afraid it will come out negative. A lot of people will love this. (EA)
(Torque Records 3510 N. 8th St. Arlington, VA 22201)

Teamsters- s/t, 7"

I don't think I've ever heard something so potentially great ruined by such horrid production. I think they're a garage band with horns, but don't hold me to that. (AG)
(\$3 to: Arcade Kahca/ 481 I N. College Indy, IN 46205)

The Third Sex-7"

I really don't know what to say about this... hmimm. Female vocals that are sorta yelled, sorta sung. The music is kinda noisy rock stuff... the best song by far is Mombies on the second side, but it ain't all that great. Oh well...(MM)
(The Third Sex PO Box 14554 Portland, OR 97215)

Tub-Why I Drink, CD

A heavy, sludgy yet quick feel. Very thick, noisy stuff. It sounds sorta like a much-more-heavy Jawbox maybe? It also has a bit more rock and roll feel to it. I can't decide if I would classify this as hard rock or hardcore or punk or what. Whatever it is, it's done well. (MB)
(Double Deuce; POB 515; NYC, NY 10159-0515)

Turbonegro-Bad Mongo, 7"

Rock and roll mutha fuckah! Rip roarin' dancin' tunes from these Norwegian boys. Shake your booty and get silly or get da funk out. (WD)
(Bovine; POB 2134; Madison, WI 53701)



Two Line Filler-Listening, CD

I remember I was at Will Quadiliacha's house a year or more ago and he played a Two Line Filler.7" for me and I thought it was amazing. Still are. Very Samiam influenced good stuff. The singer doesn't have the smooth aspect as much, but in general, I'd say Samiam a good marking point. Melodic hardcore: sorta slow, sorta pretty. A good, solid, great record. I'd definitely recommend this one. (MB)
(NRA; POB 210501; SF, CA 94121)

Ultra Bidé-God is God, Puke is Puke, CD

The first time I wrote about Ultra Bidé, I wasn't sure if they were a Japanese noise band, a la the Boredoms, or whether they were an elaborate joke by an American noise band pretending to be a

Japanese noise band. It turns out they are both. They are actually three Japanese guys from New York who play in a noise band. Glad we have that straightened out. They've got the stop-start, John Zorn thing going, as well as the Helmet-like metallic riffing, and the weird jazzy interludes. Pretty impressive chops. Truly, what more can you ask for? "New York Flat Top Box," anyone? (DC)
(Alternative Tentacles Records, P.O. Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

Unsettled-s/t, 7"

Nine songs on a 45 rpm 7"! I think you get the point. Brutal, fast and furious hardcore from these boys. Think Drop Dead, but a little more developed musically and a hair slower. These guys have got it going on in a big way. And if it makes you feel better it

has ex-members of Blownapart Bastards. Check this out! (WD)

(\$3; Passive Fist; POB 9313; Savannah, GA 31412)

VooDoo Glow Skulls- Firme, CD

Unless you live under a rock, you have probably heard, or at least heard of, the VooDoo Glow Skulls. This Cd is more of their fast, fun ska-punk, with some almost pure punk songs. Most of the music is incredibly fast and makes me want to jump around. Epitaph finally has a really good band. Let's hope we don't have to see them on MTV. (JP)

(Epitaph)

Walker

Mass Giorgini strikes again with Walker. I swear he should grab all these pop-punk bands he produces or engineers and start a revolution or something. He could probably take over the world on sheer volume alone. That said, let me tell you that Walker, like many of the others, is extremely listenable and very friendly. I really like the genre but I'm beginning to think that it's getting worn out. We need a change. Regardless, this is pretty damn good stuff reminding me at times of the Wynona Riders. (GG)

(Harmless Records 1437 W. Hood Chicago IL 60660)

Walleye- Familiar, Forgotten, CD

This CD is really good. Walleye are like the more emo, more complicated, screamier Avail. The songs are well constructed, and the music is well played. The lyrics are thoughtful, and the guys are cute. Yeehaw! (AG)

(Jade Tree 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmington, DE 19810)

We'd Rather Be Flying-s/t, CD

Trio from Nebraska favoring: 1) off-kilter guitars, strange rhythms, and undefined melodies, which then turn into aircraft rushes of noise; 2) strange, captain beef-heart like stuff; and 3) other stuff. By and large, they pull this off with aplomb, although there are some moments where they descend into fey, college rock annoy-

ingness (like much of the song "Montgomery is irresistible"). If they can just follow up on the strength of "Spring," they'll be a band to keep up with.

Promising. (DC)

(We'd Rather Be Flying, 7640 Fairfax Ave, Lincoln, NE 68505)

White Frogs-Growing Youth, 7"

Neo-pop-punk from Spain. They emulate a couple different So-Cal styles- from No Use For a Name type stuff to Operation Ivy style ska stuff. They even cover "The Crowd" from the classic Op-Ivy "Energy" LP and make it sound just like the original, save a slight accent. Over all this ain't too shabby. (GG)

(Alarma Records 2217 W Belmont St. Apt. 3R, Chicago IL 60618)

Whorgasm-Smothered, CD

I liked this, a cross between (and don't you love these comparisons?) ZZ Top and Nine Inch Nails, with some Cop Shoot Cop thrown in for good measure. Maybe some White Zombie, too. Catchy, heavy; often pretty funny (a dub version of "Aladdin Sane"(!?!)) and purile enough to keep me interested. Good drive-the-neighbors-out music. (DC)

(Royalty Records, Inc., 176 Madison Ave, 4th Floor, NY, NY 10016)

Witchy Poo-The Fifth Annual Report of the Punk Thing Formerly Known as Witchy Poo, CD

This is crazy. (AG)

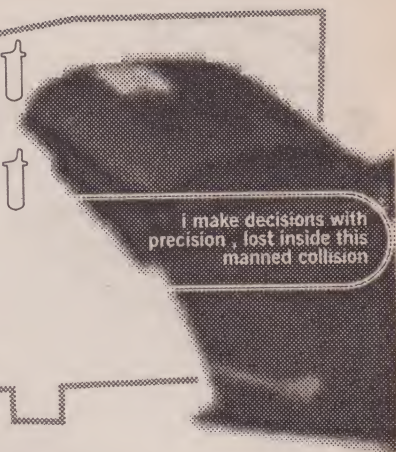
(Kill Rock Stars/ 120 NE State Ave #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

Wormbath, demo cassette

Six songs of low key mid tempo slow pop punk. This is the style of pop punk with very nasally vocals, minimal variation, and meaningless lyrics. There is also the token Op Ivy influenced ska-punk song. Although I find this style boring beyond belief, this band is pretty decent by my standard, and at least competent by anyone's. (JB)

No address.

you're killing me, i want you to know that



Youth Against Fascism- LibertadY Justicia Para Quien?

A Latino punk band from Chicago. I thought they'd be hardcore from looking at the 7", but they are more melodic up tempo kinda stuff. All lyrics are in Spanish, and although its a little light I enjoy this record. Reminds me of The Quincey Punx somewhat. (JE)
 (Alarma Records, 2217 W. Belmont St. Apt #3R Chicago, IL 60618)

Yum Yum Tree- Trendy, CD

This is the best cd I have heard all year. XRay Spex meets Raoul meets Bikini Kill and plays some awesome raging punk. Feminist lyrics with meaning. Three girl's voices combine on some of the songs, and their boy drummer even comes out to sing a song about Mudhoney. If you require anything more in a cd, you need help. (JP)
 (Girlie Records)

Zenigeva- FreedomBondage, CD

Really heavy grind punk. This sounds like something Pessimiser fanzine would love, it even has a little metal in it. Pretty damn good. (JE)
 (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092 San Francisco, CA 94141)

Zorn-Ghost of Zoro, 7"

This is entirely in German, so I can tell you nothing about this band (from the jacket or the lyrics) except they're a loud 'core band with a growling lead singer and a pretty intense rhythm section. For being incomprehensible, Side A is pretty decent. Side B may require a working knowledge of ze deutch in order to be appreciated. (DC)
 (Touch & Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

V/A-Achtung Chicago! Drei, CD

This is a compilation of Chicago punk bands including Mushuganas, Apostles on Strike, Pinwheel, Lynyrd's Innards, Lunkhead and more. Standouts are Oblivion, Houseboy, A.Y.A., Pinwheel and Slapstick with their rocking ska sound. Good CD, good value... oh just buy the fucking thing. (BVH)
 (Underdog Records: 2252 N Elston Ave., 2nd Floor Chicago, IL 60614)

V/A- American Headaches, CD

Well, this disc is a comp. of 4 Oi! bands, the Wretched Ones, Niblick Henbane, Those

Unknown, and Headwound. The Wretched Ones remain my favorite Oi band by blasting out slightly heavy working punk rock that kicks ass. Niblick Henbane is mediocre generic Oi, Those Unknown are pretty light and too happy sounding for my tastes. Finally Headwound have heavier Oi music, not too bad but nothing special either. A good disc for the Wretched Ones songs only. (JE)
 (Headache Records, PO Box 204 Midland Park, NJ 07432)
 (Dim Records, Postfach 1718 96450 Coburg, Germany)

V/A-Armed & Hammered, CD

Compilation. One of the better ones, in that the stuff is basic, hard, no frills, catchy rawk. Bands like Ff, Antimony and Pet UFO just blare it out, and it is good. Recommended. (DC)
 (Double Deuce Records, P.O. Box 515, New York, NY 10159-0515)

V/A-Bacteria Sour :Taste, CD

I'm not usually the biggest on really hard stuff, but... I was sort of suspicious when I realized it was in a construction paper box with imprinted silver writing. This is damned good. I opened it up to find a Pushead drawing and a multicolor good looking cover. This is really great stuff. If it's evil and it's worth listening to, it's here. OK, not entirely, but every cut on here is at least in the good range. You get cuts from ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, SEPTIC DEATH, STRAIN, FINAL CONFLICT, among a bunch of others that you've pretty much definitely heard of. After the stuff I've listened to lately, this is a welcome respite. I'm bouncing violently in my chair ready to kick some ass. Fast, hard, fucking-a. (MB)
 (Bacteria Sour; POB 422986; SF, CA 94142)

V/A-The Beginning OfThe End Again, CD

Compilation. Extremely varied, from Oi! to pop, from horrible sludge to funny satire. A mixed bag, as it is with many of these sampler type things. Good things, bad things, from bands as diverse as the Hormones and Fuckemos, Crown Roast and N.O.T.A. If you get it at a good price, consider it, though not a strong recommendation. (DC)
 (Unclean Records, P.O. Box 49737, Austin, TX 78765)

V/A-Black Hole Records Sampler 1995, CD

As with all comps, this one is a mixed bag. With acts like Lovegutter, Thorazine,

Newbyles and more this comp is chock full of songs. However, the standouts are few and far between. Only Stuntmen rock as usual with their pop-punk stylings and Strychnine and the Rat Traps are the ones who jump out at me. (BVH)
 (Black Hole Records: 12 W. Willow Grove Ave. Box 130, Philadelphia, PA 19118)

V/A-Brouhaha, 7"

A repress, what fun. It has a pretty swell jawbreaker tune on it that can only be found on this record, which for me is enough reason to own a copy, but theres even more! Monsula covers Cringer's "Cottleson Pie" with a disco breakdown in the middle (scary! ...but fun) and Cringer covers a Monsula song, which one off hand I forget, but the one that always made me feel like I should be sitting in a bar with a bunch of guys lifting up our pitchers of beer while singing along (ok, so it's "razors" happy?). Nuisance is also on here with a nice poppy, but not to memorable tune of their own. All star 7" comp. Hooray! Makes me wanna dance. (WD)
 (\$3; Broken Rekids; POB 460402; S.F., CA 94146)

V/A-Cry Now Cry Later 3, 2 X 7"

Anyone familiar with this series won't be surprised by this release. Some sludgy stuff, some grindy stuff, some noisy stuff. A real mixed bag, most of it filed under decent. What I don't get is why every band got one song, but Crom got a whole side with like 8 songs! I don't really think they're that deserving... Anyways, standouts are popular faves Suppression and M.I.T.B. and Excrutiating Terror who I was not familiar with before this fucking smokes as well. The rest...eh...whatever. Buy, scare your parents. (WD)
 (\$5; Theologian; 200 pier ave #2; hermosa beach, ca 90254)

V/A-Dear Fred: It was me that did it, CD

Great poppy melodic hardcore comp. QUADILLACHA start out with their Propaghandi-esque stylings and this leads into a CD of great (mostly) southern punk



rawk music. It's really great to listen to... Well done. The bands featured include: TRUSTY, LEVEL HEAD, SWANK, WEBSTER, among others... I didn't come across one bad song. I swear when you put this in, you simply want to bounce and sing along to nearly the whole thing. (MB)

(Bobby Borte; Sneezeguard; 309 Annapolis St.; Annapolis, MD 21401)

V/A-Green Light Go!, CD

A quirky-pop-reminiscent-of-K compilation. Some good stuff on here: SURETOSS, CUB, MOMMYHEADS, among a bunch of others. Nice background listening. Pretty damn light. Not that that's bad. I love light stuff. But it's happy, light, almost totally acoustic/light electric stuff. Makes you think of sunny days and/or your front lawn in the summer. (MB)

(BottleCap; 8719 Beford-Euleess Rd.; Hurst, TX 76053)

V/A- How Lovely Nowhere is, CD

A hardcore compilation with some really good bands like Oppressed Logic and Ringworm. Ranges from sludgecore to hardcore punk to mid-tempo punk. A pretty good compilation, some songs are mediocre but there are not really any bad songs. (JE)

(Nothing Everything, 2538 La Mirada Dr. San Jose, CA 95125)

V/A-Innovations In Music Volume 1, 2x7"

Six bands do six songs on this very stupid looking double 7". The music on here varies from alterna-rock to weird experimental stuff to some hardcore. Instead of describing each band's sound, I'll rate the songs on a scale of one to 10: Bello Lamb: 4 / Contagious Drip: 2 / Mind Over Matter: 7 / Scarab: 3 / Tin River Junction: 2 / Science Diet: 7.5. That means that on a scale of one to 10, this comp gets a little over a 4. Naw, I wouldn't buy it either. (SM)

Behemoth Sound Recordings, Inc. / PO Box 874 / Lindenhurst, NY 11757-0874

V/A-Landlocked-Missoulapuncomp, 7"

The A side of this is boring and not even worth talking about. The B side starts off with a bang though- the Jolly Ranchers do the high intensity thing and Humpy work groovingly in an instrumental sense. After that it's downhill again. I suppose I should add that this is a regional compilation from some place called Missoula. (GG)

(3\$ Wantage 675 E Central Ave Missoula MT 59801)

V/A-Let Back/Let Down, 2 X 7"

Now this I dig. Full of grindcore that makes me throw myself around and dance. It has a side by Despise You (their best stuff by far! especially since you can hear what they're playing now...), Spazz (Banjos? Banjos? I think they could play any instrument and still rule). Stapled Shut (hello brutal crust grind, where have you been all my life?), and Crom (getting better, at points great, at most points, not great, a little too deathy sludge for me thanks). Overall this smokes (so buy it you grind fan you!). (WD)

(5\$; Theologian; 200 pier ave #2; hermosa beach, ca 90254)

V/A - Nation of Kids, 7"

6 bands offer up a song each. This record has songs by Shitboy from Outer Space, The Jawas, The Mack, Property, Puddle, and the Peeps. Most play fast and sloppy hardcore punk with really stupid punk rock lyrics. The exceptions are Puddle, who do a garagey surfy punky tune, and the Peeps, who throw in some weird punk/ska mix. Overall I like the raw energy behind this, though I think the lyrics could use some improvement. (MH)

(NOK; 3104 Fouche Dr.; Huntsville AL 35805)

V/A- One Step Ahead: Swe Tone Dance Craze

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. A Ska compilation with bands exclusively hailing from Sweden. Sweden? Yes, Sweden. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Olov, Robbo, KAKs, Henko, Jonas, and Lenz have last names with more umlauts than you'll find in the coolest Dis-band's record package, but they sound like they are from Jamaica. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Don't get me wrong, all four bands on this comp are talented, funny and all that stuff. Good ska, sure to please any Two Tone fan. Ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! (AG)
(Burning Heart/ Box 441, 701 48 Orebro, Sweden)

V/A-Play At Your Own Risk Vol. 2, Box Set

Two 7"s and a 5" (which I didn't get though...pooops!). This isn't as exciting as I had hoped, oh well. The Quincy Punx are really the only thing I like a lot. Most of it is recorded really badly. Hmmmm. Sorry to say I'm not too fond of it. Maybe if I got the 5" with Propagandhi and I Spy on it I'd feel better. So it goes. Sloppy is as sloppy does, te he he. (WD)

(\$8; Recess Records)

V/A-The Poop Alley Tapes, 2 x CD

Thirty-one songs by thirty-one bands from Los Angeles on two CD's. By far the best known being Beck, as I have only heard of one other band on here, that being Kryptonite Nixon, and that being forgettable. There is all types of rock here, from folk to grunge, to whacked out experimental stuff. That Girl were pretty good, Charles Brown Superstar were decent, the other 29 I had trouble listening to all the way through without laughing or crying in pain. (JB)

(Win Records/POB 2681 I/LA, CA 90026)

V/A-Punkity Rockity All Stars, 1-Sided LP

Diversity is the key word for this excellent label compilation from soon to be fairly well known Punkity Rockity Records. From pop-punk to hardcore to garage, all bases are covered and covered well. Of the impressive crop, strong top to bottom, Grout impressed the most with their great straight ahead punk rock. Check this bad boy out ASAP. (GG)

(Punkity Rocity Records)

V/A-Punk TV, LP

This is what God (if there is one) meant when he made the word compilation. Some bands I know and like, some altogether foreign. And its for charity no less! A childrens charity even! Basically we're dealing with punk bands covering TV theme songs. Rad idea of course and well executed. Horace Pinker sound pissed off singing Laverne and Shirley and Hellbender scared me with Zorro. Zoinks! does a good job with Greatest American Hero and Themack's cover of Reading Rainbow will prove to the nonbelievers that it is one of the greatest songs ever written by a human being. A



SAY NO MORE!!! Record REVIEWS

dollar of each sale goes to Riley's Children's Hospital. Collector types should look out for the first pressing which includes a one sided 7" with Less Than Jake, Propagandi, and FYP. That press is now unfortunately out of print however. This comes highly recommended. (GG)
(7\$ PPD Red Dawg Records PO Box 2192 Bloomington IN 47402-2192)

The Skirts are old school punk rock that have a 'fuck you' type sound and generally kick ass. Masterbation are just plain punk rock with male/female vocals that sound really good; they remind me of the Pist a little bit. Finally Take Action are slightly hardcore old punk that rock. A good comp, you'll just have to fastforward a bit.(JE)
(126 Wilson St. Petaluma, CA 94952)

V/A- A Slice of Lemon, 2xCD

I think this is supposed to be a celebration of Lookout!'s 10th release. A lot of this is really excellent, and a lot of this is really poor. There's too many bands to list which fall into which category. Men's Recovery Project and the Sweet Little Nothings rule. (AG)
(Lookout and Kill Rock Stars)

V/A-Somehow it Don't Bother Me...A Tribute to Snuff II, 7"

Two British bands and three Japanese bands pay tribute to Snuff, one of the best pop punk bands ever. The bands are Goober Patrol, Ron Ron Clou, Hi-Standard, Middishade, and Wat Tyler. All of them do pretty straight forward covers except for Wat Tyler who do turn the title song into an acoustic power ballad. This is one of the best tribute records I've heard. Fans of Snuff should be pleased. (MM)
(Snuffy Smile c/o H.G. Fact 401 Hongoh-M 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho Nakano-Ku Tokyo 164 Japan)

V/A- Sonoma County Hardcore, cass

This is the flipside of the Mickey and the Big Mouths cass, but needs a seperate review. Several hardcore bands that are somewhat different. Weidemenn is sludgecore type stuff, the Invalids are kinda poppy and way to happy sounding, Crippled Nation are hardcore that sound like Oppressed Logic and are one of the better bands on the comp. School Box are melodic mid-tempo stuff with sappy vocals,

V/A-Totally Wired, CD

A compilation of some of the more important new wave bands of the late seventies and early eighties. Bands like Gang of Four and the Slits influenced the hell out of people, and their aura can be seen to this day over any number of famous bands — though by now these influences are a couple of bands removed. Without Pylon, there would have been no R.E.M., without Gang of Four, there would have been no Big Black, without Joy Division, there would have been no Nine Inch Nails. Admittedly, it is debatable whether this kind of influence was always a good thing, but by and large, you can see why so many rushed to imitate these bands. There's a real vitality. If you don't own records by the Fall, the Raincoats, Magazine, Bush Tetras and Au Pairs, you may want to check this out, to see where some of the stuff you listen to comes from.(DC)

(Razor & Tie Music, P.O. Box 585, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

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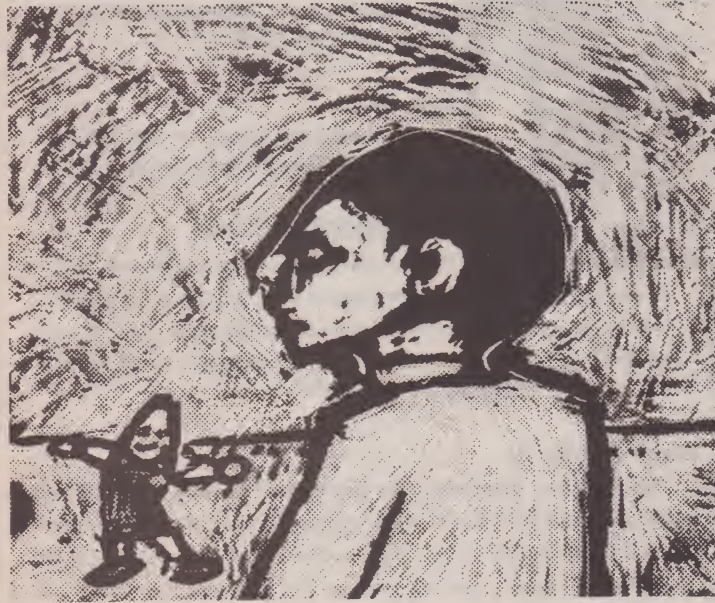
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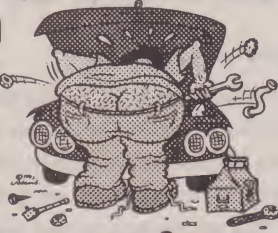
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Your bi-monthly fix of fanzine reviews is gladly brought to you by:

Kim Bae (KB), Matt Berland (MB), Jim Connell (JC), Bret Van Horn (BVH), Aaron Gemmill (AG), Scott Macdonald (SM), Jim Testa (JT), Dan Sinker (DS)

ADHEXIVE X #3

This zine is very friendly and has potential but isn't terrifically exciting. Standard zine formula here: rants, interviews, and reviews with a few creative pieces thrown in for good measure. The ints. with Whirlybird, Steve Albin, and Kim from Jawbox range from mediocre to entertaining but some of the rants (about major labels, media-hyped body image consciousness, and gender roles) are painfully generic. KB (\$1.50 or trade * Mike F. * 184 Oak Hill Rd. * Concord, NH 03301)

Alien #7

An intensely personal zine written by a girl who has a lot of depressing thoughts to express. There are writings about manic

depression, sexuality, feminism, and a lot of indescribable short thoughts that the author had and put into print. A lot of times zines like this are described as being like a letter to a friend, and this one is no exception; it even has a letter to a friend printed in it. Good cut and paste layout, very personal, sometimes disturbing, sometimes hopeful. (SM) (Witknee / 17337 Tramonto #306 / Pacific Palisades, CA 90272 \$1 or trade.)

All That-#6

All That has improved since I last saw it. While still maintaining strong layouts and design, All That has improved the level of writing and maintains a varied and diverse coverage of underground music. Packed with all the latest dirt on hardcore, punk, metal, hip hop and just about everything else under the musical sun, this magazine just keeps getting better. (BVH) (\$2.95 to All That, P.O. Box 1520, Cooper Square Station, New York, NY 10276-1233)

ANXIETY CLOSET #6

Jesus, this fucker's huge (80 full size pages). Very SxE/vegan oriented but not preachy, just informative. The ints. with Cornerstone, Snapcase, Unbroken, Indy Hardline, Masskontrol, and Integrity are more than above average and the side rants are very intelligent. Unfortunately, Paul Weinman's poetry makes an appearance and the most common typos (here/hear, their/they're) really grate on the nerves. The Simpsons trivia page and lack of torn out photos of bands and lyrics really kept my interest level up and the layout shows a lot of thought and pre-planning. Comes with a free patch. KB (\$3 * 4 Leona Terr. * Mahwah, NJ 07430-3025)

Apathy Drugs and Driving Vol. 1 No.2

Also known as AD&D. Covers the Austin scene, in a charmingly sick and twisted way. Hiding behind the ordinary-zine exterior is some original, bizarre, and

just plain funny shit. Ok I've used up all my adjectives so here's a quote... "Cheap beer, transvestites and blistering punk rock—just the way we like it. This is what America's all about." Some of the highlights include the Austin 1995 Punk Awards, some long scathing zine reviews/rants that cracked me up, and beer reviews. (JC)

(912-A West Elizabeth, Austin, TX 78704, 48pp half-size, no price)

Aqua Star Girl #2

This zine seems like a collection of the kind of frustrated writings would come out of the aftermath of a bad relationship, but I can't really be sure because there is very little in here that is specific. It's personal and angry and it has a definite angry girl voice. Most of the pages are just one or two sentences in large writing. Reading it, I got the feeling that I was seeing something I had no business looking at. Kind of disturbing. (SM)

(Subway Sissy / 17337 Tramonto #306 / Pacific Palisades, CA 90272 50 cents + stamp)

The Assassin and the Whiner #2

Uh, girl punk comics. Well drawn, decently written. I think a lot of kids could like this zine, but I'm not too excited. (AG)

(P.O. Box 481051 Los Angeles, CA 90048 USA)

Bad Faith & All Day Sucker

These two small zines are a collection of poetry and short stories. It's hard to tell where the poetry ends and short stories begin, because the stories are told in a minimalist style that makes them seem like poetry. The layout is good and works well with the text.

The writing is mostly about personal experiences. I wasn't all excited about reading these, but I can't say I disliked them. (SM)

(One Flew East, c/o John Zero / PO Box 376 / R.S.F., CA 92067-0376)

Bag #4

A waste of paper with some bands and MRR stuff. (AG) (50cents 907 Westwood Nampa ID 8365 1)

THE BEGINNING #2

This is a collection of rants by a girl named Octavia who skateboards and worries about the Evil Adult Conspiracy. She writes about how mainstream magazines try to make grownups hate teenagers, reacts to a book on table manners, wonders where the word "Oi" comes from, and so on. (JT) (104 Berk Lane, Slippery Rock PA 16057) \$1

Black Power #1

Nifty handmade cover with a color picture glued on. Inside is a mix of political and personal stuff, some of it pretty intense. There's reviews and an interview with Kent McClard, pro-choice and anti-organized-religion rants, stuff about the state of hardcore these days, and (as they say) more. There is also a lot of anger on these pages — you'll feel it in the pit of your stomach — but it's anger that will make you think. I'm sending off for the next issue. (BTW, don't jump to any conclusions based on the title — you'll be wrong...) (JC)

(Sparky Hardisty, 2584 Sunnyside St., Sarasota, FL 34239, \$1 ppd)





Blink-#10

Blink is a really honest "alternative" music/general zine that seems to have acquired their status through sincere, hard work. This issue has interviews with the Fleshtones, Bazooka, Papas Fritas and The Seymores. Also included are reviews of zines and music, an interesting look into the evolution of the Blink, a travel story, an installment of a cool fiction series and much more all wrapped up in decent layouts and good writing. Definitely worthwhile. (BVH) (No price info. P.O. Box 823 Miami, FL 33243-0823)

Blood Red-#2

Wow, this magazine has some really eye-catching layouts. Blood Red, out of Germany covers a spectrum of topics ranging from hardcore bands (Sick of it All & Chokehold are in this issue) to interviews with Mumia Abu-Jamal, layout master John Yates, an article about the defeat of a bill that would have benefited homosexuals in Canada (much like similar debates in the US) and much more socially relevant and important information than can be described here. Get this. Outstanding. (BVH) (\$4 PPD to: Jorg Koch, P.O. Box 210024, 42210 Wuppertal, Germany)

Blue Roses #4

A well-written, intelligent and insightful personal zine with writing about (in her own words) anorexia, relationships, neighbors, recognition, silence, self-hatred, and helplessness. All of it is connected, but it's up to the reader to put it together. There is a lot of emphasis put on the practical, real-life applications of feminism. There is also an extremely personal account of the writer's coming-out process, and how it affected her life. I really enjoyed reading this, it let me see a bit of the perspective of a person who's very different from me. Recommended. (SM) (Geneva / PO Box 40674 / Portland, OR 97240 \$1 + two stamps)

BOWLING DOUGHNUTS #6

Yet another zine that conforms to the "zine formula". Opinions, interviews, reviews, and a couple creative pieces. Ints. with Sockeye, the Queers, Bad Religion, a guy named Paul, and the Offspring that border between mundane and humorous. The rest is not particularly well-written or outstanding. KB (\$2 * 4221 Pleasant Valley Rd #125-152 * VA Beach, BA 23464)

BRAMFORD & ME #5

Anything goes in this punkzine - they print teen opinions of Richard Simmons, interview the talking-computer program Dr Sbeitso (who almost always answers your questions with another question.) There's a two-page mail interview with Versus, a chat with a friend's mom who is a local newscaster, reviews, a BMX pinup, and a couple of lame short stories. Amusing but could be a lot better with a little more thought. The same person did the funnier "A Day In The Life Of Applebee's" minizine. (JT) (2007 E 3rd St, Tucson AZ 85719) two stamps

Breakfast Served All Day #1

I've seen better. I've seen worse. Not worth burning, but not worth buying. (AG) (P.O. Box 52 1 01 MPLS, MN 55402)

The Bugg Race #2

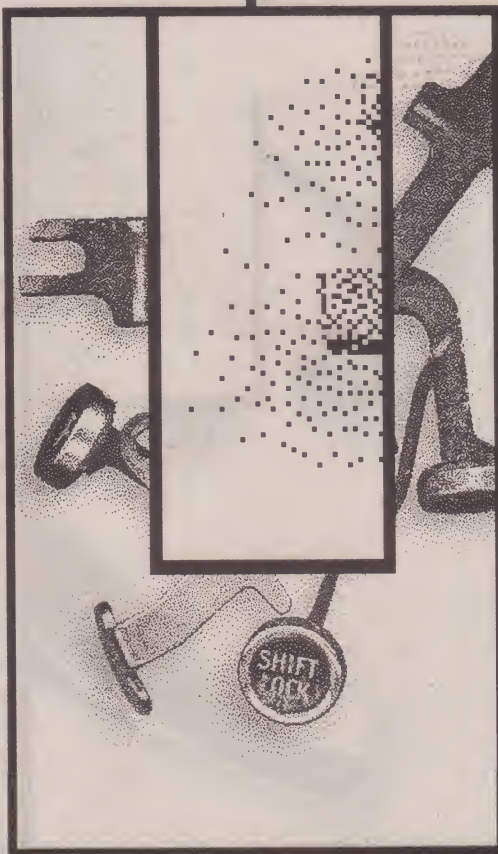
A bunch of opinion articles, mostly anti-government/anti-cop stuff, along with a lot of writing on punk, and there's a bunch of other topics covered as well. None of it seemed very thoughtful or insightful, and none of it was particularly interesting. Some of it was pretty stupid. Combine that with a bunch of bland layout and you've got a zine that I'd never recommend. (SM) (6269 Apache Plume / Rio Rancho, NM 87124 \$1)

Cardinal Spirits

Extreme vegan leftist politics. Pretty interesting stuff. Includes a story about him getting taken to the station for blowing up a fur store and info on curing herbs. Free Mumia, etc. A pretty good read. I mean, I read the whole thing willingly. There was no boring rhetoric... If you live in the area, this zine might have added value. (MB) (2 stamps; Jesse; 987 Meda St. apt. u; Memphis, TN 38104)

Cherry Pop #3

For the most part, this annoyed me. It's a really long zine, and mostly it's personal stuff, but there's a lot of opinion pieces too. The writer is a self-described rich girl who, in one piece, complains about how classicism was a big issue at the Riot Grrl convention she went to (she felt isolated). She also reviews a movie and says the worst part is where a 16 year old girl and a 40 year old man have sex (it made her wanna puke) and she talks about how Barbie-bashing (you know, Barbie, that toy doll with the impossible figure) is unfair because she liked playing with her huge Barbie collection when she was a kid. It's not all annoying, she talks some about relationships and it's cool, but overall, this gets a rather large thumbs down. (SM) (Karen / 1310 Milan Ave. / So. Pasadena, CA 91030 free (3 stamps?))



CHUMPIRE #58

Fuck. I just couldn't concentrate on this and that's not because I have ADD. It's for 2 reasons: 1) the editor types so that many words such as 'do', 'for', and 'that' (actual examples) are continued from the end of one line to the beginning of the next, and 2) the editor's writing style is pretty incoherent. Hey, if you like the aesthetics of a typewriter and/or it's all you've got, at least make your fucking zine readable so it doesn't give your reader a migraine. This is mostly reviews and some stories. In addition to the headache-inducing typing is the headache-inducing layout and the annoying typos. It has a very nice DIY feel though, and it's free (sort of). KB

(1 stamp * PO Box 680 * Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

Clam Chowder #1

OK, let's say you respond to a classified ad in MRR that says, "Hi, I'm a bored girl who hates high school and thinks everybody is a reject. My family sucks and everyone around me is a follower so write to me." This is the letter you would get back, except it's in zine form. This zine is kinda interesting, but kinda funny in a way that it's not supposed to be funny. On page five she says, "I just sit there, drink my snapple, smoke my marlboro reds..." and on page 14 she says, "I'm fucking up the system." You be the judge. (SM) (7630 W 131 st. / Palos Heights, IL 60643 \$1.25)

Contagion #1 (Fall 1995)

It's hard to know what to say. The guy starts out explaining why he's given up on trying to be a punk, and that his zine is not even close to being punk. And it isn't. What it is is a lot of articles and fiction, with layout as clean and professional as a glossy magazine and no pictures. Articles which I found particularly interesting include a look at what goes on inside a group home for troubled teens, and a discussion of the process of ISBN registration and its implications. This is heavy, dark, serious stuff. Check it out if you're into thinking about what's happening to our world. (JC) (Hard Pressed Books, 1430 W. Foothill Blvd. #34, Upland, CA 91786, 40pp half-size, \$1.50 ppd US, \$3 Can/Mex, \$4 world)

Cow Pat #5

Hipster Brits on the loose in America! This issue is about traveling the US with the author's band. They did a bunch of interviews with bands (most notably, Team Dresch) while they were there. (DS) (\$2 Kingswood Lodge Swan Bottom, The Lee Gt. Missenden Bucks HP16 9NU England)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF APPLEBEE'S

This mini-zine reports on life at a fast-food restaurant called Applebee's. There are profiles of the teens who go there to eat and hang out, a tour of the bathroom, reviews of the menus, etc. It sounds really dumb but it's actually pretty funny. And if I'm ever in Tucson, you can bet I'll drop in. (JT) (2007 E 3rd St, Tucson AZ 85719) 50 cents or two stamps

DISASTER #2

I have a grudging respect for kids who still do fanzines without computers. This has that cut and paste look, with graphics, typewriter text, and photos all taped together. Interviews with Das Klown and Pepsi Generation make up the bulk of the zine, along with a live reviews, ads, and a Paul Weinman "White Boy" page. (JT) (PO Box 215, Mission TX 78573) \$1

Dream Whip #6

I absolutely loved reading this. I was sad when it was over. This zine is filled only with short stories (no reviews, interviews, not even an introduction), usual-

ly not even a page long, tied together only because they are all based loosely around a theme of travel. I am still a little confused because some of the stories are written in third person and some are written in first person, so I'm not sure if the same person wrote all of these stories, but I guess that's part of the beauty of it: they make you wonder. And they are written extremely well. The graphics and layout in this are great too; very simple and attractive. If you like little stories, get this. (SM) (PO Box 53832 / Lubbock, TX 79453 \$2)

Dwgsht-#4

This issue has your standard assortment of columns, reviews mixed with some personal writings and some interesting fiction. While the layouts are a tad dry, it seems to be a very honest effort. Not bad. (BVH) (\$1+2 stamps to: Dwgsht, P.O. Box 2819, Champaign, IL 61825-2819)

El Clandestino #3

I hate it when I can't read things. This zine looks a little on the political side, even though the subtitle is "fanzine musical." Anyhow, here's a list of everything I can understand in an article titled "Jello Biafra": Jello Biafra, Dead Kennedys, Godzilla, George Bush (7 times). That's it. See what I mean? (JC) (Apartado Postal 145, Barquisimeto EDO. Lara, Venezuela, no price given)

El Libertario #2

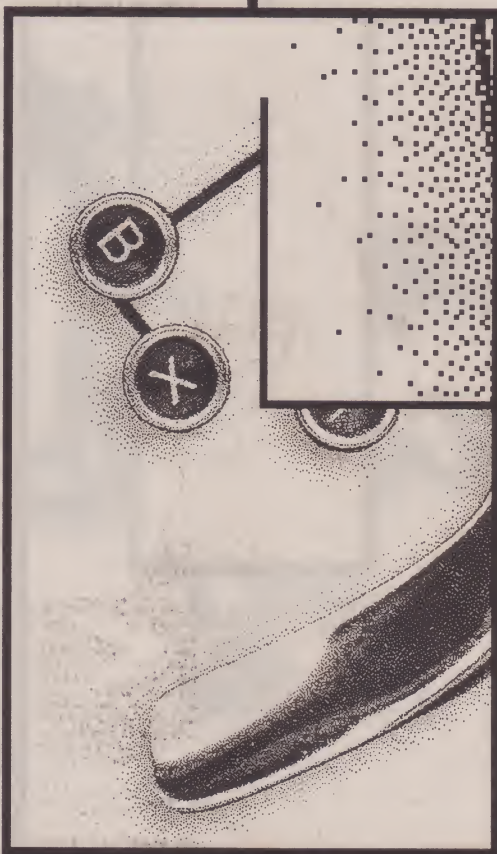
Since I can't read Spanish and my roommate's from Mexico, I asked him to read this. Basically he said that it was informative, it made him think a little, but they were a bit too rigid and dogmatic. He said that it was well-written and served as a mildly good introduction to Anarchism. However, he only read a few articles as it didn't hold his interest enough to warrant reading the whole thing. That's about all he said. As for me? The pictures are sort of cool... A few politically minded cartoons here and there. (MB) (E.Tesorero; Apdo. postal 6303 Carmelitas Caracas D.F. Venezuela)

Emotive Impulse #4

A mini-zine of personal writings, covering topics such as respect, violence, date rape, and dealing with illness. It's pretty short but it reads well and sort of gives you a quick glimpse into the psyche of the author. I think this would be cool if it came along with another zine, because it's kinda too short to stand on it's own. (SM) (Joeri / Astridlaan 341 / 8310 Brugge / Belgium / send postage (IRC?))

EVIL EYE #17

This is an extremely well written, very music- (rock-) oriented zine. Kind of reminds me of Rocktober with its essays/features on people/bands that are important to the editor such as George Clinton, Stereolab, and Françoise Hardy. Also included is an int. with Johnny Ramone, a lengthy review of 'Kids', an article about the RnR Hall of Fame and zine and record reviews. Not exactly my personal cup of tea but if it was, oh boy I'd be creaming my pants. KB (\$2 * Larry Grogan * 3 Tulip Ct. * Jackson, NJ 08527)





Excursion #6 + Ten-O-Seven 7"

The only problem that I have with Excursion-the-zine is that it's basically promotional material for Excursion-the-label. It's better than Epitaph's we'll-give-it-to-any-schmuck-that-has-access-to-a-copier promo packages, but the package-deal Ten-O-Seven 7" is about as bad as most of said punk mega-label's material. The real difference is that you have to pay for this. (AG)
(\$2 P.O. Box 20224 Seattle, WA 98102 USA)

Fatboy Fanclub #14

Some of this fanzine is really entertaining, especially the punk point conversion chart. Some of this fanzine is really not entertaining, like about a hundred references to penises. However, the entertaining stuff outweighs the stuff that isn't, and the columns are really good. (DS)
(stamps? 5341 Colton Dr. St. Louis MO 63121)

FFA Magazine #17

A short zine with a lot of very personal writing, most of it directed at girls the editor has had relationships with in the past. I felt like I was missing out on something important when I read this, kind of like I was reading bits of letters written by someone I don't know to somebody else I don't know. If you do order this, be patient- the editor is in Korea for awhile. (SM)
(FFA HQ PO Box 463 Wilmington, NC 28402 50 cents + 1 stamp or \$1)

FRONTAL LOBOTOMY #7

Well, nothing really outstanding here. This is a pretty typical cut and paste zine: really short, amusing, whimsical, occasional nearly illegible handwriting, reviews, and thoughts. If there was more here than 22 pages that could have easily been condensed into half that I probably would have enjoyed this a lot more. KB
(\$? * 263 Bridle Run Ct. * Alpine, CA 91901)

Fucktooth #19

I was flipping through and I saw my name in print. Automatic cool. I'm such a loser. I see my name in print and I'm happy for days. (That's the real reason I do PP, not the women or money. <grin>) So therefore, not only is this the best fucktooth yet, but my name is on the back. Travel stories, letters, personal shit, donny the punk, among a lot of other good shit. All put together by the irrepressible Jen Angel. (MB)
(\$2; Jen Angel; POB 3593; Columbus, OH 43210)

Girl, Interrupted

Shut the fuck up! This is the stupidest zine I've ever read. The wannabe-intimidating-feminist stance is completely negated by spelling that looks like the titles of (artist formerly known as) Prince songs. U kant break the chains of male domination b4 u lum 2 spell. (AG)
(17337 Tramonto #306 Pacific Palisades, CA 90272)

HELP #2

A lot of work obviously went into this but it left me a little high and dry. Although I like seeing a lot of photos (and these are really high quality reproductions), most of the ones in here aren't terribly exciting. Ints. with Threadbare, Boba Fett Youth, and Carissa from Screams From Inside zine were pretty run-of-the-mill as was the column about Christianity. I really don't want to slag on this though because it looks really good and the effort put forth on it really shows. KB
(\$1 * Lance Wells * 137 Tamarack #12 * Henderson, NV 89015)

Hope and Desperation #10 / Jackalope #3

H&D is a political punk zine that sports good layout and thought. It doesn't, however, say much. But that's okay. It's short, you can read it (happily) on the john. Jackalope, on the other hand, says a lot, and provides some interesting political thinking on the unabomber, etc. Yup. (MB)
(\$1; 2118 Central Ave. SE #144; Albuquerque, NM 87106)

Huh What? #2

Nicely done, easy to read, nothing groundbreaking. Articles about the Rip offs, Rancid, punks in local media, and more. (DS)
(\$1 PO Box 6114 Woodridge IL 60517)

Ian Lynam "cheap inspiration"

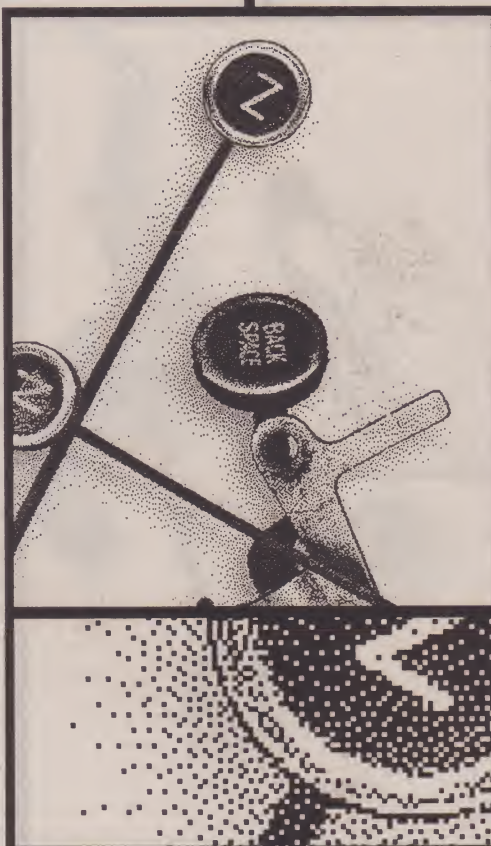
I don't know whether to review this as a punk zine or a real book. It's bound with a thick bond cover and a bunch of pages with chapter/thought headings. As a punk zine, it's amazing. If you ever doubted whether punks can write fiction, here's the disproof. As a real book (I'm measuring him against my array of books... everything), it's got a few problems. It uses cliché's a bit too often and the language is a bit too reserved (but well rendered). He's playing a little safe with descriptions of smoke and old men. But this makes a refreshing, wonderful novel to read in a sitting. (MB)
(\$3; migraine: POB 2337; Berkeley, CA 94702)

Icarus Was Right #1

Much of this zine is reviews, but it's more than just zines & records, encompassing comics, books, movies, and anime as well. There's also a re-printed article from Contrascience zine, and an interview with a band called No Knife. It really was mostly reviews though. It's competently put together but lacks passion. (DS)
(\$2 PO Box 191175 San Diego CA 92159)

I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck fanzine #1

It seems like everybody knows one or two people who have had these incredible lives that leave them with all kinds of great crazy little stories. Well, the guy who did this zine is one of those people, and this guy put his stories into a zine. There are 52 mini-sized pages of little stories here, in no chronological order, ranging from one paragraph to three pages long, and not one of them is dull or pointless. I'm a sucker for cool stories, and these are well written and



interesting and quite funny in some places. If you like to take a peek into somebody else's life every once in awhile (and who doesn't?), then definitely get this. (SM)

(Andy Box 21533-1850 Commercial dr. Vancouver, B.C. V5N 4A0 Canada \$1)

Impure #2

She was accused of being unintelligible in her last issue, so in this issue, she spells the sad truth out. It's powerful when intelligible, therapeutic when not. A sever layout of angry thoughts and harsh words. When someone spills out things like these, you can't review it, it's not for sale. People who have had to deal with abuse in the past should defintely pick this up. (MB)

(\$1; Subway Sissy; 17337 Tramanto #306; Pacific Palisades, CA 90272)

Innovative Plagiarism #6 (Summer 1995)

Yer basic punk zine, the usual stuff, but well done and fun to read. A lot of the articles and comments are about how punk is turning into "the punk rock business" and how much that sucks. Show reviews (which I love), plus movie reviews that make sense, and no band interviews. Other zine editors take note: the design and layout used here prove that it is actually possible for a zine to be punk and be easy to read at the same time. (JC)

(Liberation Records, 6633 Paseo del Norte, Anaheim, CA 92807, 40pp full-size, \$1 ppd)

Insight-#15

The cover of this issue is graced with a photo of Courtney Love cradling a shotgun. Now whether or not you want to call this tasteful is up to you, but Insight doesn't seem to care. A very graphically pleasing zine with a twisted sense of humor and strong writing. Insight has interviews with Railroad Jerk and Killozozer, fiction, articles and yes, P.I., Tom Grant's investigation into Kurt Cobain's suicide. (BVH)

(\$4 PPD to Insight: P.O. Box 51592 Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

Is That All There Is? #1

An engaging little zine from Australia, Is That All There Is compiles mail-in responses to presented questions and provides a glimpse into the lives of other people around the world—which is at times humorous and at other times brilliant. Also included are some very personal and engaging writings by Anna Gatling, artwork and an entertaining analogy about some hilarious, little-known coincidences between Abraham Lincoln and President Kennedy. Between the layouts and the content this is one to keep a lookout for. This zine is pure genius. (BVH)

(Two IRC's to: P.O. Box 26, Brunswick South, Victoria 3055, Australia)

It's Alive #13

I reviewed the last issue of this and liked it a lot. I still do, but when I got this one it seemed so familiar that I had to go check to see that it wasn't the

same issue as before (it wasn't). Maybe that means that it's got a consistent style (it does), maybe It's Alive is just beating a dead horse (ox?), or it might just mean that my Alzheimer's has gotten worse (did I interrupt you?).

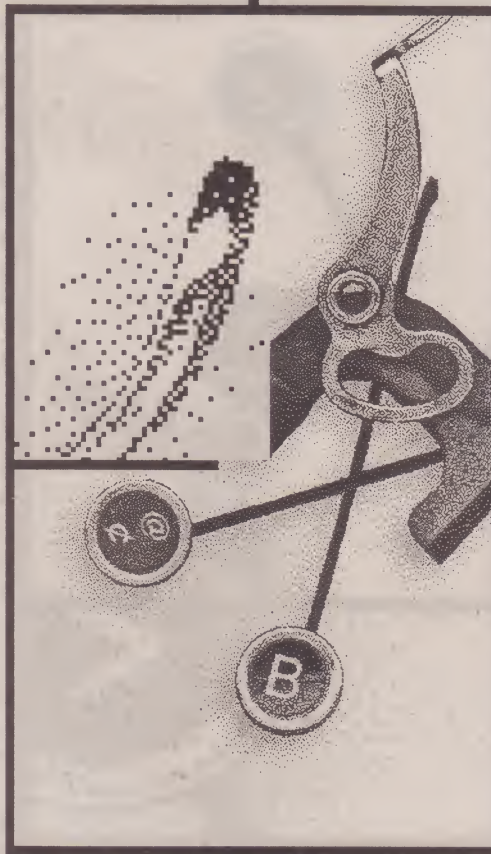
Nonetheless, if you haven't checked it out you might want to. It has a no-bullshit attitude, a consistent, strong sense of community, and nifty pen-and-ink artwork besides. The focus is on Nardcore, the scene in and around Oxnard, CA. This issue is almost entirely interviews, including ones with Stalag 13, No Motiv, Dick Circus, and a few other area people. (JC)

(Fred Hammer, 900 Azalea St., Oxnard, CA 93030, 32pp full-size, \$1 or 4 stamps)

Jumbo Shrimp #10

"Beautiful, excellent, yes, right." That's what my friend's art history TA says. That's it. To everything, no matter how absurd. However, this zine is deserving of such aforementioned praise. This is the "places" issue, but it's not boring travel stories in the traditional sense. It's about places that people live, or work, or play; it is NOT about "We went to NYC, we saw bands, we left." (none of that [my] hackneyed language). This is well done. Bravo. The writers were excellent. Two such examples are a description of a false memory of a flat in Prague, and of a place where kids would go in the summer to hang out. I wish I could reproduce (MB)

(\$1.50 /\$1 and stamps; POB 667; Prior Lake, MN 55372)



Just Like A Girl #4

A short, small zine filled with extremely angry and bitter handwritten messages to several different people, who are not identified, but you get the idea that if they read it they'd know exactly who they are. There's a definite feminist angle here, and a lot of the writings deal with mistreatment. Some of the pages got cut off in the photocopy so it's hard to read and messy in places. I don't really know what else I can say about this in a review except that it's fairly disturbing to read. (SM)

(Subway Sissy / 17337 Tramonto #306 / Pacific Palisades, CA 90272 50 cents + stamp)

Kaitlin the Zine #3

A really personal, really interesting, great zine. Not a skirt-the-surface zine. You want to meet her and talk to her... It even comes with a hand-made bracelet. I mean, I can't really rate her personality, but she comes across as a good-writer, definitely readable... (MB)

(\$1 or two stamps; Ellen; POB 843; Grand Marais, MN 55604)

Kali Hut #1

"Two images, 18,000 words, 100,000 dead, & still no clue." GENIUS! Chock full of nothing but great writing, apparently all by the same person. Perhaps Kali Hut is a bit too intellectually stimulating for the average punk-rocker, but for the discerning, thoughtful crusty there's a wealth of well explained semi-information for an unlisted price. My guess is that a few stamps will be suffi-



cient, and anyway the editor should be punished for failing to supply crucial consumer information. Support Kali Hut. You'll love it. (AG)
(Stamps or lots and lots of money to: 60204-1619)

LaBrujeria #0

A four page half size thing, all in Spanish. Zine reviews, a couple ads, and a couple essays that I can't make heads nor tails of. Sorry. (SM)
(Rua Pico da Tijuca 55 Taquara Rio de Janeiro RJ CEP 22715-380 Brazil)

Loudmouth # 1

The zine is constructed in a fashion that wastes twice as much paper than what would have been wasted by printing a zine with such thin, poor content the normal way. (AG)
(2 stamps 102 Lombardi Rd. Pearl River, N-Y 10965)

Middle Ground #4

A completely captivating magazine (as the author calls it) that is written in a flowing, comfortable style that is rarely found in zines. The author writes about old friends, his town, a suicide, finding a college, and there's even some excerpts from his autobiographical book. It's personal without being like a diary. There's an excellent interview with The Mr. T Experience. And it looks good, too.
Recommended. (SM)
(13393 La Barr Mdw. Grass Valley, CA 95949
\$1.50 or stamps email: tysonm@oro.net)

Middle Ground #5

Fucking incredible! This is a big fucking zine filled from top to bottom with writing! It's amazing, really. The best thing is, you can't tell if the stories are true, or if they're fiction. This is a totally inspiring zine. Just writing, writing, writing. You go! (DS)
(\$2 13393 La Barr Meadows, Grass Valley CA 95949)

MY BROTHER'S A PRICK FANZINE

The debut issue has interviews with the NJ bands Mildred Pierce and Thirsty, show and zine reviews, and an essay on drugs. In #2, the editor's brother finally makes a fleeting appearance (in an editorial called "Why Brothers Can be Cool...At Times") - but mostly there's more show reviews (the Warped Tour and the Clearwater Festival), reviews, a piece about the joys of Scrabble, and personal stories about losing a wallet and surfing Hurricane Felix. Send pictures of your brother for next issue. (JT)
(Bryan Niederman, 14 Moran Rd, West Orange NJ 07052) \$1

(MY OWN FANZINE) #3

A cut 'n' paste zine that's fun in that cut 'n' paste zine way that strives to entertain you rather than make you think. There's too much stuff in here to list everything so here's a general outline: ints. with Bob Conrad and Artless Motives, fiction, reviews, and lots of filler-ish fun stuff. KB
(1 stamp + 3¢ * Daf Hoenack * 5501 Valley Ln. * Edina, MN 55439)

MY WALLPAPER COULD KICK YOUR ASS #1

Half of this looks like it was done on a computer, but then there's handwritten little notes scribbled all over everything; very 'punk.' Interviews with Latchkey Kids, 30 Foot Fall, short stories, reviews, and a funny first-person account of a punk band's first gig at a "real" club. Not to mention the interview with the editor's pet cat. Sheesh.
(Eric Latimer, 4838 Waycross, Houston TX 77035) \$1

Nil By Mouth #5.5

The editor said that reviewers compared older issues of his zine to Punchline, John Yates' political graphics magazine. Nil By Mouth doesn't have the didactic propaganda qualities so characteristic of Yates' work - in addition to eliminating the radical left cheese factor, leaving the imagery unexplained forces the reader/viewer to exercise gray matter so infrequently stimulated by punk art (which doesn't exist, anyway. This isn't "punk", even if the editor thinks it is.) Also, excluding the exclamatory statement allows you to focus on the formal aspects of Nil By Mouth's design. The entire booklet is Xeroxed directly onto cut up advertisements and articles from glossy corporate magazines. Small circles (roughly 2" diameter) are then cut out of some of the pages, and glued onto others. This process forces the viewer to discard the traditional tendency to deal with images as sets of 2-D planes. The magazine as sculpture - I love it! Please buy Nil By Mouth! (AG)
(\$2 Devonshire Mil Lane, Tottenham London, N17 7NE, United Kingdom)



Off The Beaten Path #1

This zine runs the gamut of political zine formula: short opinion pieces on labels, politix (sic), sexism, drugs, the war on drugs, anarchy, guns, and finally, a piece on why Guttermouth sucks, (oh, and some zine reviews thrown in to boot) all done in that bad cut-and-paste layout that every bad zine uses. I hate to say I've heard it all before, because I really support people's efforts to express and promote their opinions, but I've heard it all before. And honestly, the problem is not that these topics have been done to death, it's that the writer dedicated only several paragraphs to these topics, most of which are extremely complex and worthy of more than a brief few words. (SM)
(Matt Detox 834 N. Spuede St. Louis, MO 63141 25 cents and a stamp)

Off the Beaten Path #2

Quick read. Personal but not overly, an interview with a local band, reviews. (DS)
(Stamp? 834 N. Spuede St. Louis MO 63141)

Out of Bounds-#4

Out of bounds presents an idea somewhat unheard of in the world of more "glossy" style zines: No band interviews! Yes! Finally a zine without a focus on the worn-to-the-belt subject of bands! Filled with a plentiful batch of political essays and journalism (along with some music, zine and book reviews), Out of

Bounds waves their flag very well. In this issue: Death Squad Diplomacy: The US. and Guatemala, The Seeds of Oklahoma City, The Assault on Public Democracy, Interference on the Internet and much, much more. This zine is exceptionally well-done and a welcome breath of fresh air—a well-spent, informative \$3. (BVH)

(\$3 PPD to: P.O. Box 5108 Arlington, VA. 22205)

Pancake Landing #1

A zine entirely devoted to the punk scene in Sudbury, MA— a suburb of Boston. There's stuff on lunchroom games, sexism in the scene, band nerds, and high school janitors who are also punk rockerz. Some stuff was kinda funny, and the thing on sexism was pretty right-on. It's very cool to see people not taking things for granted and appreciating what they have, which is one impression I got from this zine, but I also got the impression that this zine is basically for the Sudbury kids, and unless you really want to take a good long look into the high school rituals and punk rock antics of Sudbury, MA, this zine probably isn't for you. (SM)

(Tim Mato / 127 Woodside Rd. / Sudbury, MA 01776 \$1)

Paranoia Crittical #2

Irish punkzine. Cut & paste with pretty gross drawings. Not too exciting. (DS)

(29 Glendine Heights Kilkenny Ireland)

Pathetic Life #12

This guy's life may indeed be pathetic, but it sure makes interesting reading. This zine is basically the author's diary for the month of May 1995. It's all text and 30 pages long. The author, Doug, writes not only about what he does day to day, but what he sees, thinks, and learns about it all, and it's a really good slice-of-life sorta thing that I really enjoyed reading. Doug may not be the most likable guy, but he's a good writer, and that's really important— even if you are the most likable person in the world, if you can't write, a zine of your daily diary would be dull as hell. Anyway, this isn't dull, and although the price is a bit steep, I'll have to say it's worth it. (SM)

(Doug / 537 Jones Street #2386 / San Francisco, CA 94102 \$3)

Plot-#5

With Plot being a German zine, written entirely in German, it was hard for me to read any of the content. However, the layouts to this zine are very well-done and make for a very nice package to look at. This issue has interviews with Dawnbreed and Earth Crisis. Wish I could understand more... (BVH)

(No price info: Kleiser, Malmshemerstr. 14, 71272 renningen, Germany)

Polyvinyl Press #4

Another personal, local, music-oriented zine — zines done by people who like zines, like this one, are always a joy to read. "Summer reviews" of shows put

on in places like vegetarian restaurants and living rooms, plus the usual stuff like interviews and music/zine reviews. Decent ads, decent pictures, plus the best misspelling I've seen in ages: referring to a band as "defunked." (JC)
(PO Box 1885, Danville, IL 61834, 22pp full-size, \$1 ppd)

POOPIE #3

A fun halfsize zine from Chris The Noodle of the band Thirsty. He asks Oblivion and the Bollweevils silly questions, throws in some poems and games, and a few editorials on topics like "Does Hardcore Suck?" and the pursuit of happiness. Good for a giggle. (JT)

(195 Killarney Dr., Berkeley Hts, NJ 07922 50 cents)

POVERTY #2

Well, most of this zine was written in another language that I'm not even going to guess at because I don't want to sound stupid (argh! there isn't even a country name in the address). From what I could read, though (the ints. with Disorder, Resist, and Hiatus) this seems like a typical ill-thought-out drunk punk zine judging by questions like "What do you think of death-metal?" and "Favorite booze?".

However, about three quarters of the zine is written in <that other language> so it's not really fair for me to judge. Other ints. include 3-Way Cum, Dispense(?), and Bombraid, alcohol and music reviews, and a piece on Charles Manson. (KB)

(price: 10 KR (?) * Emil Sandeback * Riddaregatan 7C * 393 50 Kalmar)

Provo

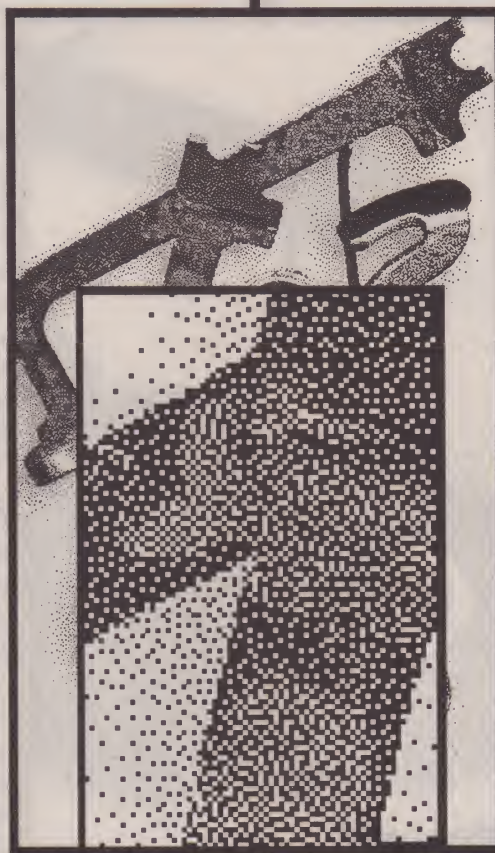
It never ceases to amaze me when I get a zine that is written in a language that isn't English. I love it! Too often punk seems like it forces people to communicate in English, ignoring their own language and culture. Bully to all those that don't! However, this zine is from Venesuala, I can't read most of it, but I did take a few years of Spanish, and I can understand some of it. It's a political zine with a strong anti-military stance. (DS)

(Apartado postal 145 Barquisimeto Venezuela)

Punk Rock Magazine #1

This zine came with a long typed letter in English from Mariano explaining how he's a big punk rock fan and would welcome tape and zine trades. His zine is a huge, ambitious, professional production with a long list of contributors and a rather broad view of what constitutes punk rock. I wish I could read it — it's page after page of text in Spanish or Portuguese or something. Anyhow, contact him if you want to find out about the scene in Argentina, or just send him some stuff!!! (JC)

(Mariano Asch, Bosch 915, 1638 Vicente Lopez, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 48pp full-size, \$4 ppd)





The Rain That Fell Last Night Made Me Fall In Love With You #8

If nothing else, this wins for the longest zine title I had to review this issue. This is a really interesting zine. It's both political and personal, but the most impressive thing is that it keeps a really consistent tone throughout. It's really bleak. I like that. (DS)

(\$1 PO Box 15306 Santa Rosa CA 95402)

Rendezvous With Violence #6

Various thoughts and opinions are scattered throughout this zine along with a lot of pictures of hardcore bands. The author talks about his outlook on life, and while a lot of the things he says are really cool ideas that I can relate to, some of the things he talks about left me clueless as to what he was trying to communicate, and a few of the things are just plain silly. But the cool things outweigh the uncool, and it looks really good, really nice layout, so I'd have to say it's worth those two stamps. (SM)

(Justin 20 Gerald rd #2 Brighton, MA 02135
2 stamps)

Ripping Thrash #10-1/2 Newsletter (September 1995)

A single sheet listing dozens of zines, records and such, half from England and half from everywhere else (including NJ). Their intent is to help get the word out on worthwhile DIY projects, by printing short classified ads real cheap. This appears to be a between-issues project of the zine Ripping Thrash. (JC)

(Steve, Ripping Thrash/MUT, PO Box 152, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs DE14 1XX, England, 2pp full-size, \$1 ppd)

Risk #8

There's a little problem you learn about in the 'zine biz called dot gain. That's when the black ink bleeds out a little bit on the paper you're printing to. Most of the time, it's not enough to really fuck up a zine, but in this case it is. This is a tiny little 1/4 size zine, and everything is shrunk down so small that it's either hard to read or completely illegible due to dot gain. The stuff that you can read is really nice, personal, but interesting about Atari and Vespas, and aliens (my three favorite topics), and so I would very much like to be able to read the rest of it. (DS)

(2 stamps 1206 Mellon St. Little Rock, AR 72207)

Simba #10

The last time I read Simba, it was good and well-written, but a tad too dense to just sit down and read and think about. She (Vique) did most of the thinking for you and wouldn't let you interject your thoughts into the issues. In the new one, she writes a little more smoothly and it works better. That makes for a wonderful zine. It's about her life, her mom's death, her family's coping, and Split Lip. Pretty powerful... I wish I could sit down and just talk to her because a lot of the time I feel like she's trying to be indirect with her language. That's what this zine is, that's why you will get it. (MB)

(\$2; 212 Abbey Hey Lane; Abbey Hey; Manchester M18 8TW; ENGLAND)

SIMON (Some Incessant Mindless Odd Nonsense)

This is what happens when a teenage girl growing up in Westchester gets bored out of her mind during the summer. The scary part is I identify completely. The zine is lots of fun, very personal, and a bit on the quirky side. Some out-of-context quotes... "Haggis. Yumm." "If the service was better, it just wouldn't be Taco Bell!" "Tower Records is cool because they decided to put the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers soundtrack on display in their listening station." ...and my favorite, "Work is for the employed." Plus DIY fun with a

Replens Vaginal Moisturizer Pre-Filled Applicator. Mikey likes it. (JC)
(Alison Fair, 75 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10003, Egghead Jr@aol.com, 40pp half-size, no price but send a buck or two)

Slug & Lettuce #41 (October 1995)

A New York institution. Newsprint bimonthly handout, chock full of columns, reviews, classifieds, good ads, and a zillion cool pictures from ABC No Rio and Coney Island High. (JC)

(c/o Christine, PO Box 2067, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, 12pp tabloid-size, \$0.55 ppd US, \$0.80 Can/Mex, \$1.35 world)

SOCIEDADE DOS MUTILADOS #5

This is all in Spanish and since I've taken Spanish classes for 7 years I gave it a shot but I couldn't understand this dialect (the typos didn't help either). Therefore it's hard to distinguish the content but here goes. Looks like there's a scene report, an int. with Anderson Afonso from Allied Forces zine, the editor of Protectors of Noise zine, and Anorkia, reviews, and assorted articles. Sorry I couldn't do better than this. KB

(\$? this fucker's thick so I'd say \$3 or \$4 *
Josinaldo ou Jamys * Caixa Postal 710 * Sao Luis/MA * 65001-970 * Brasil)

Sound Views-#37

Like clockwork, with every issue off PP, I get to review Sound Views. For those of you who don't know what it is, Sound Views covers punk/hardcore/underground music, has a ton of reviews and does a damn good job at it. This issue has Alice Donut, Earth Crisis, Lordz

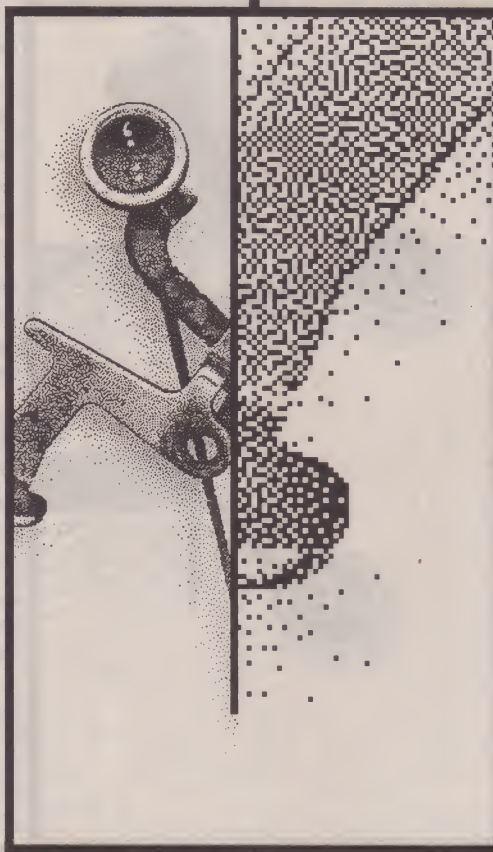
of Brooklyn and much more. (BVH)

(\$2 to: 96 Henry St., Suite 5W Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713)

Spirals Upward #2 / Libel #15

A split mini-zine that is personal and political and pretty enjoyable. It is political in that it has a lot of stuff on sexism, and since one side is written by a boy and the other by a girl, the zine seems balanced, which is good. The rest is personal, and although I found a lot of the writing in Libel to be pretty cryptic, the writing in Spirals Upward was very enjoyable; there are memories, quotes, ambitions, and saying goodbye. It also comes with a neat little "book of songs" stapled inside. A good zine. (SM)

(Basement Children, c/o Shayna / 3402 Campbell / Rolling Meadows, IL 60008 \$1)



Square Suckers #2

Pretty good prose, but I didn't feel like taking the time to read it all. I think it's one story. Not bad, I hope. (AG)
 (Rt ! Box 424, Unicoi, TN 3 7692)

Story of my Scab #4

At first glance, I thought this zine was terrible. It's really messy, and hard to read. But once you force yourself to sit down with it, what's in it is really good! It's mostly interviews with unconventional interviewees. Aaron Cometbus, Drive Like Jehu, and most exciting, the guy that makes those Andre The Giant stickers! This is really good, now if you would just spend a little more time on laying it out... (DS)
 (\$1 Box 1976 Ogunquit, ME 03907)

Suburban Voice-#37

Neck and neck with Sound Views for issue number, Suburban Voice (same initials even... hmmm, could Al Quint and Lee Greenwood be some sort of evil twins of the zine industry?) brings us interviews with Avail, Battalion of Saints, Bouncing Souls, Elastica, The Muffs, The Riverdales and much more. Plus, this issue brings us a free 7", as is the tradition, with The Wretched Ones and No Empathy. As always you can't go wrong by getting this. (BVH)
 (\$4 PPD to: P.O. Box 2746 Lynn, Ma. 01903)

Super Black Black

Very artsy. It's overall pretty well done and kept my interest. The art is wonderful. The drawings are full of life and enraptured me. The text is sparse but poetic. The art is much like that of the Evergreen stuff or the Still Life booklet. (MB)
 (\$3.50 POB 2337; Berkeley, CA 94702)

Tailspins-#24

A varied "glossy" mag, Chicago's Tailspins is chock full of interviews with The Smears, The Doll Rods, Snapcase, Son of Svengoolie (a horror movie host in Chicago), Sense field, Sidekick Kato, Mouthpiece and tons of reviews. Not bad, but not horribly unlike a ton of other zines out there. (BVH)
 (\$3 PPD to: P.O. Box 5467, Evanston, IL 60204)

Test Press-#2

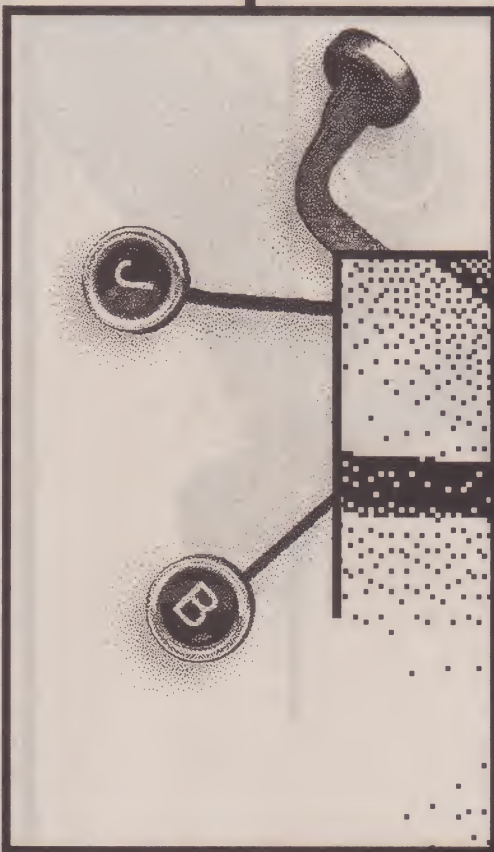
This is kind of a weird little mish-mash zine. It has a ton of reviews, some various columns of sorts and a strange compilation tape with Whorgasm and some other fishy sounding bands. (BVH)
 (\$4 to: 176 Madison Ave. 4th FL, New York, NY 10016)

Tony Must Die!! #4

This is the breakfast issue. It's refreshing because they just stick to the topic at hand. Recipes, lists, little breakfast articles. Very good, kids! (DS)
 (stamps? 1573 N. Milwaukee Ave 430 Chicago, IL 60622)

TPR vol. 1 issue 5

This has the dumbest layout I've ever seen. 6 pages divided into 2 columns that each continue (or sometimes don't) onto the next page, enormous type, and lots of blank space. This guy obviously had no clue what he was talking about in the int. with Brett from Epitaph. The least he could have done was made a simple, meager attempt to get the facts straight, for example that Brett didn't quit Bad Religion to start up Epitaph (come on!) or that Bad Religion signed to Atlantic. The entire int. (the only item of any interest whatsoever - trust me on this one) is basically Brett correcting this idiot's mistakes. Sometimes I get ugly after reading a particularly horrific zine and this has been one of those times. This is the only time you'll ever hear me say that a zine has absolutely no potential. (KB)
 (\$3-1 year subscription * Paul Diem * 12715 Lee Ben Rd. * Kingsville, MD 21087)



TRAILER TRASH #3

A real hodgepodge of ideas. There's a guide to Memphis restaurants to avoid (courtesy of a Board Of Health report), record stores to check out, and a guide to weird area churches; an on-line discussion of prostitution reprinted; interviews with Eve And I and The Strychnines; reviews; a hand-written diary; and more. Enough stuff going on to hold your interest, although I'm not sure how well it all hangs together. (JT)
 (Michelle Shute, PO Box 753086, Memphis TN 38175) \$2

Under the Volcano-#27

Yet another issue of this zine, making it as solid as Jersey Beat, Suburban Voice or Sound Views for regularity. This issue has interviews with The Joykiller, Milhouse, Pennywise, Shades Apart, fiction by M. Gira, reviews and much more. (BVH)
 (\$2 PPD to: P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767)

Vapid

A small cartoon zine of a punk in love. Sort of a cool little read drawn by the guy who does the Arnie zine (a kick-ass English comiczine). I'm totally into this. It's tuff like this that makes me want to (or never again)

fall in love. Superbly drawn, good story. Wish it was longer... Perhaps a graphic novel or something someday? (MB)
 (\$.75 or \$2UK; migraine; POB 2337; Berkeley, CA 94702)

Velour # I

I don't get it. The zine is from Berkeley, but most of it talks about the Albany, Troy, Schenectady area of New York. A lot of it is funny childhood stories; Ninjas, Cub Scouts and so on. Cute. An interview with Sam McPheeters about the old Albany hardcore scene. Some newsclippings about aforementioned punk icon's first book (he was 12). A back cover by Simon from Arnie. Good layouts, good writing. Buy it. (AG)
 (\$2.25 P.O. Box 2337, Berkeley, CA 94702)

WAKE UP OR DIE #2

One of those zines that looks like somebody took all the messy, half-crumpled pages from their high-school looseleaf and stapled them all together. The photocopying on my copy was almost illegible, the pages that are handwritten are unreadable, & some of this is personal stuff (like the "Moron Of The Month" column about some bully the editor has a problem with.) The zine and record reviews show that this good could do a lot better. I wish he would try. (JT)
 (Mitch Brown, 624 Zoll, Warrensburg MO 64093) two stamps

WE AIN'T GOT NO CAR: The Zine Of Interplanetary Teenage Stupidity #1

If only this zine could live up to its name!! It's not that cool but editor Jack has a decent perzine here, reflecting his life as a punk (he does distro, puts on shows, runs his own computer bulleting board, and plays in bands.) A lot of this is a bitter look back at his last year of high school, plus some BBS information and reviews. Worth a look.
 (Jack, 2207 Shades Crest, Huntsville AL 35801) One stamp

What the Fuck? #3

A bunch of words that attempt to convey a bunch of emotions but get lost somewhere between writer and reader. Some of this is interesting, some of this is confusing, and some of this is just plain bad. The thing about stumbling into somebody's squat was very cool. The poetry was not cool. All things considered, the cool is outweighed by the not cool. (SM)
 (Claire c/o R. Sutter PO Box 15306 Santa Rosa, CA 95402 stamps?)

WHAT'S GOING ON IN MY PANTS? #2

Interviews with A.F.I., Blanks 77, reviews, and a funny story/editorial entitled "The Evanston XX Str-8 Edge XX Posse Is Fuckin' Lame." Pretty messy, and the hand-written reviews were a chore to read, but thumbs up for attitude. (JT)
 (CJ, 488 Green Bay Rd., Highland Park IL 60035) \$1

WHIRLY BIRDS #12

This mini-zine is so good, I wish the editors would get off their butts and try a full-sized effort. There's an interview with Violent Anal Death, an article about their anti-Green Day postering campaign, pranks to play on jocks (I thought leaving carpet tacks in the shower was a bit cruel,) dating tips, and reviews. Cool. (JT)
 (PO Box 422, Providence RI 02901) One stamp

Worlds in Collision (November 1995)

A listing of foreign zines, separated into English and non-English categories, some with reviews. It's really cool that people undertake things like this — it's a lot of work. But a list like this helps to strengthen the network of DIY communication that holds the whole punk culture together. Get the list and send

off for a couple of zines — learning how punks live in other cultures can be a powerful experience. (JC)

(Christopher Becker, PO Box 170063, San Francisco, CA 94117, chrisb6066@aol.com, 4pp full-size, SASE/IRC, email version available)

Y-UP #2

The writing in here is either really juvenile or pretentious and arty. The cover says "How to Become a Lunatic - Interview with the Red Aunts - Mr. Quintron - Poetry - and more..." The "and more..." is an intro page. Ugh, boring. (KB)
 (1 stamp * SH3 Hutchison, Kelly (S-3 Division) * USS Jarrett (FFG-33) * FPO AP 96669-1489)

Zine #14

A four page newsprint deal written entirely in Spanish. Although I'm currently finishing my fourth level of Spanish, I can't read enough of this to figure out what's really going on here, except that there are a lot of reviews, and it looks pretty good. This is embarrassing. Sorry. (SM)
 (R. Deputado Soares Filho 310/303 Tijuca Rio De Janerio RJ 20540-040 Brazil)



Well, the first fanzine review section of the new year is done. Do you notice a length difference between this and the record reviews?

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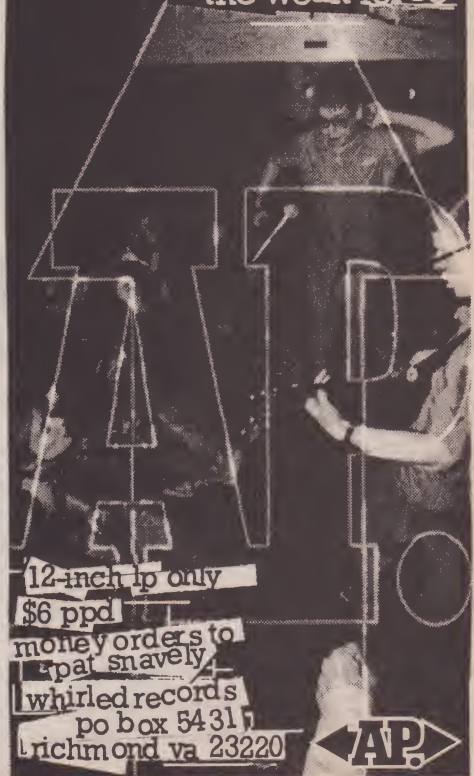
It is also a THANK YOU note to everyone who had anything to do with the tour we just finished w/ Bisybackson. It went very well because of a lot of cool kids all over the place.

It is also a note to tell STORES & DISTRIBUTORS to write us. Please.

It is also a TEASE for new records coming out soon on Rebel Alliance by bands too... well... too, something to mention just now.

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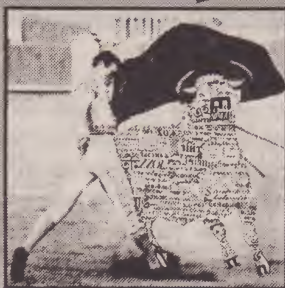
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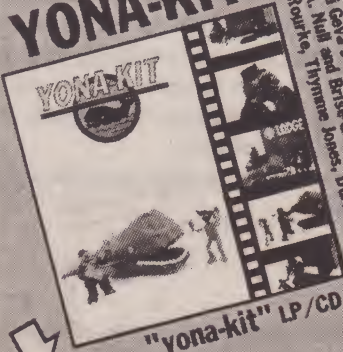
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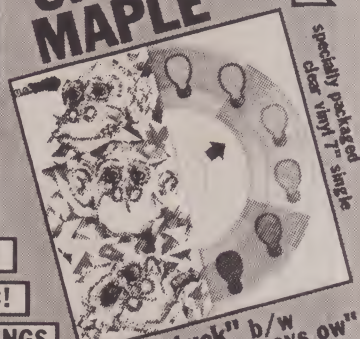
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We sincerely thank everyone who has supported us over the years. Blacklist has meant a lot to all of us.

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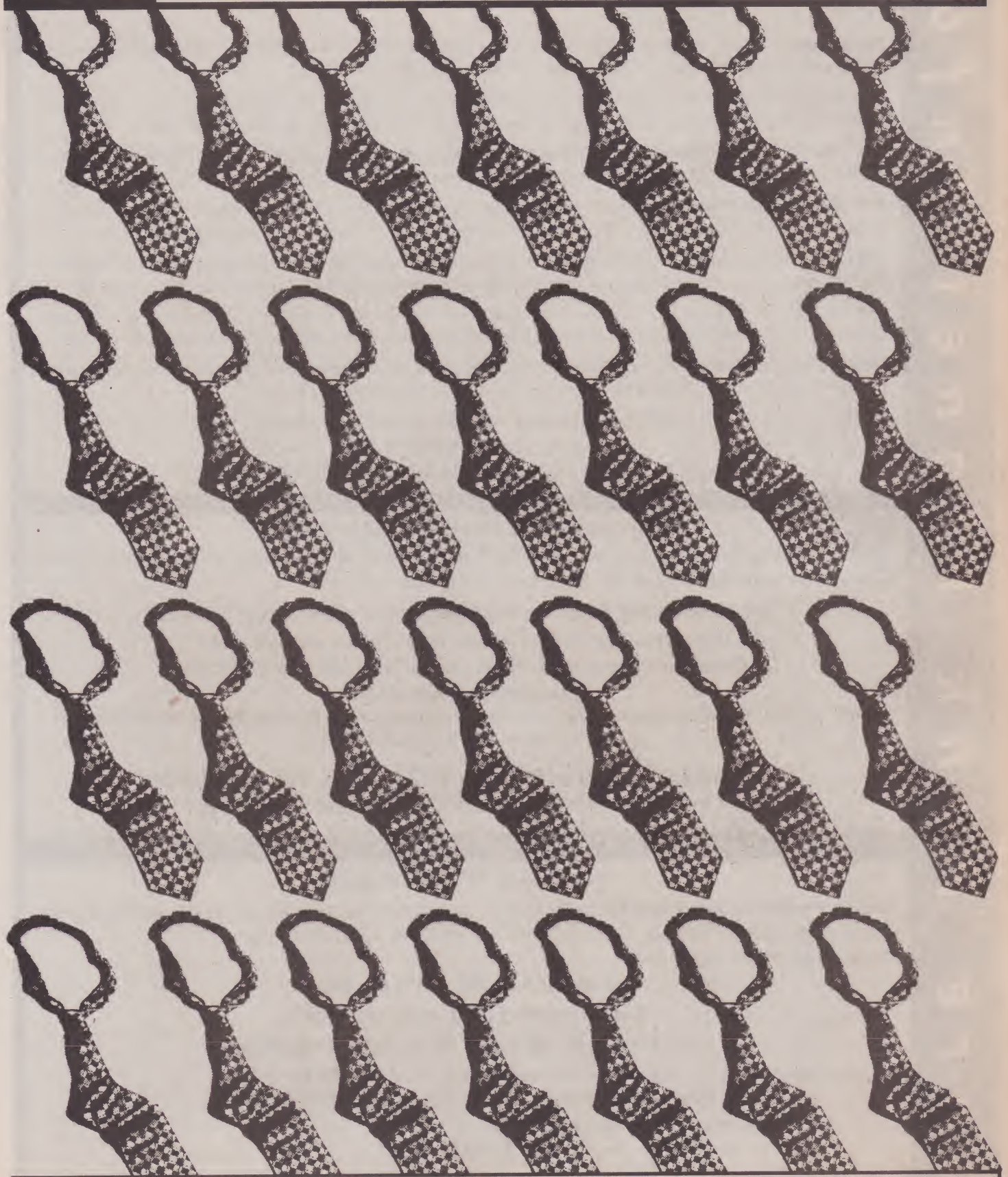
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